The Saturday Evening
POST
June 18, 1960 – 15¢

THE MEN WHO KILLED HEYDRICH,
HITLER'S HANGMAN

GOLF CHAMP ARNOLD PALMER:
"I want that grand slam"

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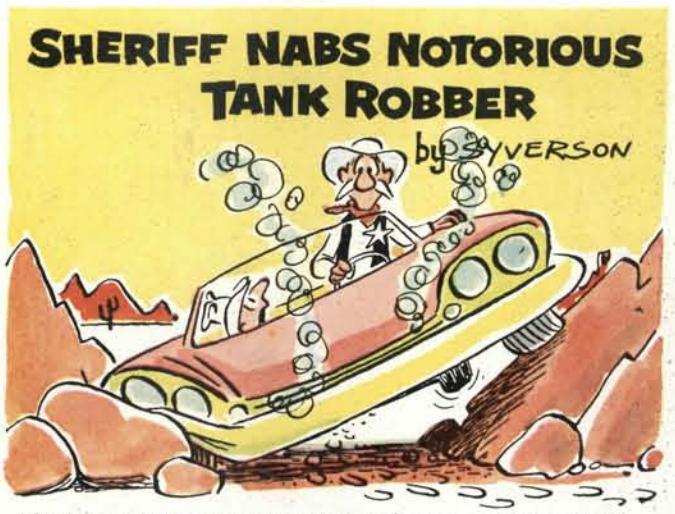

"Shucks, sheriff," the deputy cried. "We lose more bandits this-away. Either your big old car runs out of gas, or it's too wide for the pass. Reckon we better change?" "Yup," said the sheriff.

So they slipped through the pass and cornered the bandits. "Reckon Rambler is easiest to handle in tight spots," said the deputy. "Never rattles thanks to Single-Unit* construction." "Yup," said the sheriff.

Suddenly they were surrounded by an Indian: "How," said he, "about-um new foreign-type U. S. car?" "Reckon we'd flatten our 20-gallon hats tryin' to get in them pint-size doors," said the deputy. "Yup," said the sheriff.

Away they went—sheriff, deputy and four 6-foot bandits—with hatroom, holster room, bootroom for all. "Rambler's the biggest star since Texas," said the deputy. "Yup," said you-know-who.

Then, in a cloud of dust, with the speed of light, came a lone Rambler, with big car room and comfort, small car economy and handling ease. "Reckon we're rescued!" said the deputy. "Yup," said the sheriff.

And in no time at all, the sheriff won the West in his 1960 Rambler—saved hundreds of dollars on price, gas, and resale value, too. Reckon you can do likewise. Why not mosey in to your Rambler dealer's this week?

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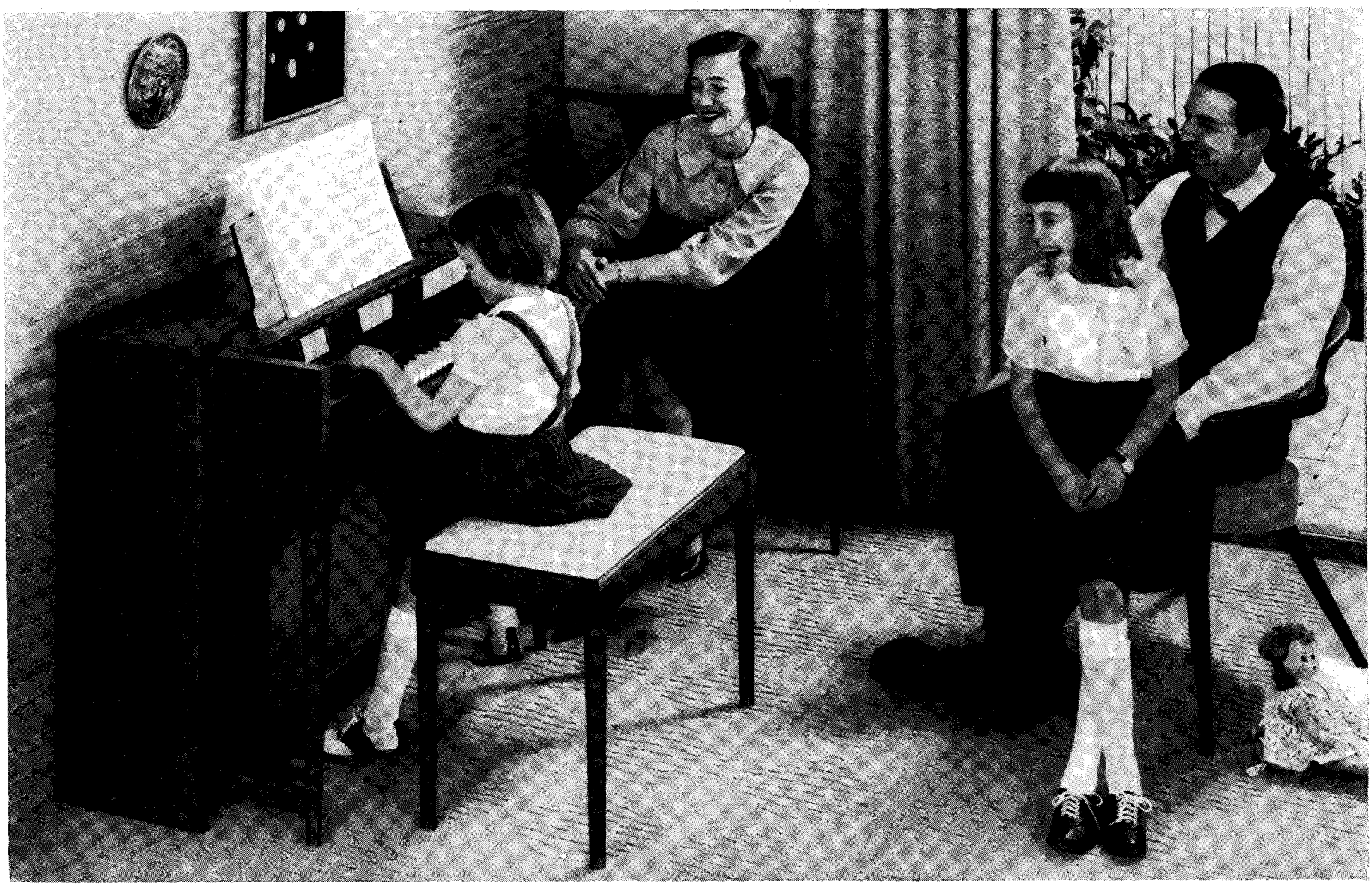

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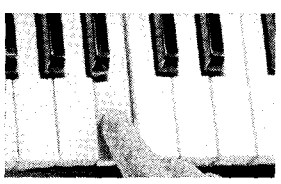
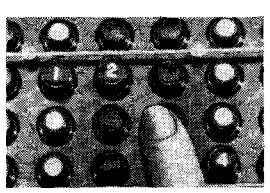
The organ that lets you play the melody with just one finger. (Or you can play full right-hand chords.)



The organ that lets you play the accompaniment with just one finger—by pressing buttons, one at a time.

The organ you can play without reading notes. You simply follow Hammond Picture Music.



The *only* organ with a foot pedal that plays the right bass tones all by itself. You just rest your foot on a pedal; or you use two pedals for additional bass rhythm.

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The organ with 20 tone tablets that let you vary your music in hundreds of interesting ways.

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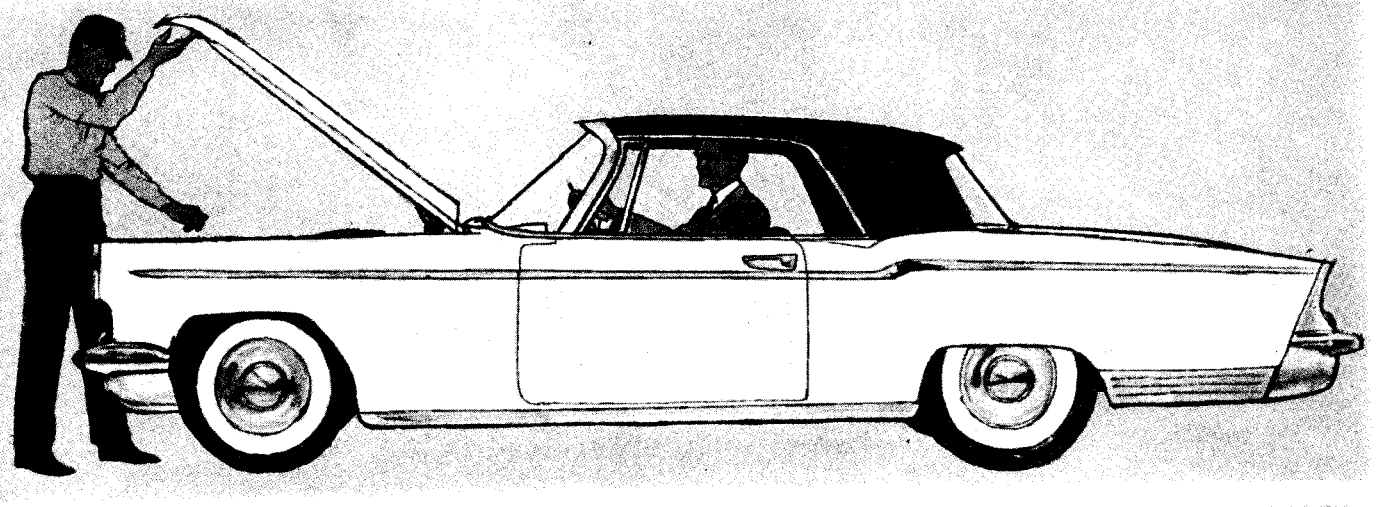
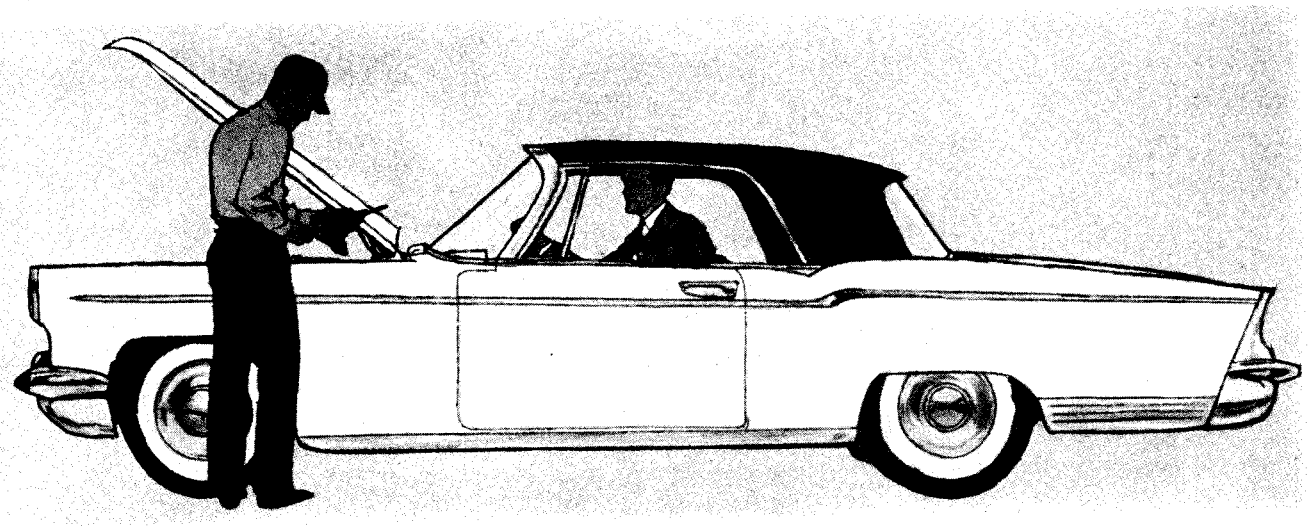
10

...in 10 seconds, your Shell Dealer lifts the hood and removes the dip stick



20

...only 10 seconds more to check the oil level



30

...and another 10 to ask "When did you last change your oil?"

The most important 30 seconds in the life of your car!

In just 30 seconds your Shell Dealer can make this vital check. Remember, even if your engine has a safe level of oil there's a good chance you need an oil change. That's because your oil has become contaminated with sludge, metal particles, carbon.

Why you should change to X-100 Premium

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SHELL

IT'S 3 MOTOR OILS IN 1

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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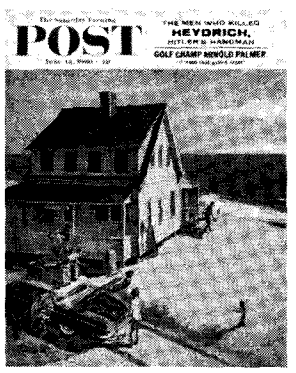

THE COVER

It might appear that artist Thornton Utz has depicted a selfish lug who leaves the lugging to woman and children, while he indulges himself in solitary pleasures. Untrue. The pantry is bare at Whispering Sands, and because this is a Sunday, the village food store is closed. Shall father allow his loved ones to starve on Father's Day? "Not while there's a lure in my trusty tackle box!" And off to the surf he goes—one man pitted against the oceans—grimly determined to provide a few morsels for the table. Moreover, our heroic angler—and we do mean angler—must satisfy himself that there are no hungry sea monsters lurking near shore, waiting to gobble up the kiddies. (Admittedly our male-oriented explanation is hard to swallow—but we've heard wilder fish stories.)

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WHAT DO DOCTORS DO FOR TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES?

3 out of 4 recommend the ingredients in ANACIN® for headache pain

When *you* suffer pain from headache, neuritis or neuralgia, why not take what most doctors recommend — the ingredients in Anacin for fast relief! Here is *why* Anacin gives such superior pain-relief. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever. They *have no* special medication to relax your nervous tension. Anacin contains a *number* of medically proven ingredients, including special medication that not only relieves pain incredibly fast, but also relaxes tension and releases painful pressure on nerves. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not irritate or upset the stomach. Buy Anacin today!

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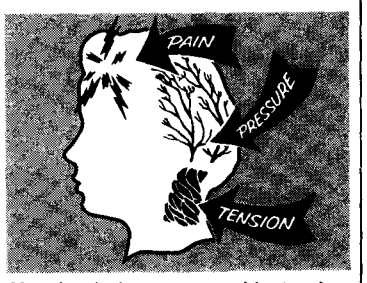

Most headaches are caused by tension that presses on nerves and results in headache pain. Tension headaches call for the special medication in Anacin. Unlike aspirin or buffered aspirin which contains **only one** pain reliever and has no special medication to relax tension — Anacin contains medication that (1) relaxes tension (2) releases pressure on nerves (3) relieves pain fast. That's why Anacin gives a better **total** effect—more **complete** pain relief.

FOR FAST, FAST, *FAST* RELIEF!

Letters

Sports vs. Books

Dear Sirs:

May I suggest a distinguished-service award be given to Dr. Charles H. Boehm for his article WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR SCHOOLS [as told to Anne Selby, May 14]. The battle to modernize education is one which requires the patience of Job and the courage and fortitude of a Hercules. The frustration of classroom teachers who must go without vital teaching aids and books while they see thousands of dollars spent on athletic, band and majorette uniforms and equipment isn't helped by the indifference and

resistance to change of far too many entrenched school administrators.

I am a teacher. . . . It would probably cost me my job to have my name published beneath this letter.

NAME WITHHELD
Charleston, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

May his appeal arouse a complacent public which has condoned academic mediocrity and praised athletic superiority too long.

EMERSON N. RUTHERFORD
College Station, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Couldn't resist the temptation to send along the attached comic strip [below] taken from last night's paper. Ernie Bushmiller said in three small pictures what Doctor Boehm said in several thousand words.

NANCY
By Ernie Bushmiller
THAT SIGN HAS BEEN THERE A LONG TIME
FUTURE SITE OF NEW COLLEGE
I WONDER WHEN THEY'LL START BUILDING
OH, ANY DAY NOW
--- THEY'VE ALMOST FINISHED BUILDING THE FOOTBALL STADIUM
FUTURE SITE OF NEW COLLEGE
ERNIE BUSHMILLER

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MRS. JOSEPH E. MULLAN
Glen Burnie, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Boehm didn't hit the nail on the head only once; he pounded away at it until I raced to the phone and called three different boards of education. They should not miss his thoughts.

RUTH VOGT
Birmingham, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Much appreciation for Doctor Boehm's article. Thought he would like to know that . . . at our recent annual budget meeting we voted down a motion to start football in our new high school and voted for a motion to add $5000 to our budget for more books.

MRS. ROBERT B. DEWEY
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

My school, Harriton High of Lower Merion Township, offers challenging courses in advanced English and psychology on weekdays, and advanced chemistry and Russian on Saturday mornings.

I participate in the advanced-English and Russian II classes. We students who *want* to work seek challenging courses. I am proud that my school offers them to us. Why can't more American high schools be like mine?

BARBARA SAAM
Narberth, Pa.

A Gain for the Reds

Dear Sirs:

I would like to offer a comment on the editorial in the May 14 issue entitled NEHRU'S "NEUTRALISM" BIT THE DUST WHEN KERALA REPUDIATED THE REDS. Whoever provided the facts for this editorial was, I am afraid, in serious error.

While it is true that the Communists failed to win a majority of seats in the Kerala special elections this winter, they increased their percentage of the vote from 38.9 per cent in 1957, when the regular nationwide elections were held, to 42.9 per cent. . . .

This is deeply disturbing, particularly since it took place in the face of the threat of the Chinese Communists on the northern frontier.

CHESTER BOWLES
Committee on Foreign Affairs
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

● *Congressman Bowles is a former ambassador to India.* —ED.

"Authentic" or "Hokum"?

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on giving your readers THE TEWKSBURY FEUD [by Amelia Bean, Apr. 9–May 28]. . . . This story has the ring of authenticity, besides being a darn good yarn.

ROBERT N. MULLIN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Amelia Bean's story is hokum from the first paragraph. And the editors assure the readers it is "authentic."

HOWARD HUBER
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

A pleasant relief from the production-line, stereotyped horse operas so many Americans are reading these days for lack of something better.

RALPH S. JACKSON
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

From the issue of April sixteenth: "Grandpa . . . had come in alone, excep

(Continued on Page 6)

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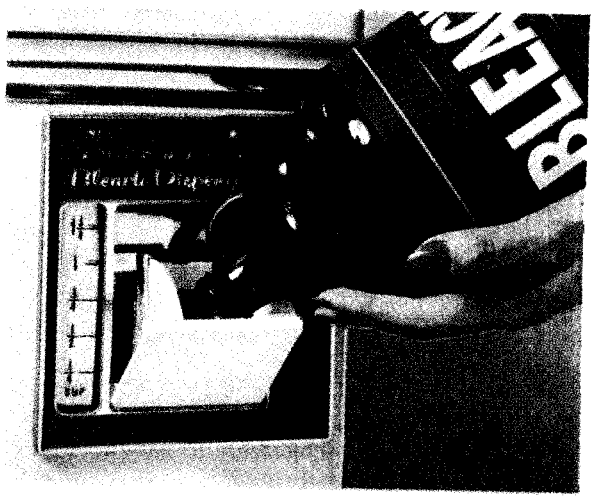
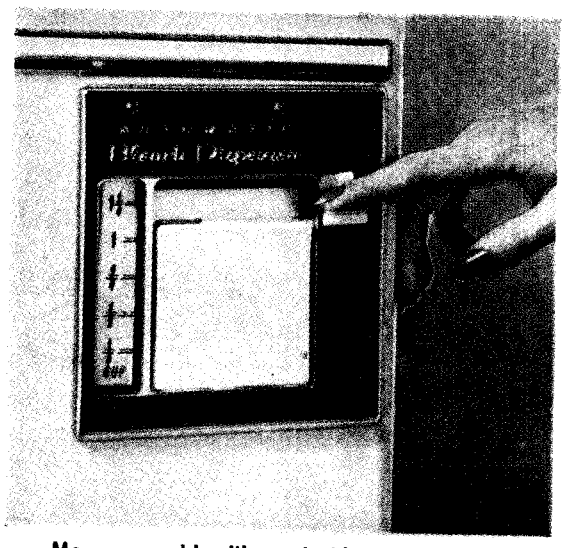
PROBLEM:
to store, measure, dilute and add bleach to your wash water... and avoid risk of bleach damage

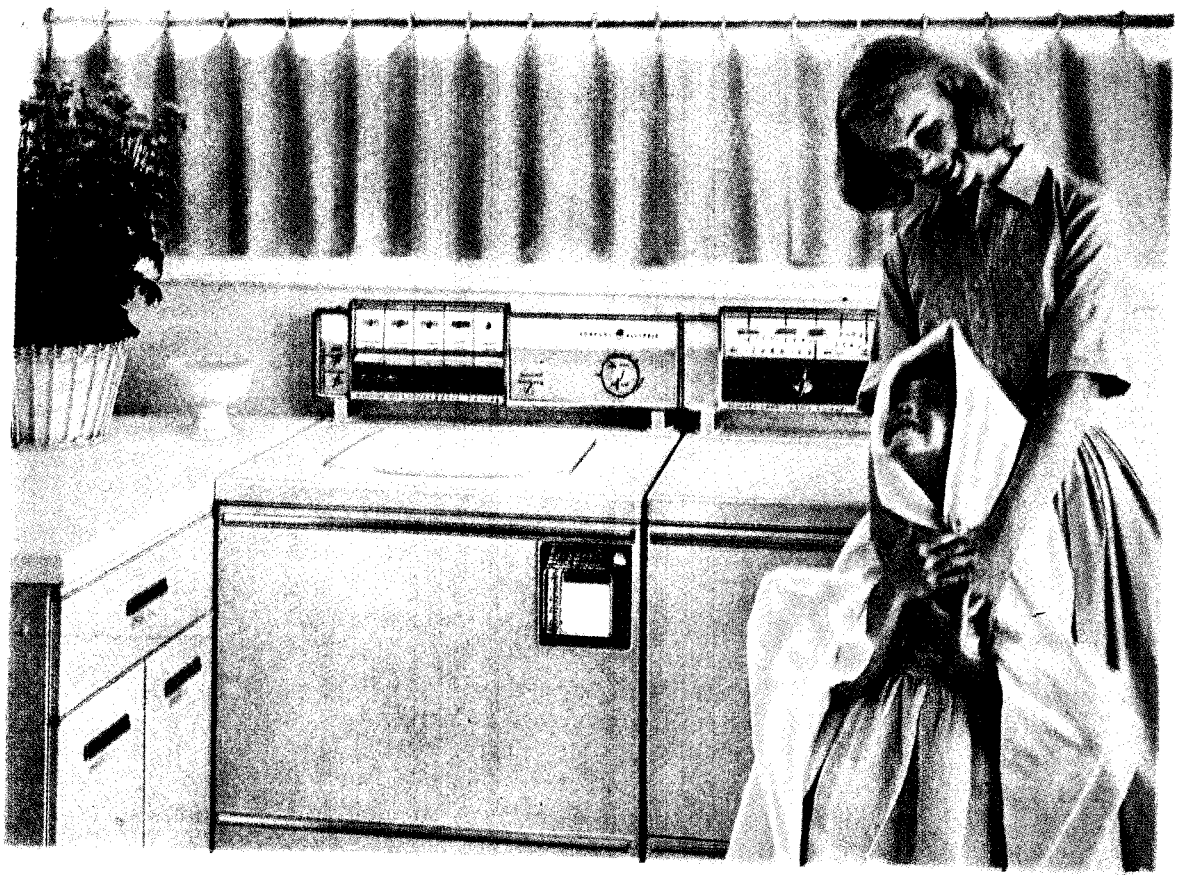
ANSWER: The new General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer with Automatic Bleach Dispenser

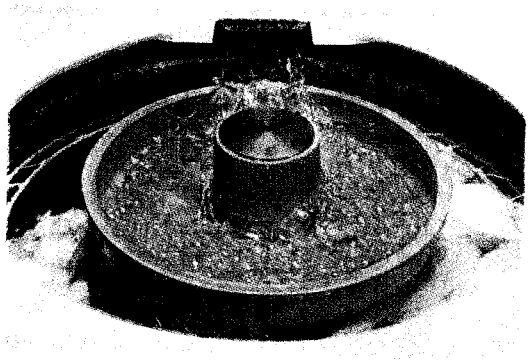


The General Electric Washer stores a month's supply of bleach. Just tip the economy-size bottle into the convenient spout; the dispenser stores 3 full quarts. And remember: fill the dispenser only once a month—after that bleaching's automatic.



Measures, adds, dilutes the bleach for you—automatically. Press the fingertip pump to measure the bleach you need for any wash load. Then—even before the bleach is added to the wash water—it is diluted to safe solution. Result: sparkling, spotless, perfectly bleached clothes every time.





No lint fuzz. Lint is caught in the non-clogging moving filter, not on your clothes. Plus: Big 10-pound capacity, Cold Water Wash Key, Rinse Agent Dispenser. Mix-or-Match colors, or white; full General Electric Written Warranty.

5 automatic cycles bring "hand laundry" care to all your washables. Just touch a key, turn a dial to get correct wash and rinse water temperatures, correct wash and spin speeds and times for any washable fabric. Even wrinkle-free treatment for wash 'n wear, special handling for woolens.

Only $3.30 weekly, after a small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and liberal terms. Ask to see the matching high speed dryer, too. Most models are available in Canada. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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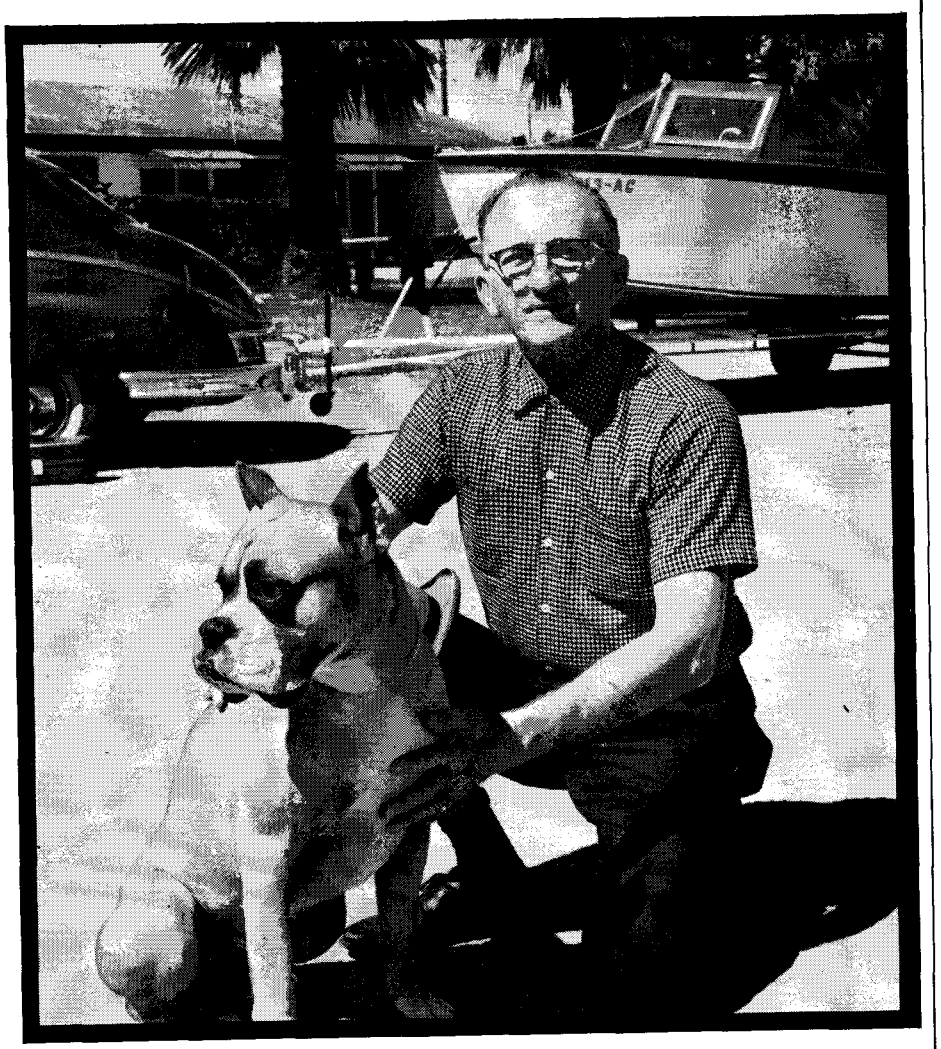

Native Texan Fred W. Bauch, outdoor enthusiast and former automotive supervisor for Packard.

Fred Bauch discovered the world's richest, most complete motor oil—Pennzoil. "That was fourteen years ago," he says. "And I haven't used any other oil since. Why should I? I want the best . . . and that's Pennzoil Z-7 Motor Oil.

"I'm a Pennzoil fan all the way. I use Pennzoil in my car, boat, four lawn mowers, twelve electric motors and a dozen electric fans! In my car, Pennzoil Z-7 stands up under 15,000 miles of tough driving every year in hot Gulf Coast temperatures. It stays on the job and never lets me down between regular oil changes."

This 100% pure Pennsylvania motor oil is so rich it gives double the protection demanded. So complete you never need extra additives. And Pennzoil contains the special power ingredient Z-7 that keeps engine parts so clean the oil can give peak lubrication protection *full time*, with regular changes.

Your favorite dealer can supply you with Pennzoil Z-7. Ask for it by name—sound the "Z" that makes Penn Oil—Pennzoil.

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn., Permit No. 2, Oil City, Pa.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

for his burrow and dog." I suppose he slept in the burrow, but what did he bring his supplies on?

GEO. KOEHLER
Wilmington, Ill.

● *Oops. Of course, it should have been "burro."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

You picture the Daggs brothers as grasping, unscrupulous villains out to take the Pleasant Valley ranches from their owners. This is not true. . . . As for the Tonto Basin, the Daggses had no connection with the feud, and their only part in the war was to inform Sheriff Mulvenon of Yavapai County and ride with his posse when they learned of the murders being committed there. . . .

Nobody knows the truth of the Tonto Basin war. The ones who knew did not talk, and the ones who talked did not know. . . . We, the descendents, would be thankful if writers would name their characters Paul Bunyan or Sancho Panza and leave our family names out of it.

JENNIE M. DAGGS
Tempe, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

P. P. Daggs, former Flagstaff sheep king, admitted instigating the Pleasant Valley war. . . . He had long coveted the rich bunch grass of Pleasant Valley. The argument between Graham and Tewksbury gave him his chance. Years afterward, the secretary of the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society wrote to Daggs, asking if he could give information about the Tewksbury-Graham fracas. The old man replied crustily, "I *ought* to know something about the Tonto Basin war. It cost me ninety thousand dollars, including lawyers' fees."

MRS. R. L. MCCRAY
Bonner, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

We of the Gila County Historical and Archaeological Society have been instructed by unanimous vote of the society to protest vigorously the serial, [in order] . . . to protect the good names of two of its honorary members, Mrs. Edwin Tewksbury and Ella Tewksbury, widow and daughter of the late Edwin Tewksbury, respectively. . . .

Edwin Tewksbury did not kill George Graham in the lurid fashion—by choking him—described by Amelia Bean. Neither did he cremate Graham's body by burning a cabin with the body inside.

JESS G. HAYES
Globe, Ariz.

● *All major characters in the serial—which was presented as a "fictional re-creation"—were modeled after real people, the author reports. Controversy still rages over the feud, but in the course of her research she uncovered facts never before published.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

It may be of interest that Ruby N. Parke, the daughter of the George Newton who died in that tragic epic, lives here in Cardiff and is reading the story with great interest. She marvels that Amelia Bean has been able to recount its events with such authenticity and to make its people live.

MRS. SHERIDAN WHIPP
Cardiff, Calif.

Dear "Old" Hofstra

Dear Sirs:

Ouch! Your May 7 article, How to Start a College From Scratch, by Harold Martin, referred to our Hofstra alumni as "still too young and too low on the ladder of financial success to be a significant source of funds." . . . Did he know that we have raised more than $50,000 since January 1, 1960, in the interest of Hofstra?

MARION PETRE FORDE
Hofstra College Alumni Association
Hempstead, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for your excellent coverage and also for jarring my memory. This "loyal . . . too low on the ladder of financial success" alumnus must send off his check.

HAROLD H. SEIKEL
Seaford, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Not mentioned is the late Dr. Arthur D. Whitman of New York University who personally organized Hofstra.

ADELAIDE H. STERNFELD
West Hempstead, N.Y.

NO PLACE LIKE ROME

Dear Sirs:

It is disgraceful! . . . I am referring to this cartoon from the May 7 *Post*. The morals of this fair country have never been so low and here you are publishing a joke to push them down farther. . . . Those orgies are one of the things that destroyed Rome long years ago. Are we, too, going to follow in the footsteps of Rome?

MRS. ROBERT L. WYNN JR.
Greenville, S.C.

"What are you doing after the orgy?"

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19—From the author; from National Archives. • 20—Lemuel B. Line. • 21—Camera Press (Czechoslovak News Agency); Camera Press (Gerd Heidemann); Camera Press (Ulistein); from Camera Press. • 22, 23—Edwin Georgi. • 24—Gus Pasquarella; United Press International. • 25—Fred Otnes. • 26—Pictorial Parade—Paris Match; Joern Gerdts. • 27—Pictorial Parade; two from Penguin; Wide World. • 28, 29—Lynn Buckham. • 30, 31—George Lazarnick. • 32, 33—Bill Shrout. • 34—Amos Sewell. 35—Marion von St. Paul. • 36, 37—Chris Reeberg. • 38, 39—James R. Bingham. • 43—Austin Briggs. • 52—United Artists; Culver. • 104—Wide World; from Will Grimsley; United Press International.

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Until his boy can look out for himself, Dad knows that extra protection can be mighty important.

In providing financial security for his family, Dad may also feel the need for extra protection . . . at low cost. And he can get it—through Massachusetts Mutual's *Extra Protection* Plan.

In addition to providing basic life insurance, this plan can:

- Create the additional security most families need during the children's growing-up years.
- Safeguard the ownership of a home during the mortgage-paying period.
- Provide the young man starting out in business or a profession with the life insurance he should have *now* . . . without waiting for his income to catch up with his needs.
- Meet many other family and business situations where more life insurance, at low cost, is needed for a period of years.

Purchased with a new life insurance policy, *Extra Protection* can add as much as 150% to the basic life insurance for 10, 15 or 20 years or to age 65. It is a thrifty way of getting more life insurance than you otherwise might be able to afford.

Ask your Massachusetts Mutual man to tell you about *Extra Protection*. Or call our General Agent listed under Massachusetts Mutual in your phone book.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL *Life Insurance Company*

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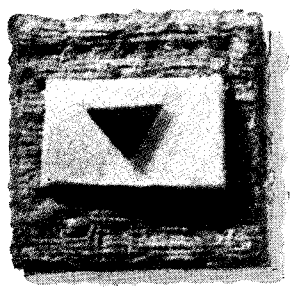
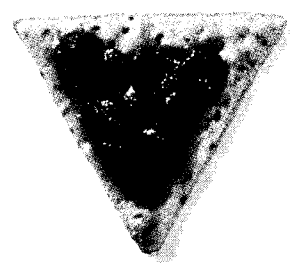
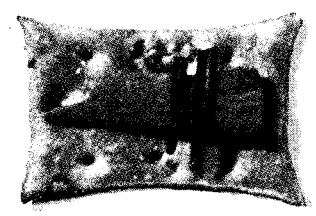
HOW TO KEEP COOL



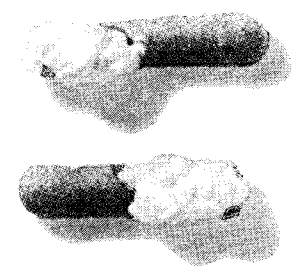
Refresh! with a cold sip of iced tea and nutty-flavored, crisp Triscuit Wafers... the snack with the golden wheat flavor. Topwith smoked salmon, green pepper.



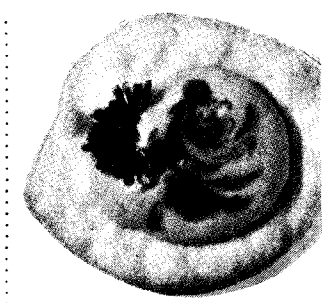
Icy-cold shrimp cocktail generously splashed with lemon juice. Eat as a canapé with a dash of chili sauce on crisp, nippy-tasting Triangle Thins.



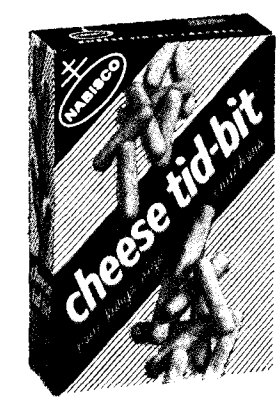
A breeze of a luncheon! Scallions, cucumbers, carrots, radishes and (naturally) Vegetable Thins. Top their nice 'n' spicy flavor with carrot, scallion.

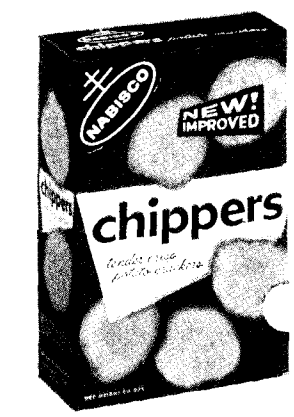


Chill honeydew melon. Fill with cottage cheese, fruit shown, crisp Cheese Tid-Bit Crackers. Cottage cheese goes well on these cheddary-good morsels, too.



Shimmering! 'cause it's ice-cold jelli consommé. Sprinkle with parsley, flav with lemon, eat with Russian dressing chip-shaped, potato-flavored Chippe





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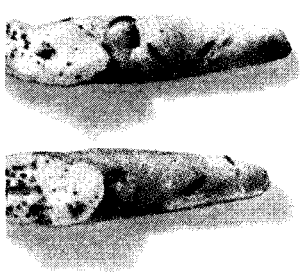
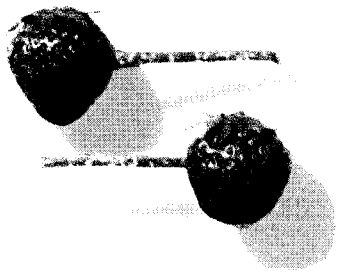
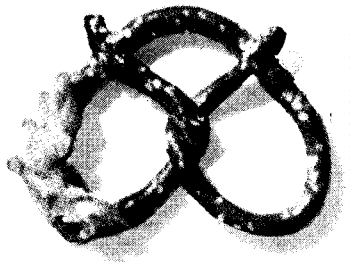
WITH NABISCO SNACKS



ato Iceberg: Stuff tomato with crab
: salad and Salt-Tang Snack Sticks
y salted sticks with a tangy taste.
with mayonnaise, nutmeg. Good!

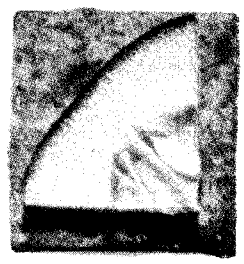


Cool off with a sundae! Swish fresh strawberries through vanilla ice cream. Top with crisper, fresher Veri-Thin Pretzel Sticks. Slim, delicately salted.

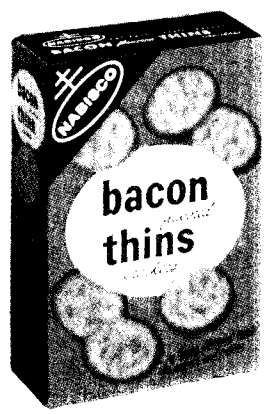


Like a breath of winter... a tall, frosty lemonade garnished with Veri-Thin Pretzels. Salted-just-right, fresh as can be and great with a "cheddary" dip.

Bacon and eggs, summer style: chilled deviled eggs and Bacon Thins... the crackers with the hearty flavor of bacon done to a turn. Spread with egg filling.



Deep-cold tomato aspic tastes even cooler with zesty Wheat Thins. Extra-cool note: cucumber wedge on top of these whole-wheat flavored crackers.



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Editorials

Until the Dust Really Settles—No More Summits!

As to summit conferences, let us hope it is agreed that we have had it! There never was any point in attending an auction when you don't want to buy anything and have nothing of your own to sell. The people may now learn to live with the fact that, as the late John Foster Dulles sought to convince them, there is no easy way to thwart the effort of the Red conspiracy to conquer the earth. To be shilled into propaganda contests with the Communists, at the risk of insult and abuse if we refuse to surrender, is a sacrifice which our leaders should refuse to make again.

The situation which confronts this country resembles in many ways the position which England occupied in Europe in the early stages of the Napoleonic Wars. The "peace" which had been made at Amiens in 1802 was supposed to have settled everything. Napoleon, at the head of a vastly successful revolutionary movement, had won more than any national leader could expect. He had conquered the Continent from Portugal to Austria and imposed disastrous terms on his adversaries.

In England, a public weary of war and high taxes hoped, as Arthur Bryant puts it in his *Years of Victory* (Collins), "to turn their backs on the ungrateful Continent and resume their normal pursuits and amusements." There were some, who, like their spiritual heirs of today, took the conqueror of Europe at his own valuation as the savior of European civilization. An era of international good will seemed to the wishful about to dawn.

However, like other dictators, Napoleon did not want peace but only a breathing spell before girding himself to resume his plan to conquer the world, most of all England. He broke the Treaty of Amiens almost as soon as he had signed it, and in 1803 the two countries were again at war. This time the British knew what they were in for. They had two things on their side: the fleet, which was able to blockade European ports and prevent the Corsican's invasion ships from emerging from their harbors; and, perhaps equally important, the hatred and discontent of the peoples in the countries which the *Grande Armée* had subdued.

As William Pitt, who had opposed the peace of Amiens and all concessions to Napoleon, expressed it on resuming office, "Amid the wreck of nations it is our just exultation that we have continued superior to all that ambition or that despotism could effect; and our still higher exultation ought to be that we provide not only for our own safety but hold out a prospect for nations now bending under the iron yoke of tyranny of what the exertions of a free people can effect."

Then, as now, there were critics who assumed that their own country was to blame for every crisis, and who urged peace at any price, including the not improbable defeat of their own country. Then, as now, there were those who insisted, for supposed political advantage, on investigating the conduct of the nation's leaders. But British leadership, blessed with Nelson and later Collingwood on the sea, stuck to its belief that the collapse of what Edmund Burke called the "armed doctrine" of French Jacobinism was inevitable. Wherever a loan, a spot of foreign aid, a bribe or a division of troops would nerve a reluctant ally to action, the British were not wanting. Reverses, blunders and controversies were frequent and confusing, but Britain, at last convinced that Napoleon's treacheries were for keeps, held to her course.

Basically, as Bryant insists, England conquered Napoleon because the English people "derived their inspiration not from the worship of Reason or Race or from the love of glory or conquest, but from an innate sense of personal duty which was the unifying force of their freedom-loving land." Despite the cynical pacifism of the Whigs and the blunders of the Tories, the British people couldn't conceive of living in a world dominated by Napoleon. This determination forced hesitant and divided cabinets to press the contest to a finish despite all privations.

To be sure, there were no hydrogen bombs or high-flying missiles then, but there was patriotism and confidence in a cause and in the inevitability of victory. It looks to us as if Khrushchev's clownish antics in Paris last month may have done for the Free World what Napoleon's egotism did for nineteenth-century England. Pitt, who had done so much to reverse defeatism, died with the words on his lips, "My country! How I leave my country!" Our own Mr. Dulles must have had his doubts too. But the revelation, even to the most obtuse, that Khrushchev wants not peace but surrender may well dispel any "easy hopes" of appeasement, replacing them with a more substantial confidence in our free system and its ability to prevail.

If Canada Is Really "Old-Fashioned" Her Way of Life Is Enviably Pleasant

By CAROL SPICER

We like Canada. We like its stability, its good manners, its lack of pretense. We recently spent a weekend with some Canadian friends whom we met at a resort on the shore of Lake Huron near Kincardine. The Cunninghams live in an unashamedly old house. Not a ranch house in sight. The Cunninghams' house has eleven-foot ceilings and wallpaper that has dark spots in places from some leaks in the walls, and masses of books and comfortable chairs, drafts, a fireplace and tables round about for afternoon tea.

What we liked about the leaks was that nobody mentioned them. No apologies for the blot on the general perfection. Material things in Canada don't get in the way.

We like the Canadians' love of the out of doors, their ability to walk. The Cunningham children walk a mile to school and walk home to lunch. And over the many summers spent at Kincardine we came to know that when we wanted a walking companion, we could always count on a Canadian friend.

And can they skate, these Canadians! The one object that looms like a national flag in every little town, from New Brunswick to Saskatchewan, is the ice-hockey rink in the schoolyard. Curling is another national pastime, as is bowling on the green. If you have never been in a small town in Canada on a Saturday night and seen the kilted bagpipe band parading down the main street—well, "you must motor up for your holidays."

We like Canadian manners. Once, in the woods in the Muskoka Lakes region, where children's camps—both American and Canadian—abound, a file of boys came round a bend in the path. From the courteous way they spoke to us and fell apart to let us pass, we knew which country they came from. Canadian children are taught deference to older people. Canada has many such quaint foreign customs.

Canada is a "backward" country—one hears that sometimes. It is true, Canada hasn't produced a River Rouge or a Hollywood, but people do come from all over the States to its Stratford Shakespeare Festival; the Toronto Symphony ranks with our best orchestras; and Lester Pearson was picked from a globeful of contestants a few years ago for the Nobel Peace Prize.

Ontario Canadians also have some odd ideas about school. Ontario youngsters who plan to go to college must take five years of high school after the eighth grade. The nineteen-year-olds enter college then with a substantial background of Latin, a "live" language and science. Ontario children don't go to college for the social whirl.

And where but in Canada would you find that man with the rosy outdoors complexion, the little reddish-brown mustache, the quickness of movement, the friendly, forthright manners, the "aboat" for "about," the serviettes and running shoes and strong black tea? All stanchly, happily Canadian.

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Kim Novak rests between scenes of "Strangers When We Meet."

The Temptation of Beautyrest

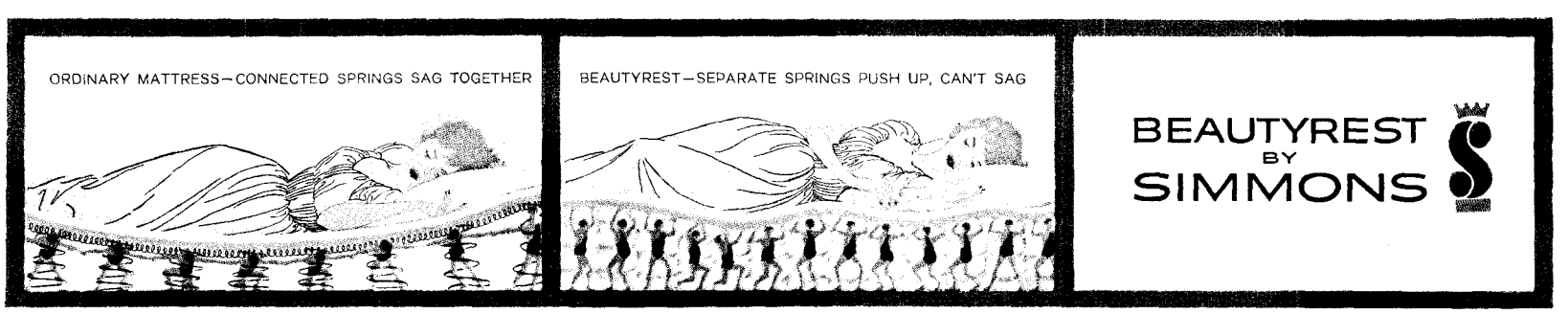
Another story about the kind of comfort that's kind to your back

Give Kim Novak an "Oscar" for being smart. She rests her beauty between "takes" of her new Columbia release "Strangers When We Meet." When director Richard Quine shouts "cut," it's time to relax and refresh. Luckily Beautyrest® is in the picture. The best "between chores" rest a movie star or housewife ever had!

This is the mattress with separate back-supporting springs that push up-up-up in the small of your back. In other mattresses, the curve of your back gets very little support. And here's another reason why more people sleep on Beautyrest than on any other mattress in the world.

Single-bed comfort in a double bed! Because each spring is separate, the heaviest husband cannot disturb his wife's rest when he turns in his sleep. No rolling together. Beautyrest will never, never sag.

The best costs the least! All tests by the United States Testing Co. have proven that Beautyrest lasts 3 times longer than ordinary mattresses. So Beautyrest is least expensive to own. Choice of firm or extra firm, quilted or tufted—$79.50. Supersizes from $89.50. Also crib-size.


ORDINARY MATTRESS—CONNECTED SPRINGS SAG TOGETHER
BEAUTYREST—SEPARATE SPRINGS PUSH UP, CAN'T SAG
BEAUTYREST BY SIMMONS

© 1960 BY SIMMONS CO., MDSE. MART, CHICAGO, ILL.

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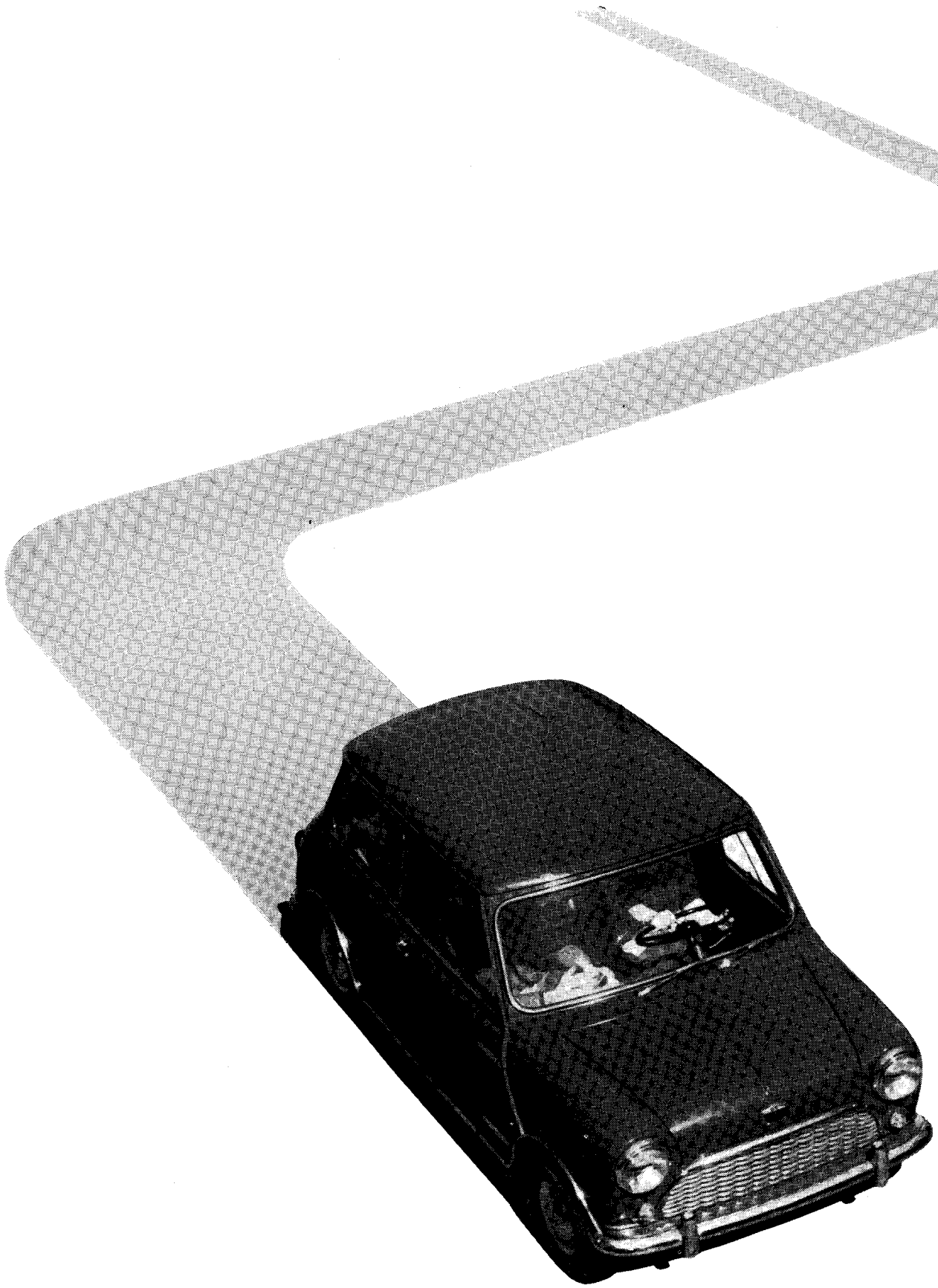

Why do we call this car the INCREDIBLE 850?

First, the '850' is *only* ten feet long. Yet it will hold four adults comfortably. In fact, the '850' has more room than many larger cars.

Its performance is—we almost said, "incredible". Here are the plain, simple, but amazing facts. Over 70 miles an hour on thruways. Can do 45 miles on a gallon of gas. Whisks around corners like a sports car, rather than the handy, solid family car it is. Slips into spaces that are too small for "compact" cars. Frankly, you've got to drive it to believe it.

How did BMC do it? Just thought up a brand new idea in car design. That's all! The '850' is a front-wheel drive car, BUT with the engine mounted CROSSWISE. So you have all the rest of the car for yourself, passengers and luggage. And to make your ride smooth sailing, all wheels have independent rubber suspension.

No doubt about it, BMC, Britain's largest car manufacturer, did the incredible with the '850'. Comes in two models, both with full 12-month factory guarantee—the Austin 850 and the Morris 850—identical except for their grilles. Identical in price too—an incredible **$1295***

Product of **THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION, LTD.** Represented in the U. S. by HAMBRO AUTOMOTIVE CORPORATION, Dept.S-10,27W.57th St., New York. Sold and serviced in North America by over 1000 dealers. **Literature and overseas delivery information on request.**

**Suggested retail price at East Coast P. O. E. Slightly higher West Coast.*

BMC builds **B**etter **M**otor **C**ars

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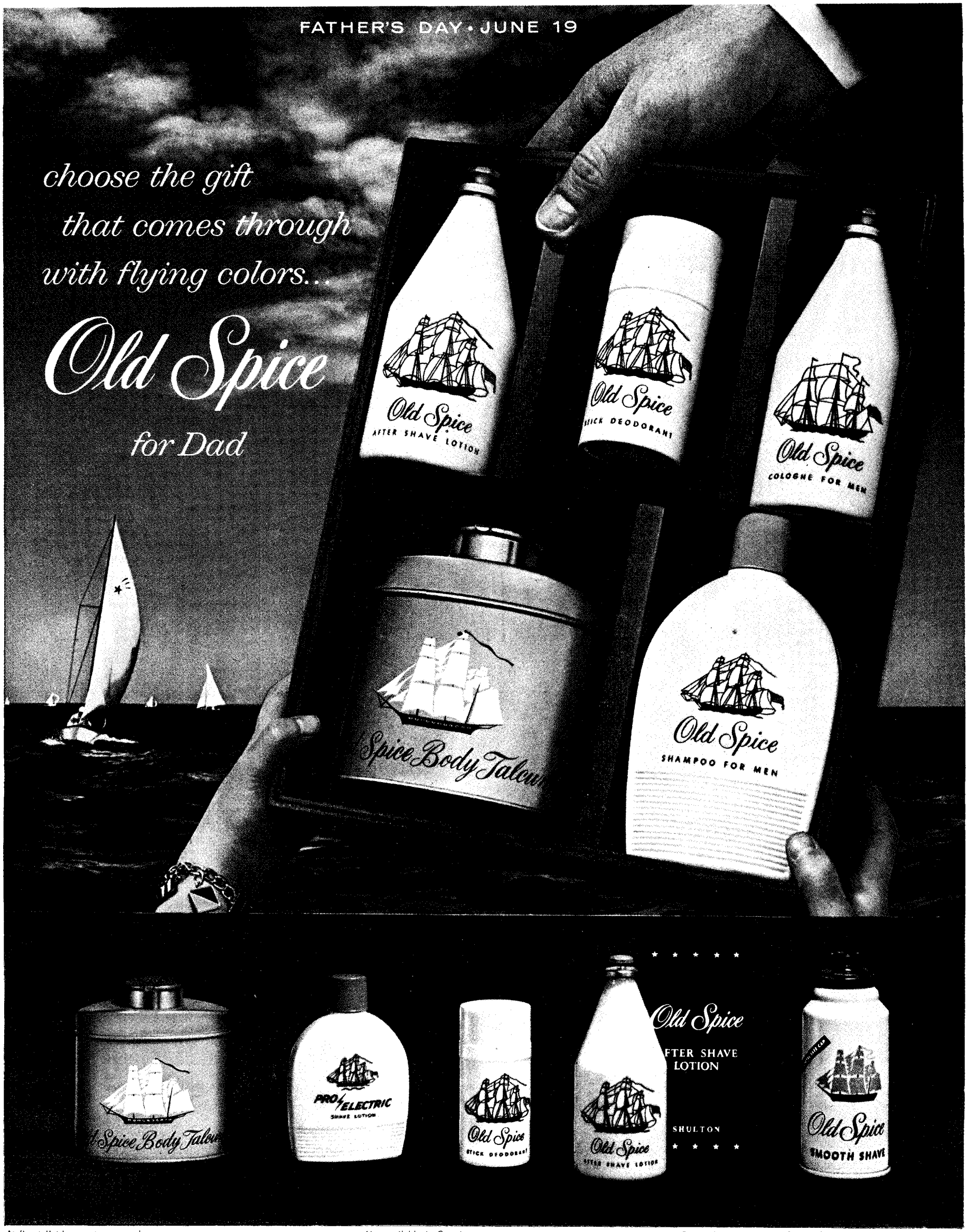
FATHER'S DAY • JUNE 19

choose the gift
that comes through
with flying colors...

Old Spice

for Dad



At fine toiletries counters everywhere

Also available in Canada

Prices plus tax except on Smooth Shave and Pro-Electric Shave Lotion

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Avis®
RENT-a-CAR

NOW FIRST
WITH *"minute-saver service"*

The car with your name on it waits for you!

It's easy (and costs no more!) to enjoy the extra benefits of Avis "minute-saver service"! Whether you're traveling for business or pleasure—Avis saves you time and smooths the way.

Just tell Avis when you're leaving! Avis does the rest! Over 7,000 Teletype interconnections can flash word ahead when and where to expect you. When you arrive at your destination, a brand-new Ford (or other fine car) is waiting for you with your name on it. And you're off in a matter of minutes—with no delays... no red tape. "Minute-saver service" is another Avis first to make your trips more convenient than ever before. Next time you plan a trip, call your Avis office or your Travel Agent and ask for "minute-saver service." It's the extra service at no extra charge!

Charge Avis Rent-a-Car services with Avis, American Express, Diners' Club, or Carte Blanche cards. Sheraton Hotel, air, rail and other accredited charge cards are also honored. © 1960 Avis Inc., 18 Irvington St., Boston 16, Mass.

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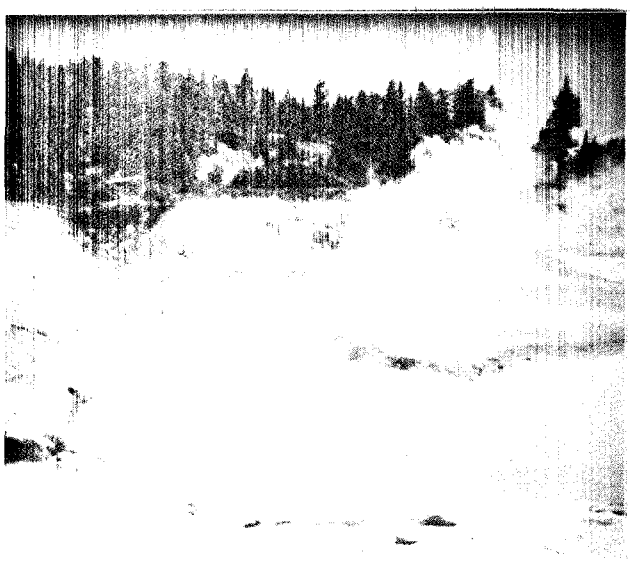
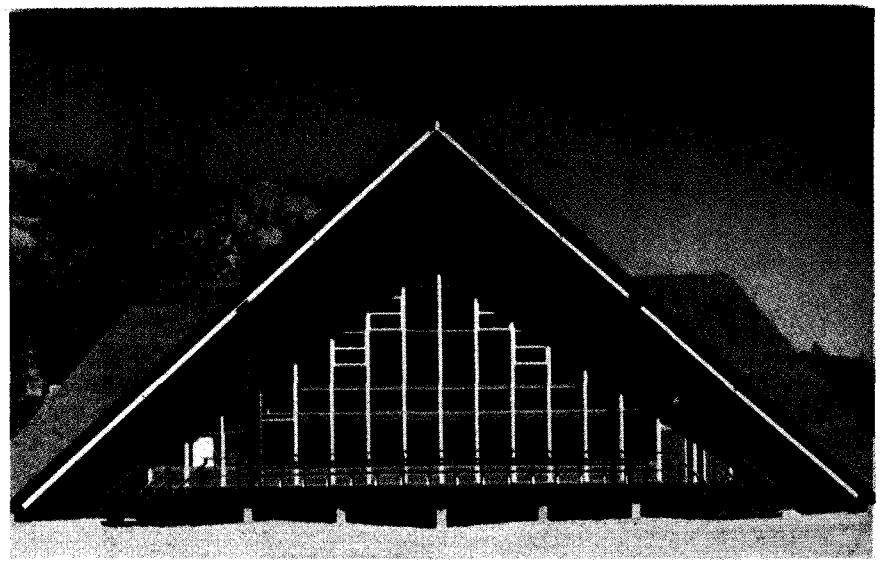
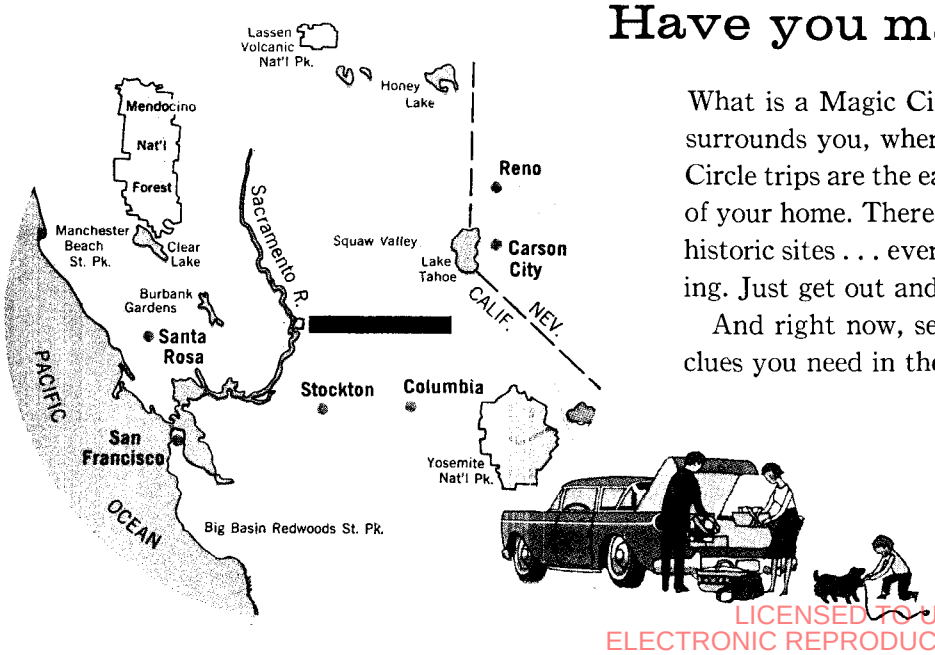




This Magic Circle is a beautiful and colorful land of contrasts. Within an easy drive from the city you will find "Hot Lake" in impressive Lassen National Park (TOP LEFT) and the steep slopes of Squaw Valley, (TOP CENTER) site of the thrilling 1960 Winter Olympics. (TOP RIGHT) The ghost town of Columbia which has already faded into the dead but historically exciting past, is completely different from the eternal glory of Yosemite National Park (BOTTOM) with its brilliant and exciting scenery. If you didn't recognize this Magic Circle—it's the one around Sacramento, California.



Have you made a Magic Circle Trip lately?

What is a Magic Circle trip? It's a fun-filled drive into the exciting countryside that surrounds you, wherever you live. And today, with so many brand-new roads, Magic Circle trips are the easy way to discover the many wonderful things within a short drive of your home. There's fishing, boating, swimming . . . state forests and picnic areas . . . historic sites . . . ever-changing scenery. It's family fun at its best . . . and it's easy driving. Just get out and go.

And right now, see if you can guess where this Magic Circle is. You'll find all the clues you need in the pictures and the map.

ETHYL ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL CORPORATION, N.Y.17, N.Y.
Ethyl Corporation of Canada Ltd., Toronto

The Magic Circle advertisements are published by Ethyl Corporation, to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl makes additives used by oil companies everywhere, to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.

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don't be a VIDIOT*

*VIDIOT: A person who pays the NEW price for a REBUILT TV picture tube replacement.

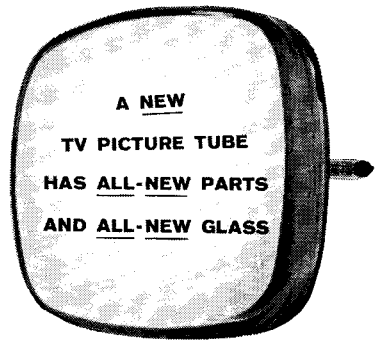
There are two kinds of TV picture tube replacements on the market. They may look alike . . . but they're not alike. Some are New . . . others, rebuilt. So, when you pay the New Price, don't be a Vidiot! Be sure you get an All-New tube. Look for the All-New Warranty Tag.

When it comes time to replace your present TV picture tube, be sure you get what you pay for!

Last year, 79% of the people interviewed by National Family Opinion said they had installed a New replacement tube in their TV set. Yet, sales figures show only 20% of replacement tubes sold actually were All-New!

There are *two* kinds of tube replacements. Some are New—others rebuilt. If the tube is New, its Warranty tag will say so. If the tube is rebuilt, the tag may, or may *not* say so. Don't be a Vidiot! When you buy, follow these rules:

1. Decide whether you want to replace your present tube with an All-New tube or a rebuilt one.
2. Make sure your television dealer carries All-New picture tube replacements.
3. Compare the price of All-New tubes to rebuilt ones.
4. If you decide to buy the All-New tube, *first* check its Warranty tag. If it doesn't say the tube's All-New, chances are it's rebuilt.



This advertising message is presented by Kimble Glass Company, maker of scientific and electronic glass products, a subsidiary of Owens-Illinois, Toledo 1, Ohio

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look into , the better low-price car. Prices were greatly reduced for '60 – now start $63 to $66* below even the lowest-priced V-8 Plymouth Fury or Chevrolet Impala.

Many people ask us . . . **Q:** But aren't you talking about a "stripped" Mercury with a plain interior, rubber mats? **A:** No, a de luxe-appointed Monterey sedan with luxurious nylon interior; deep, soft, wall-to-wall carpeting. **Q:** Do all Montereys have as good a price story? **A:** Yes, model for model they're priced below, or within a few dollars of, these other low-price cars. **Q:** What are the advantages that Mercury offers? **A:** Up to 8-inch longer wheelbase, 494 pounds more car. More room, riding comfort—more *everything*. See for yourself at your Mercury dealer's.

*Based on comparison of manufacturers' suggested 1960 retail base prices for lowest-priced V-8 models.

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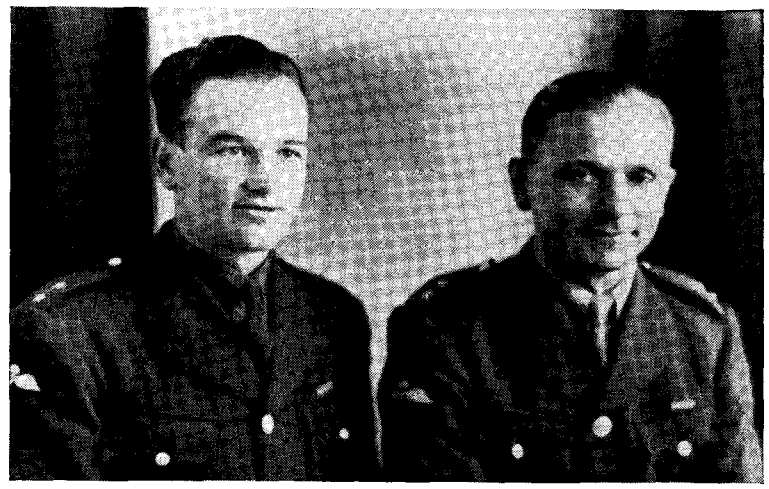
Here, at last, is the full story of a terrifying historic manhunt: the Nazis' pursuit of the daring Czechs who carried out the execution of Hitler's most dreaded hangman.

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

The hunters: Jan Kubis and Josef Gabchik, agents of the exiled government.



THEY KILLED HEYDRICH

By ALAN BURGESS

This Is a True Story . . .

It is a story of much tragedy and much nobility; and because I believe that a writer has a responsibility for the lives he portrays, I have endeavored to interfere as little as possible with its basic structure and its bitter truths.

It is as factual and accurate as two and a half years of intense research can make it. No names, places, or events have been altered or fictionized, although I have modified the Czech spelling of proper names for the sake of simplicity.

At times also, of necessity, I have invented dialogue but only when this dialogue has been reported at second hand or is plainly in accordance with the established facts.

Alan Burgess.

The quarry: Reinhard Heydrich, Reichsprotector of Bohemia and Moravia.

Beginning on the Next Page

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THEY KILLED HEYDRICH

By ALAN BURGESS **Part One**

One night in December, 1941, a British bomber carried secret agents across the whole of Nazi Germany and beyond. Somewhere over Czechoslovakia the pilot throttled back. The bomber lost altitude, churned through drifts of broken cloud and leveled off at 2000 feet.

In the cold fuselage Jan Kubis and Josef Gabchik stared down at their homeland through a coffin-shaped hatch cut in the floor. They checked their parachutes. Within minutes they were to plunge down through the darkness on a suicidal mission. Live or die, they had volunteered to hunt down and kill Reinhard Heydrich, the most ruthless butcher in Hitler's empire.

SS Gen. Reinhard Heydrich was second only to Himmler in the Gestapo command. He controlled the secret police within the secret police, an organization responsible for the murder of more than 3,000,000 Jews. Now he had taken power as Acting Reichsprotector of Bohemia and Moravia, the Czech provinces of dismembered Czechoslovakia.

©1960 by Alan Burgess

The plot to assassinate Heydrich was advanced by intelligence officers of the Czechoslovak Republic, exiled in wartime London. It was a rash scheme, leaving too much to chance, and it would end one day in a slaughter of innocents.

But the Czechs were desperate. Heydrich was ruling their land with torturers and murder squads. Even worse, he intended to raise a captive army of Czechs to fight for the Nazis in Russia. So the Czechs wanted Heydrich dead; and they wanted the world to know they had killed him.

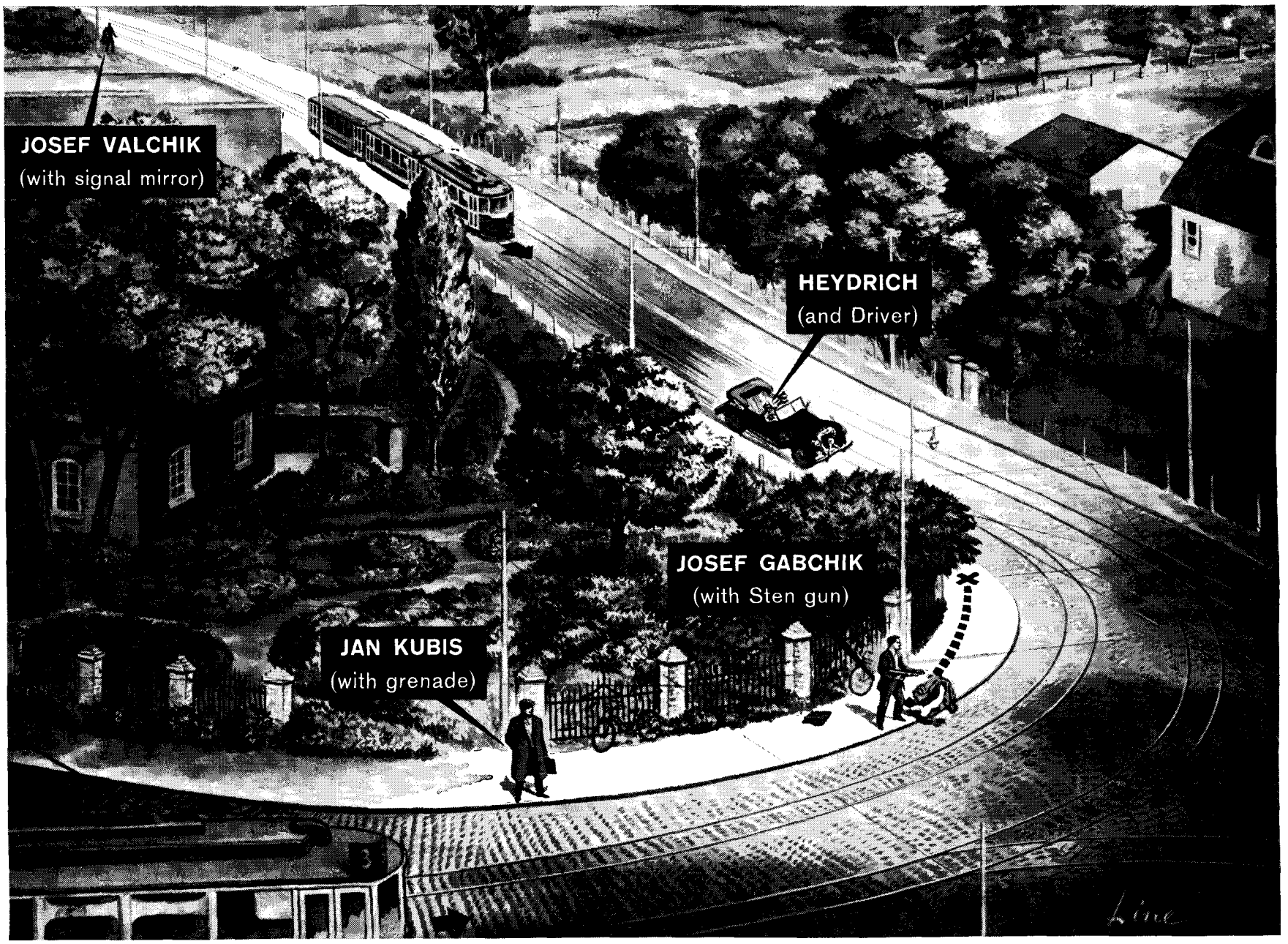
The man hunters were recruited at a camp in Scotland, where Czech soldiers were training as parachutists and saboteurs. One was Josef Gabchik, a locksmith from Slovakia who had already seen action in France. His mate, Jan Kubis, was a farmer from Moravia, with experience as an underground fighter. Jan had escaped a Gestapo prison in 1939. His buttocks were scarred with seven swastikas, burned there with a white-hot iron.

When Jan and Josef parachuted into Czechoslovakia they knew what Heydrich looked like and where to seek him. Heydrich was then thirty-eight years old, and photographs showed him as blond, six feet tall, quite lean—handsome enough, barring an overlarge nose and a hard mouth. For working headquarters he had taken over Hradcany Castle, in Prague. His residence was fourteen miles outside the city, in a village called Panenske Brezany.

The parachutists were lucky enough to reach Prague and find leaders of the underground, who provided hide-outs and false papers. Then, for a long time, they were balked. Heydrich's house stood in large grounds, surrounded by a ten-foot wall, in a village filled with SS troops. The place was guarded like a fortress, and so was Hradcany Castle.

They saw only one way to get Heydrich, and this was after months of scouting. He traveled between house and office in an open Mercedes, driven at high speed by an SS chauffeur. On straightaways the car sometimes hit 100 miles an hour. But Jan found a street corner in Holesovice, a suburb of Prague, where the driver had to brake hard for a near-hairpin bend. At that point Heydrich would be a slowly moving target for about five seconds.

In the final moments Jan and Josef wanted to be standing (Continued on Page 82)



The plan: When Valchik (upper left) signaled that Heydrich's car was coming, Josef was to move around the corner and out of sight. As Heydrich's Mercedes slowed down to round the curve, Josef would shoot the Nazi with a Sten gun. Jan Kubis, stationed 10 yards below Josef, held a grenade which he would use if Josef missed his target.

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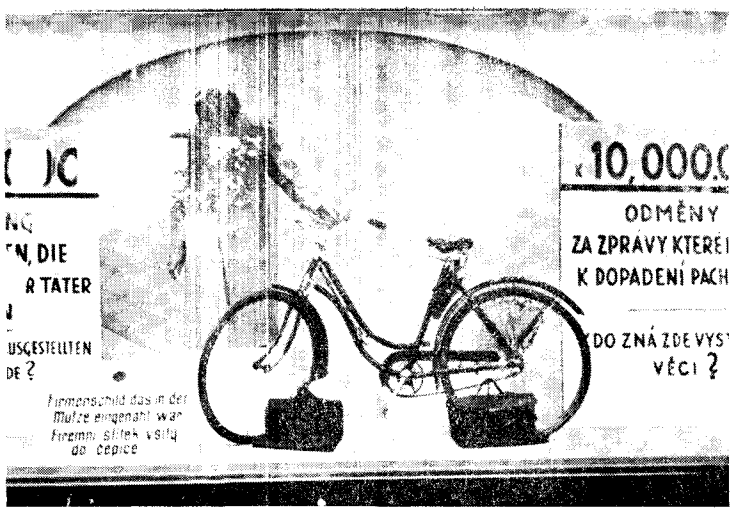
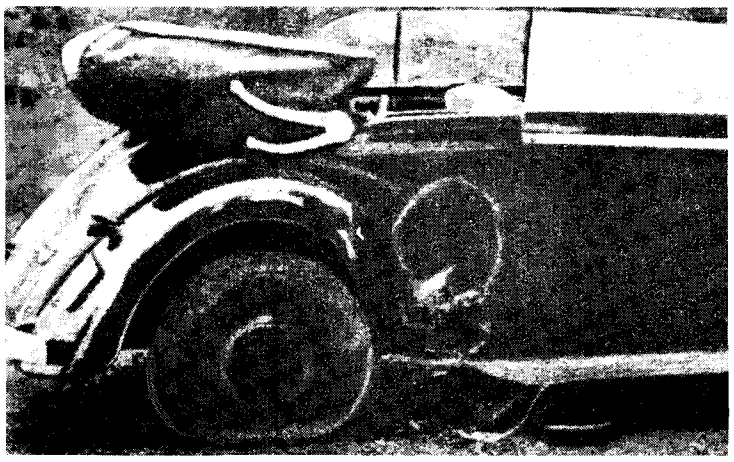


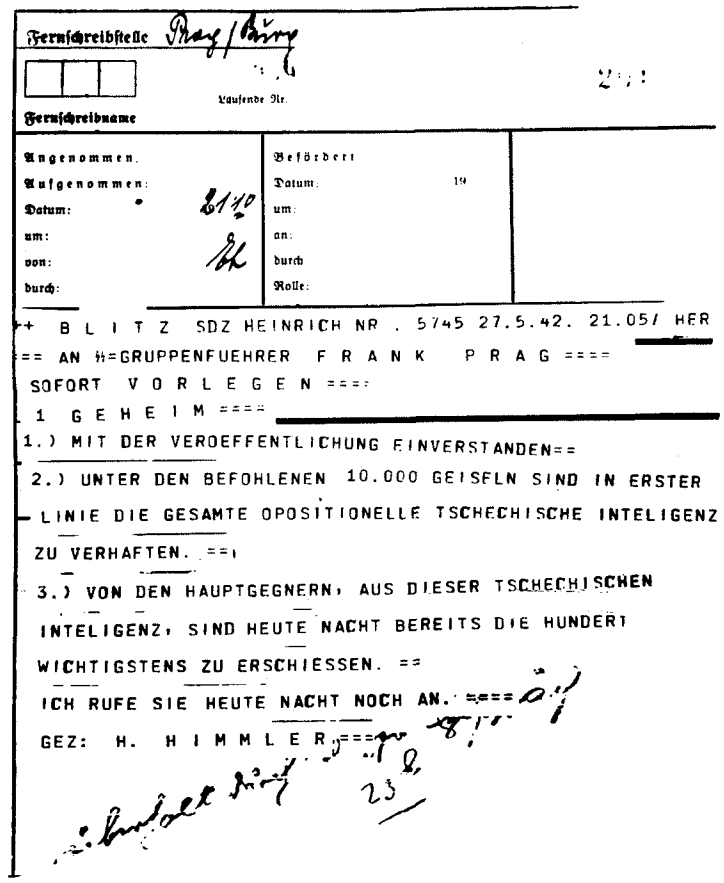
The bicycle which Gabchik abandoned. The Nazis offered a reward of 10,000,000 crowns ($340,000) for information leading to the owner.



Heydrich's car, badly damaged by the grenade which Jan Kubis threw. At first Heydrich seemed only slightly injured, but he died in 9 days.

A hero's funeral for the slain SS general. The Nazis, infuriated by Heydrich's murder, began a reign of terror which ended in the slaughter of hundreds of Czechoslovakians.

1938: Heinrich Himmler (left) and Reinhard Heydrich, the two top men in Hitler's Gestapo (secret police). Four years later Heydrich was murdered; Himmler committed suicide in 1945.



Fernschreibstelle Prag/Böhm

Laufende Nr.

Fernschreibname

Angenommen.	Befördert
Aufgenommen:	Datum: 19
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durch:	Rolle:

+ B L I T Z SDZ HEINRICH NR . 5745 27.5.42. 21.05/ HER
== AN H=GRUPPENFUEHRER F R A N K P R A G ====
SOFORT V O R L E G E N ====
1 G E H E I M ====
1.) MIT DER VEROEFFENTLICHUNG EINVERSTANDEN==
2.) UNTER DEN BEFOHLENEN 10.000 GEISELN SIND IN ERSTER LINIE DIE GESAMTE OPOSITIONELLE TSCHECHISCHE INTELIGENZ ZU VERHAFTEN. ==
3.) VON DEN HAUPTGEGNERN, AUS DIESER TSCHECHISCHEN INTELIGENZ, SIND HEUTE NACHT BEREITS DIE HUNDERT WICHTIGSTENS ZU ERSCHIESSEN. ==
ICH RUFE SIE HEUTE NACHT NOCH AN. ====
GEZ: H. H I M M L E R ====

May 27, 1942: On the day Heydrich was wounded, Himmler sent this telegram to Karl Frank, who took over Heydrich's post in Czechoslovakia. The order instructed Frank to imprison 10,000 Czech hostages, particularly members of the "intelligentsia." Paragraph three ordered Frank to shoot 100 of the most important hostages that very night.

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The classic female mistake: Taking a man for granted.

Change of Affection

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Mark Elliot's foot on the accelerator of his convertible pressed lightly. On the parkway, cars passed him regularly. A state trooper gave him a quick, gauging glance as he too went by. The car was new and capable of considerably more than the legal speed. Mark was young, driving hatless with the top down and wearing a sport jacket and a red necktie—not, thought the trooper, the type who normally travels at twenty miles less than the posted limit.

The trooper would have been even more puzzled had he known the young man's destination. This was the first day of Mark's six-week vacation, and he was headed north, out of the August heat of New York City, toward Maine and the welcome of an extremely charming girl. He was not formally engaged to Daphne Hamilton, but it was more than likely that their engagement would be announced to her assembled family during his visit.

At the thought of Daphne's family his foot became incapable of any pressure, and he pulled off the paved surface. He was very tired. The law firm of which he was a junior partner had been having a boom year, and Mark had done his share. He wanted to see Daphne, but he wished that he were more rested, more prepared for the exuberance and limitless energies of the Hamilton clan.

"Anything wrong, Mac?" The trooper had doubled back across the grassed strip which separated the lanes.

Mark grinned. "Nothing you can do anything about, officer." It was a weary grin, but a sober one. "You married?" Mark added.

The officer looked startled. "Yeah."

"Does your wife come from a large family?"

The trooper grinned back. "In-laws, hey?" he said. "You were right the first time. I can't help you."

Mark continued to sit and let the traffic rush past him. If he could have a few days of absolute peace, a quiet sandy beach where he could sleep in the sun, warm water to dip into, he would be able to enjoy the rugged rocks and cold water of Maine, the unbroken athletic activity of Daphne's family. If he could—and precisely why couldn't he? he asked himself. And then he answered his own question judiciously—he could.

He drove into Provincetown at six o'clock. He had passed countless NO VACANCY signs on the strip of beach south of the town, and the town itself displayed more of the same. He found a parking space and sat looking out at the harbor. It was low tide, and the sand flats were golden and inviting in the late light. An obliging storekeeper made three telephone calls for him and found him a room. Mark drove to the house, took out one bag and stretched out on the bed. Sixteen hours later he awakened.

He telephoned Daphne after breakfast. "Provincetown!" she said. "But why, Mark?" He explained, and she said, "How silly! You can rest here as well as there. And it's so invigorating. We were hoping you'd be in time for this afternoon's race."

"I couldn't get a speedboat beyond a crawl," he told her. "I'll be fine in a couple of days. Who's there?" By quick computing he figured that sixteen Hamiltons were in residence. They would not crowd the gray-shingled house which Daphne's grandfather had built in 1890, but it was a lot of Hamiltons. "I'll be ready to take you all on when I come," he added.

"Hunt's pining for some tennis with you," she said. "He doesn't like to be beaten, you know, and after last year. . . ."

He put on his bathing trunks and walked to the beach across from his rooming house. Now the tide was high, lapping the sand as softly as a cat washing herself. It smelled faintly of watermelon and it was warm about his ankles as he took a step. He swam lazily, returned to the shore and fell almost instantly asleep. When he finally rolled over and propped himself up on his elbows he discovered he was not alone.

"You must be very tired." A soft, sympathetic voice addressed him. He blinked against the sunlight and looked into a pair of pewter-gray eyes edged with thick dark lashes and accented by dark, unusually arched brows.

"I am," said Mark. He reached for his cigarettes.

"I'll light the match for you," offered his new friend.

"Thank you," Mark said politely.

"I won't talk if you'd like to be silent," she added.

Mark smiled. "I'd like to talk. So long as it isn't controversial or too stimulating." The eyebrows drew together above her small nose. He was still smiling, and after an instant she smiled back. He had never, he thought, seen so flexible a face. Her mouth changed constantly, while her eyebrows were in almost perpetual motion.

"Would you like to see me look like an eagle?" she asked.

He would be charmed, he told her. He was both charmed and startled, because she did look like an eagle, eyebrows at a forbidding angle, eyes birdlike and piercing. "I'm positively frightened," he told her. "I hope you're a friendly eagle."

(Continued on Page 44)

"Why don't you take George instead?" Mark asked.

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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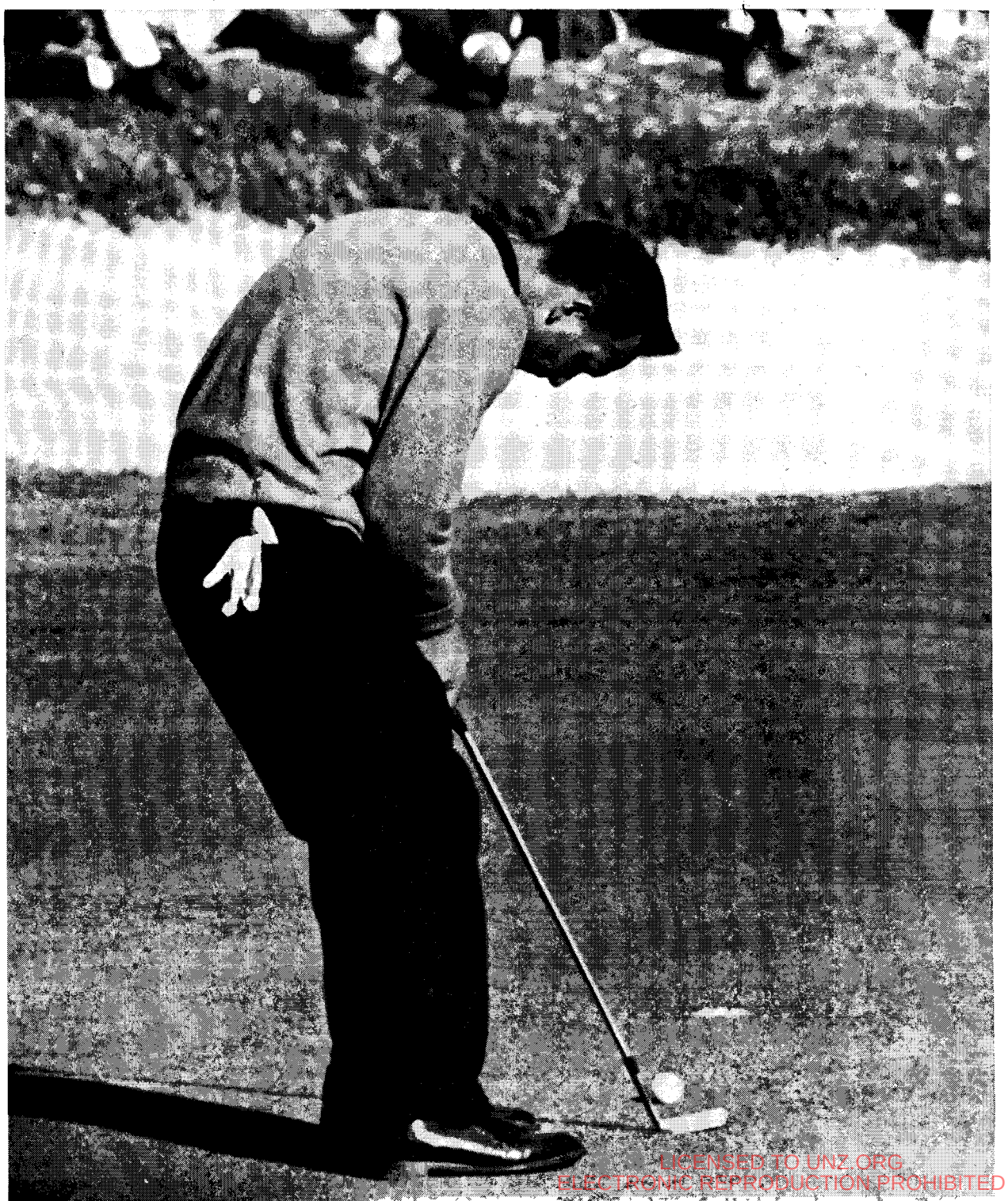
I WANT THAT GRAND SLAM

By ARNOLD PALMER as told to Will Grimsley

The 1960 Masters winner, Arnold Palmer, is determined to win the "Big Four" tournaments this season. Next on his ambitious list is the U.S. Open this week.

"I seem to play my best in the big tournaments. I like competition—the more rugged it is the better."



On the last two holes of this year's Masters Tournament Palmer picked up the two strokes he needed to win. At left, his $17,500 putt (a six-footer) on the final hole.

Ever since I was able to walk I have been swinging a golf club, and ever since I was big enough to dream I have wanted to be the best golfer who ever lived. At one time I was certain that someday I would duplicate Bob Jones's "grand slam" of 1930—that is, sweep the United States Amateur and Open Championships and the British Amateur and Open in a single year. Then I found out—to my disillusionment—that to devote the necessary time to golf, yet still remain an amateur, I would need either tremendous wealth or a high-paying job with no responsibility.

For me, such prospects were as far away as the moon. I concluded that if I were going to reach the top in golf, I would have to do it as a professional. It was then that I started thinking about a professional "grand slam."

When I got off to such a fast start this year—winning five of my first thirteen tournaments, including my second Masters in three years—I determined to make my bid. Now my sights are fixed on winning the four biggest tournaments open to a pro—the Masters, the U.S. Open, the British Open and P.G.A. (Professional Golfers Association of America). Ben Hogan won the first three of these in his great year of 1953, but had to pass up the P.G.A. No golfer ever has taken all four in the same year. The odds against it must be at least 1000 to 1. Yet I feel confident that, with a little luck, it can be done. I want to be the man to do it.

Many people felt that Hogan's 1953 achievement was at least equal, and maybe even superior, to Jones's 1930 sweep because of the keener competition Hogan met. I agree. I believe Bob Jones, a wonderful sportsman, also might agree. In his heyday Jones had to beat only a small handful of topflight players. In a big tournament (Continued on Page 101)

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Spurs biting, mud flying from beneath digging hoofs, they rushed down the ravine.

It had been a long wait, but now the moment of reprisal had come.

Revenge in the Canyon

By DUVAN POLK

His name was John Carpenter, and he had a square-cut beard, mostly brown but streaked with gray, that should have been trimmed two weeks ago. His woolen pants were baggy and did not look any better for being stuffed down in his muddy, flat-heeled boots.

There was a stiff-backed dignity about him, though, and an air of authority, too, that had no relation to his clothes. He had light-colored eyes, sad without softness, that said point-blank he would not be trifled with. He was not a smiling man; the corners of his mouth, in fact, were almost downcast—almost, but not quite.

Three other men formed a loosely irregular line behind him, riding with the same weary, wary attentiveness as they had for the last two days. The four of them were mounted on dark-colored horses, bays and browns, that had in common a look of stamina.

But they were tired now, those horses, in the late afternoon, and their feet lifted with effort, each hoof making a soft sluffing sound as it went down into earth still boggy from last night's rain; and then there was the moist sucking sound as the hoof came up again, dragging through and over the short, winter-yellowed mesquite grass that went on, seemingly, into far and distant horizons.

One of the men in the rear finally urged his horse forward and rode beside John Carpenter in silence for perhaps a hundred yards. Carpenter looked at him once, then turned his eyes forward again, looking down the length of the churned-up trail they followed.

At last the other man said, "You're not goin' to catch 'em afoot, John."

It was a long minute before Carpenter spoke. "Who's walkin'?"

(Continued on Page 96)

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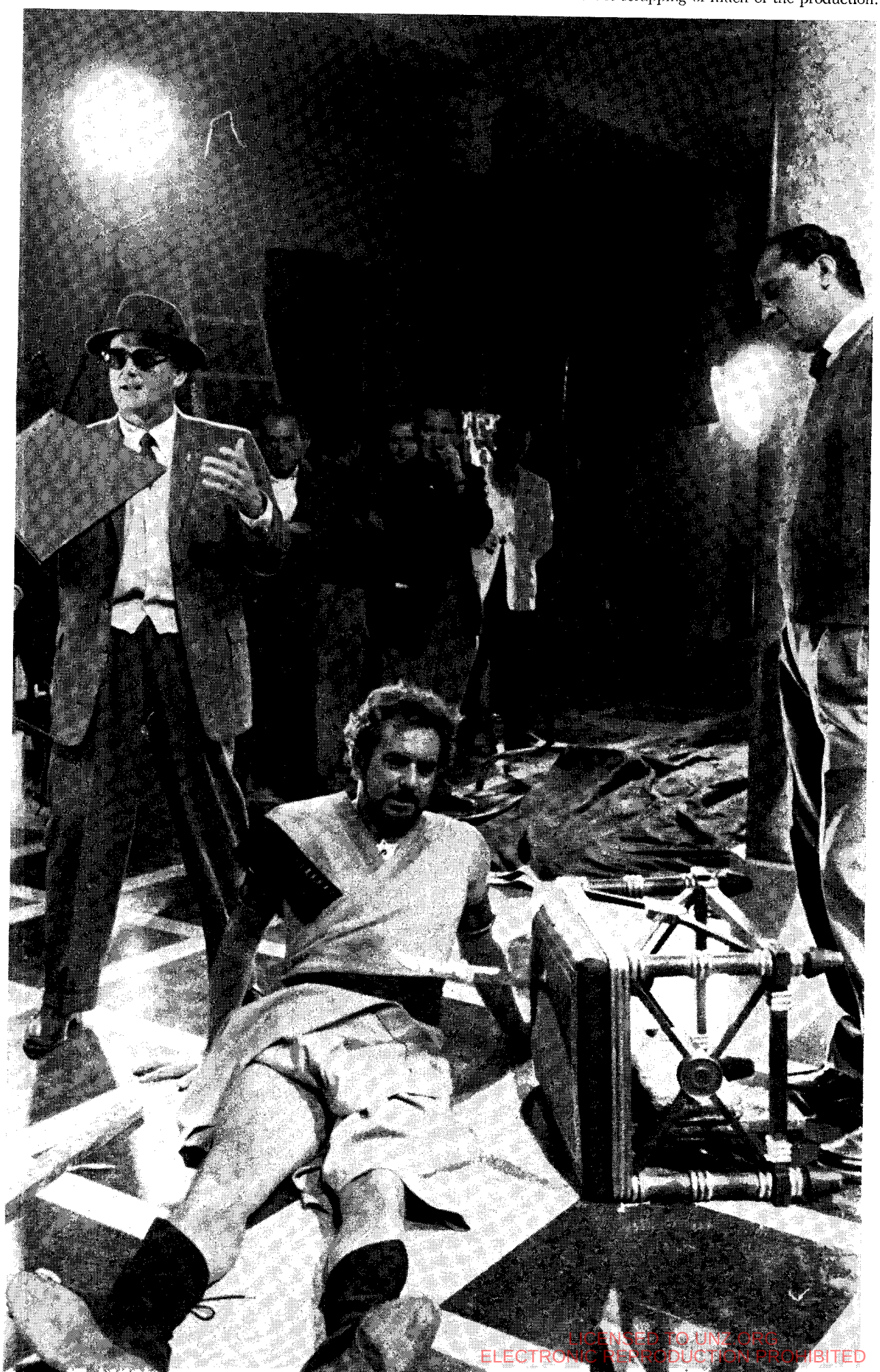
Big Gamble on the Stars

Who lost $1,219,172 by Tyrone Power's tragic death, and $3000 by Elvis Presley's broken tooth? The company that pays when the show does *not* go on.

1958: Tyrone Power stricken with a heart attack on the *Solomon and Sheba* set. The actor's death a few hours later caused the scrapping of much of the production.

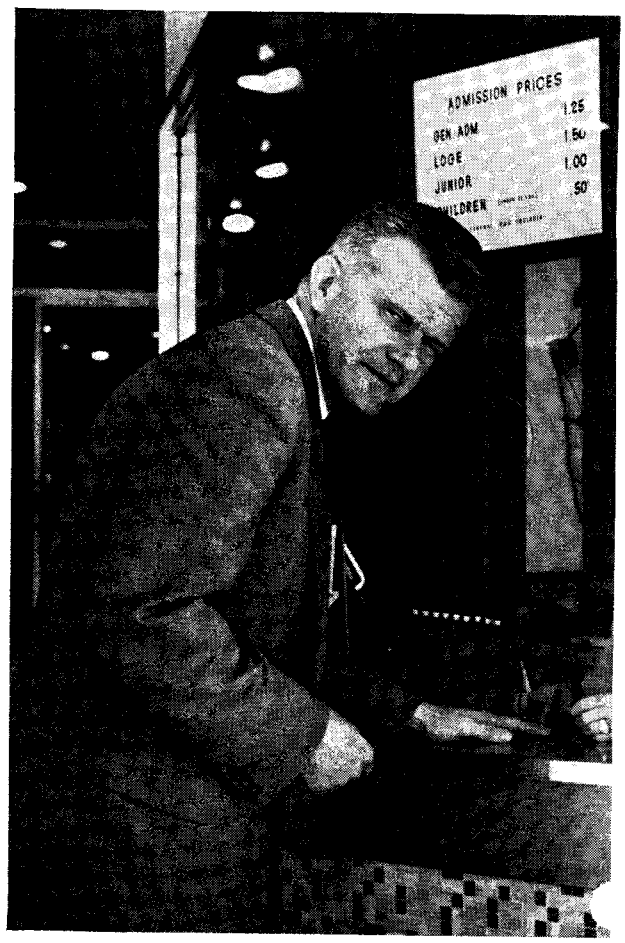


By
John
Wesley
Noble

It was a sober group of motion-picture executives, hastily summoned from desert fairways and blue yacht harbors, that gathered one Saturday in a suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Gloom and cigar smoke filled the air, as worried men placed long-distance calls to New York and Madrid, consulted in hushed tones and studied the telegrams homing in on them like forlorn starlings. The date was November 15, 1958. Tyrone Power, male lead in the Biblical film *Solomon and Sheba*, lay dead in Spain.

A huge and costly motion-picture company, idled by the tragedy, was awaiting their decision. Should they abandon the picture, now two thirds finished, and the millions already spent? Or should they salvage what they could and go on?

Nothing quite like it had ever happened to such a high-budget production at such a crucial moment. Romantic male leads usually are in the prime of life, and certainly Power, at forty-four, was thought to be a stout fellow. For several days, to be sure, he had mentioned



After settling a claim of more than a million for production delays in *Solomon and Sheba*, Robert Buell, manager of Fireman's Fund "cast insurance," paid $1.50 to see it.

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Jailhouse Rock, 1957: Mickey Shaughnessy's right hook didn't bother Elvis. But when the singer rocked-'n'-rolled too enthusiastically, he broke a tooth and held up the show for six days.

The Private Life of Don Juan, 1934: Douglas Fairbanks Sr. (left), the first "insured" actor. Producers feared he might mar his face in his lively roles.

Ruby Gentry, 1952: Jennifer Jones with Charlton Heston. The script called for her to give him a healthy slap. In doing so, she broke her hand. The insurance company paid off $55,768.

The Unforgiven, 1959: Audrey Hepburn broke four vertebrae when she fell from a horse. As a result, Fireman's Fund had to pay almost $250,000.

not feeling well; yet on this particular morning he had insisted on doing one of the picture's most vigorous scenes, a duel with George Sanders. At the height of the action he called a halt. He was having trouble breathing; he had pains in his arms and chest. A studio car rushed him to a hospital, where he was pronounced dead of a heart attack. It was 1:30 P.M. in Spain. In Hollywood the sun had not yet risen.

Even before the movie capital heard the news, collateral shocks had registered in quite another quarter—at the San Francisco headquarters of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company. This ninety-seven-year-old firm, which manages to endow statistical underwriting with some of the same glow that Lloyds of London imparts to marine disaster with its tolling bell, has had to weather many shocks.

The Fund, like Lloyds, insures ships. As a curious sideline of its Inland Marine Department, it also writes an unusual policy known as "cast insurance," which is bought by some of the major film studios to cover losses arising from death, illness or injury to specified stars while the picture is in production.

When, for instance, Elvis Presley was making *Jailhouse Rock*, he rocked so violently that a porcelain cap came off a tooth and lodged in his bronchial tube. Movie making halted while he hied off to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Doctors retrieved the denture, but it was six days before Presley could return to the set. Under a $750,000 cast insurance policy—$5000 deductible—the studio collected $2000 for production delays, plus $904 for the star's medical expenses.

Presley's indisposition was, of course, a relatively routine, inexpensive matter compared with the problem posed by Tyrone Power's death. Losses in the millions of dollars would result if *Solomon and Sheba* had to be abandoned or if delays were prolonged. United Artists and Theme Pictures, the producers, had insured themselves for $3,300,000 against just such contingencies, and Fireman's Fund had hedged its bet as insurance companies with big single-risk coverage (Continued on Page 52)

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"Pardon," he said, "but
I like cheetahs, and yours
has beautiful conformation."

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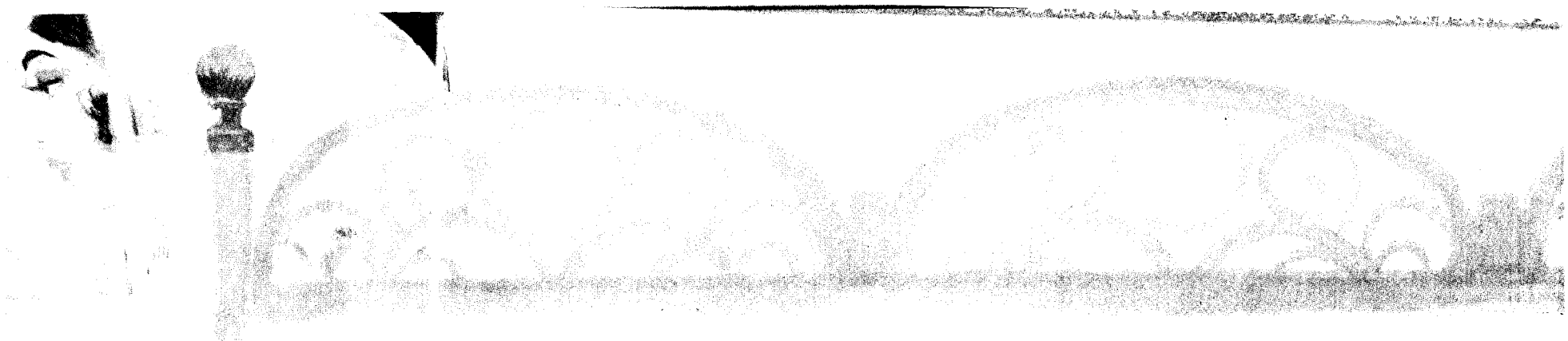

She was hunting for a husband,
with an exotic pet to capture the prey.

THE LADY WITH THE CHEETAH

By ROBERT MURPHY

The old raja, bedeviled and bewildered by political upheaval, democracy, land reform and all the other mysterious and incomprehensible tribulations of the modern age, was hard put to it to maintain a ghostly echo of his former splendid state; but he managed to keep a few hawks in his mews and three hunting cheetahs in his kennels. The kennels had fallen into a sad state of disrepair and were continually being propped up here and there by three old shikaris, too old to change their habits and desert the sinking state. The last elephant had long since been taken by the moneylenders after a good deal of low-class uproar; and many of the long halls of the palace, once populous, spotless and shining, were shared now by spiders, dust and an occasional cobra hunting rats.

An air of gloom and melancholy hung over the palace and the ruined gardens. It didn't affect the hawks, for they lived apart in their own fierce and fatal understanding of life and their dreams of the wild freedom of the sky; but the cheetahs were different. Being cats—a swift-hunting leopard type, which ran down their prey like dogs and had several other doglike attributes—they had a sort of social sense and felt depressed because they had come down in the world. At least Shirin, the female, did. Iskander, her mate, was a matter-of-fact hunter, an uncomplicated beast, who remembered with admiration the cold-tub-and-no-nonsense English colonel who had been the raja's adviser during the more spacious days of the British raj.

How their son felt was completely beyond both of them. They had never understood him, and when the shikaris at his birth had named him Bahram, after the great hunter of the old books, they had been quite proud and had held great hopes for him. The shikaris had too, but they had got over it; they looked askance at Bahram now and muttered into their beards, for he had no apparent ambitions proper to his race. He showed no inclination to run or hunt; he had a taste for amiable leisure, butterfly watching, decorous walks through the bazaar on a leash, and offbeat music. He longed for affection but got little of it from his parents, for they were too busy trying to reform him to get around to giving him any.

There came the day when the shikaris were voluble and active and bustled about instead of sleeping the morning through or sitting along the wall talking drowsily together. Bahram paid them little attention. Lying languidly on his back in a corner of his kennel, he was listening with great appreciation to the wailing practice notes played by the snake charmer who often wandered in with his pipe and sat down in a bit of shade. Iskander and Shirin, however, felt the excitement in the air; they knew that something was up and paced nervously back and forth licking their whiskers and making small sounds to themselves. They loved to hunt and hadn't been out for a long time.

As he moved about, Iskander happened to look at his son, and that stopped him. His expression changed; he suddenly looked as though he had tasted something most unpleasant. "Get up," he said. "Show some signs of life and stop listening to that nauseating instrument. It sounds like a stuck pig."

Bahram reluctantly returned from the strange country to which the wailing pipe had taken him and turned a carefully expressionless face to his sire. "Why?" he asked.

"Why?" Iskander demanded, his voice rising. "Blast it, because it's only fit for snakes and jackals. How you can expect to come to anything but a wretched end with your mind fixed on that sort of thing ——" He stopped and tried a more reasonable tone. "We're going hunting at last, old boy." he said, and his eyes began to glow with a hunter's fire. "Now you'll have a chance to run your best, to leave the ruddy wind behind and pull up on a fleeing black buck and bring him to the earth. A splendid thing." He suddenly realized (Continued on Page 69)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

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Carbonara (left) is Italy's gourmet version of the traditional bacon-and-eggs. Cooked bacon and its drippings are poured over piping-hot spaghetti. The final touch: raw eggs, which "set" in the heat of the other ingredients.

Tartare (center), a "cold sauce" for stout-hearted fanciers of raw meat, is a mixture of chilled, uncooked hamburger, egg and minced onion.

Zucchini (lower right): In this quick but effective variation the versatile squash is cut into thin slices, cooked in butter, and poured over steaming-hot noodles.

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Now About Spaghetti

Some tricks of the trade from a world-famous Italian restaurant.

You ask a question and you get an answer. I was in Italy not so long ago, staying on Ischia, a craggy, round, civilized little island—one of those suburbs of pleasure that stand in and around the Bay of Naples.

Someone told me to go to Forio, a town on the western coast, and I went. It is a pretty port, with a mountain behind, pink and white villas scattered amiably here and there, and a long sandy beach. It was October, the tourists had gone, there was nothing to do, but it was warm, the views were good, the wine was good and so was the food.

The food was better than good. At least it was where I had all my meals, in Filippo's Ristorante.

Filippo's is an exceptional place. It is small—bulging, I don't suppose it would hold more than thirty or forty people—it opens onto the beach, and it is owned by Philip Dakin, an American, and Franca, his Italian wife. (Continued on Page 67)

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

Photograph by George Lazarnick

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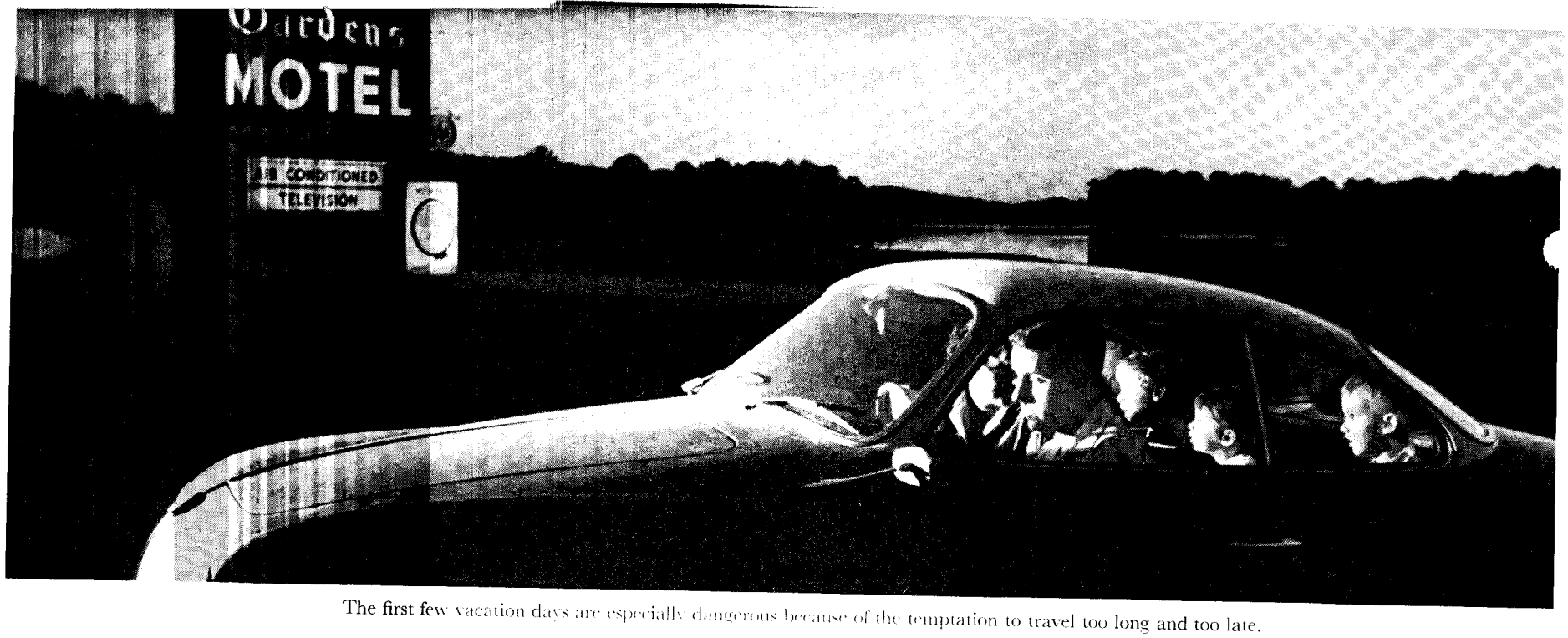
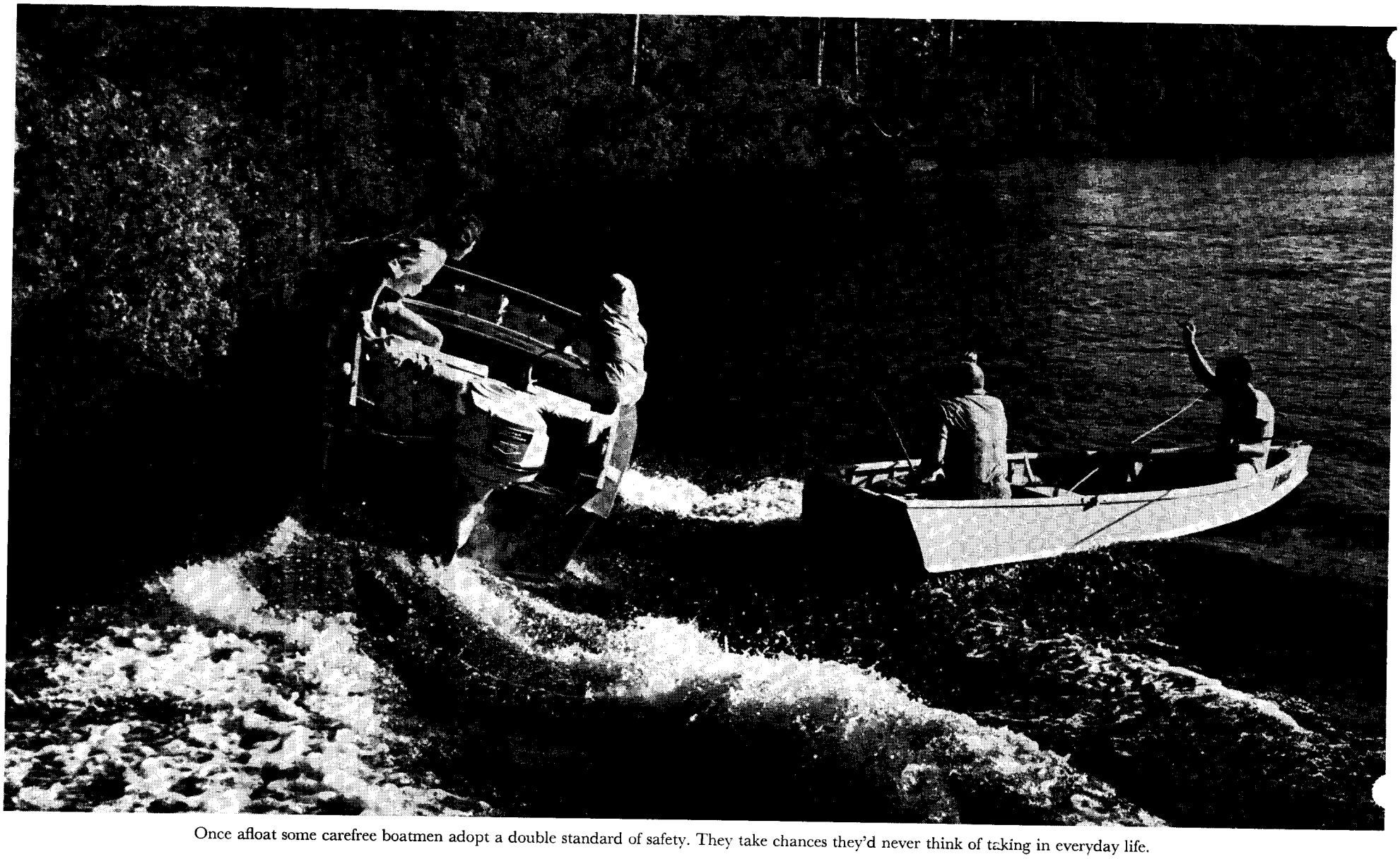


The first few vacation days are especially dangerous because of the temptation to travel too long and too late.

CAN YOU SURVIVE YOUR VACATION?

By PAUL SCHUBERT



Once afloat some carefree boatmen adopt a double standard of safety. They take chances they'd never think of taking in everyday life.

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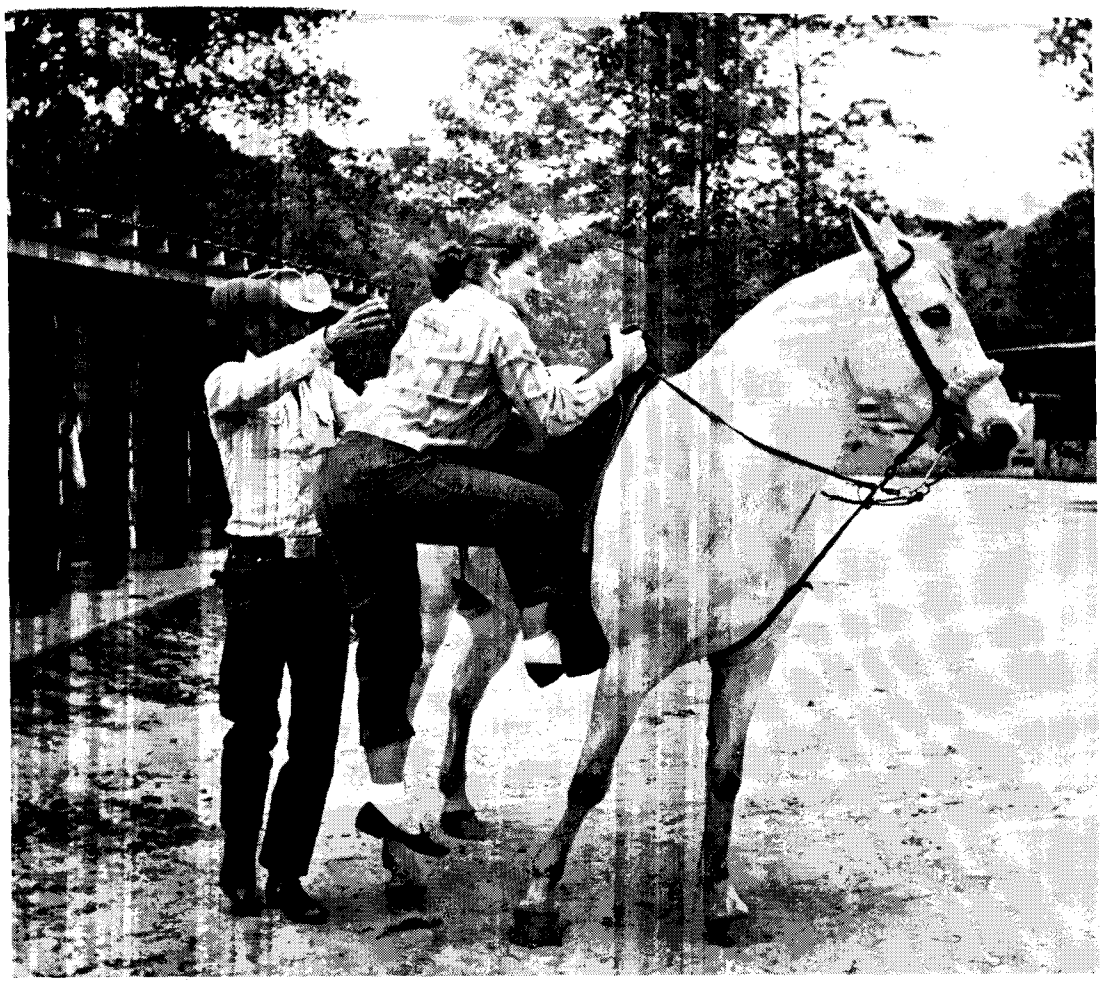

Western fans will know that this tenderfoot is asking for vacation woe by mounting her horse on the wrong side.

Each summer "two weeks with pay" turns some sensible people into thrill-seekers who will invite heart attacks, injury and even death—just for fun.

I live near the spot, 100 miles east of Yellowstone Park, where three main highways—U.S. 14, U.S. 16 and U.S. 20—pour east-west holiday traffic across Wyoming's sagebrush-covered, mountain-rimmed plains. All around me are national forests, lakes, dude ranches, trout streams, hunting camps and summer resorts. Every summer day some 10,000 tourist-crowded cars rush through this point in quest of vacation pleasure and recreation, a fair cross-sampling of the 10,000,000 or more Americans doing the same thing at the same moment from coast to coast and border to border.

After long and sympathetic observation of the vacation parade past my door, I ask two questions. What makes the vacationing American take chances that he would never think of taking in everyday life? What makes the vacationing American believe overexertion is good for him?

I'm not thinking particularly about the vacationist's behavior on the highway, though he usually starts taking chances and overexerting himself while he's still in his car. Last summer a westbound Minnesota sedan turned in to Earl Reilly's motel in Greybull, Wyoming, late one August afternoon and disgorged a family numb with fatigue.

"That driver was so tired," says Earl, "that he staggered like a drunk as he walked to the office. When I handed him a registration card, he couldn't even see the line to write his name.

"'Thought I'd make it to Yellowstone today,' he said. 'How far away is the park?'

"'Hundred miles to the east gate. Been driving long?'

"'We left Minneapolis when I got home from work last night,' he said thickly. 'Only got two weeks off. Wanted to drive straight through.'"

Minneapolis is 976 miles from Greybull. This vacationist had driven for twenty-two hours in an orgiastic burst of freedom from routine. A sedentary officeworker, he simply had no business undertaking this kind of overexertion. Nor was this vacation trip fun for him or his family—to say nothing of the risks he was taking with all their lives and the lives of other holiday-bound Americans.

The first couple of vacation days are especially dangerous because of this temptation to indulge in immoderate gulps of travel or play. Whole families behave as irrationally and impulsively as kids just out of school.

"We learn to spot the tourists who need watching," says the superintendent at Mount Rushmore National Memorial. "After a few days on the road, vacationists simmer down and behave like normal human beings. But every so often we spot 'first-day tourists' in brand-new outfits; when they pile out of their cars, the kids are loaded with energy after being cooped up all day and blowing off steam by shoving, whooping, running and climbing all over everything.

"We don't allow anybody to climb up Mount Rushmore to the big sculptured faces—it's dangerous even for steeplejacks or trained Alpinists. But every once in a while some first-day fool gets away from us and starts up, then finds himself in trouble and has to be rescued. Last summer one crazy lad actually got himself up under Jefferson's chin. We used to send rangers after these idiots, but we've discovered still better medicine in a power megaphone audible half a mile—public reproof takes the fun right out of it."

As exuberant vacationists get older they indulge in different kinds of immoderation. Men over thirty-five can't or won't realize they're not the athletes they were at age twenty—they plan vacation schedules of outdoor activity far too rugged for flabby muscles, indoor bones and joints, sedentary hearts and blood vessels. If such holiday he-men are lucky, they get off with aches and pains. If they push vacation luck too far, they fill hospital beds while recuperating from bone breaks, sprains, ripped muscles, heart attacks and strokes.

We had a gruesome case in the Wyoming Rockies last summer. All the man did was go fishing, but instead of fishing a stream he could get to in a car, he labored his way up tortuous trails into a wilderness area, doing such unaccustomed hard work that he collapsed from exhaustion. When rescuers finally got a helicopter to him with a doctor, he was dead.

"Can't understand it," said his friend. "Old Bill was always tough as a boot. We two have fished this stream for years—we love the rugged outdoor life. Why, Bill just lived to get up here, sweat his way up that trail. Nothing like it when you've been shut up in an office. I will say Bill is a lot fatter than he used to be, and last winter his doctor told him he ought to slow down, but he said the heck with that—if he could just get out and work like a dog, he'd be back in shape in no time. Can't believe he's dead—he used to be able to take any amount of outdoor life."

The doctor who attended Bill commented to me, "The man's heart literally blew apart because he demanded too much of it. He was fifty pounds overweight, soft, he smoked too much, ate too much, drank too much, and his blood pressure was sky high—classic candidate for a coronary. This fellow lived immoderately, and immoderation killed him."

"Doc," I asked, "what makes them think they can make up for a year's self-neglect in the first twenty-four hours of vacation?"

"National trait, I guess. Everything's got to be quick—get rich quick, get thin quick, get healthy quick. Funny, people always seem so surprised to discover they can't do what they did five years ago—hunters especially; must be something in the hunting type that makes them think they'll be boys forever. I've been called on to attend so many hunters, fishermen, pack-trippers, hikers and horseback riders through the years, for unnecessary injuries, collapses and coronaries, that I have about decided a vacation can turn otherwise sensible people into fools.

"I had to go into the mountains on horseback once to attend a lady who nearly bled to death after a (Continued on Page 94)

Photographs by Bill Shrout

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BIG JOE'S ALIBI

A story by R. ROSS ANNETT

Joe lingered on the sidewalk in front of the Star Store, sorting out in his mind the things he had to attend to while in town that morning. He was a big and brawny, black-browed man, slow and deliberate in thought and speech as well as in movement, as though the years of hard work which had stiffened his joints had also slowed up his mental processes. But he was nobody's fool. Given time, he could usually figure things out as shrewdly as the next man.

He took out his cheap pocket watch and noted that the time was a quarter past eleven. He was about to move on when Bill Housman's car, hauling a high-boxed trailer, pulled up at the curb beside him. Housman was at the wheel, with Steve Connelly, one of his cowhands, sitting beside him.

"Howdy!" Joe said.

For a moment the two men regarded him sourly, without answering. Bill Housman was a burly, red-faced man, the owner of the Circle H Ranch which bordered Joe's place on the south. He had not had a civil word for Joe for weeks—not, in fact, since Joe had succeeded in leasing some Government land which Housman also coveted. In cattle country, grass is a more frequent cause of hard feelings than even religion or politics, and Housman, who was accustomed to riding roughshod over his less-important neighbors, took it as a personal affront when the authorities ruled in Joe's favor.

"Where's Pete?" Housman demanded presently in a surly voice. His tone and the hard look which accompanied it gave Joe a sudden feeling of uneasiness.

"He's around somewhere," he answered, wondering wryly what Pete had been up to now. Pete and Bill Housman were usually at loggerheads. Pete said that Housman was a crook, which was, in fact, the truth. Housman claimed that Pete was a crook, and that unfortunately was also true. Joe himself was stubbornly honest. Moreover, he had two motherless kids that he was trying to bring up to be honest and (Continued on Page 74)

"Did you an' the Colby boy see Housman unload that cow an' calf?" he asked Little Joe.

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Doctor Harry at work in the office he occupied in Addis Ababa, capital of Ethiopia.

THE SECRET OF DOCTOR HARRY

By GORDON GASKILL

In far Ethiopia he is known as "the dentist who does not hurt," and if you are an American the chances are he won't send a bill. A remarkable true story.

Traveling through Africa recently, I found myself at Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, in sudden, urgent need of dental work. Addis Ababa is not world famous as a dental center and it was with some misgivings that I asked a British friend if he knew a reliable dentist.

"Of course," he said. "There's a Greek Cypriot here. Fine dentist—Doctor Harry, they call him." Then he chuckled and added, "And since you're an American, he might not charge you a penny, either."

"He what?" I stared.

"It's a long story, I gather," he said. "I don't quite know all the ins and outs of it myself. Something to do with how he feels grateful to Americans. This is his way of showing it. Shouldn't think there are many like him, are there?"

"Not many," I agreed, thinking over my some twenty years of almost constant travel abroad. In fact, I couldn't remember *anybody* like him.

As the Briton said, it was a long story—unique, fascinating and heart warming. I learned it gradually, partly in some of the strangest interviewing I've ever done—me lying back in the dentist's chair mostly unable to talk, and Doctor Harry working on me, telling me how it all happened.

His real name—Charalambos Michailidis—was too much for American tongues. And to American ears, the first two syllables of his first name—in Greek it means "shining with joy"—sounded vaguely like "Harry." So he became and has remained "Doctor Harry" to English-speaking foreigners. (Continued on Page 77)

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The Face of AMERICA

Lunch-Hour Concert

It's lunch hour now at the Long Island Railroad's Morris Park carshop, and the joint is jumping. The L.I.R.R. band usually meets three days a week for regular sessions and also plays at company picnics and parties. The happy custom was inspired by Tony Urso, painter-mandolinist, and Barney Chiarello, electrician-guitarist, who one day brought their instruments to work just to jam a little. Other artisan-musicians joined the group: Frank Urso, Tony's son, is on the accordion in this picture; Barney still swings the guitar, far right. Tony himself has retired from active participation in the band. At this session John Kardell plays the violin; George Dunn, the sax; Ronnie Atkins, the trombone; Artie Sansone, the clarinet; Mark Rovics, the drums; and Bob Pagillo, the banjo. These imaginative railroaders who work in the noisy carshop have managed to insert a harmonious interlude in their otherwise cacophonic day.

Photograph by Chris Reeberg

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The Case of the Duplicate Daughter

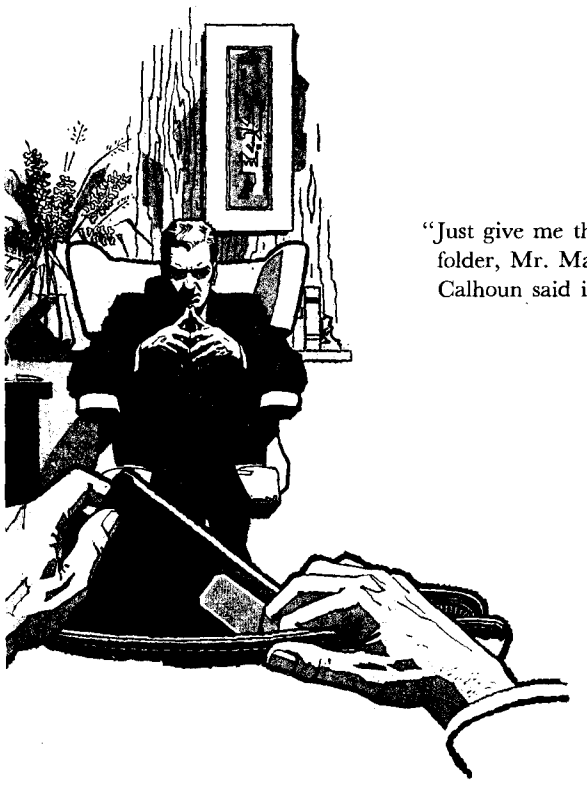
By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Mason's client had two beautiful daughters, and one of them was a liar.

Had Perry Mason been roped into a phony blackmail case? Muriell Gilman had told him her father, Carter Gilman, was missing. Then Gilman showed up at Mason's office and retained him to investigate his wife Nancy's past. Gilman was sure someone was blackmailing his wife.

Then Vera Martel, a private detective with a penchant for blackmail, telephoned Mason and told him to lay off.

As Mason drove with Muriell Gilman to her home, he was increasingly aware that the case had a phony ring to it. Stopping briefly at a curbside phone booth, Mason called Della Street, his secretary. Mason instructed her to telephone Carter Gilman's office. He was sure that when Gilman's secretary answered, Della would recognize her as the woman who claimed to be Vera Martel.



"Just give me the entire folder, Mr. Mason," Calhoun said impatiently.

III

"How's your little friend Muriell?" asked Della Street.

"Doing fine," Mason said. "How did she impress you?"

"She's sweet and—well, rather demure-looking."

"For your information," Mason said, "she's a very accomplished actress and she's had quite a bit of experience."

"All right," Della Street said, "I make this call. Then suppose the voice is that of Vera Martel, or rather the person who assured us she was Vera Martel, what do I do?"

"Just make an appointment," Mason said, "and hang up. And, incidentally, it might be well for you to disguise your voice a little, Della, because we may be having some further conversations with Matilda Norman."

"When do I do it?"

"Right away."

"And you'll be in touch with me later?"

"That's right. I'll telephone in for a report."

Mason hung up, returned to the car and smiled at Muriell. "Well, Muriell," he said, "I guess you'll have to forgive a rough, tough trial lawyer for being a little suspicious. After all, the events of the day have been just a little mysterious."

"I'll say they have," Muriell said, looking at him with wide brown eyes which radiated innocence, candor and a certain concern.

"Now," Mason said, "if your father should come home tonight it would be advisable if you just talked with him normally and naturally and didn't tell him anything about my making that trip out to the house this morning or about your getting alarmed at his absence and calling me. Do you think you can do that?"

"Would it be for daddy's best interests?"

"I'm quite certain it would be for his best interests," Mason said.

"In that case I can do it."

"And get away with it?"

"Oh, sure," Muriell said. "If I don't want people to find out anything, they don't find it out, that's all."

"All right," Mason said, suppressing a smile, "let's just keep our own counsel on that, Muriell. It may help."

"But what about that ten thousand dollars?"

Mason said, "No one besides you and me knows when I got that. We'll drive right into the garage and go in the workshop from there. For your information, your father talked with me on the phone and told me to pick up the money that was on the floor in the workshop."

"Daddy didn't tell me anything about the money," Muriell said.

"Probably because he didn't have time," Mason said. "I think it's highly advisable that you let your father tell you just what he wants you to know and don't ask questions, and that you don't tell your father anything about our meeting this morning. Your father might not like the idea that you called me up just because he jumped up from the breakfast table."

"Yes, I've thought of that," she said. "Daddy might feel that I was getting a little—well, taking too much on myself."

"Exactly," Mason said. He turned into the driveway at the Gilman home, ran the car up to the vacant garage and stopped.

"Where is everybody?" Mason asked.

"Well," she said, "daddy took the sedan to work this morning. Usually he walks to the bus, but this time he evidently took the sedan because it's missing. Nancy and Glamis went to a meeting of a photographic club in Nancy's sports car, and I took the club coupé uptown."

"I see," Mason said. "That accounts for all three cars and, because the sports car isn't here, I take it neither your stepmother nor Glamis is home."

"That's right."

Mason said to Muriell, "I'll wait in the workshop while you run in and get the briefcase. Incidentally, it might be a good idea to find out if anyone is home. I'd just as soon none of the others knew that I was out here unless—well, unless it becomes necessary. We won't try any subterfuge, but on the other hand, we won't advertise the fact that I'm here. I think that's the way your father would want it."

"I'm sure he'd want it that way," she said, opening the door to the darkroom. "Come right through the darkroom, Mr. Mason. You can wait in the workshop."

Mason followed Muriell across the darkroom into the workshop. Muriell smiled at him and said, "I'll get daddy's briefcase right away. Mr. Mason, why do you suppose he did leave in such a hurry?"

"Heavens, I don't know," Mason said. "Your father quite evidently has a lot of various business affairs. He has lots of irons in the fire. Something came up that demanded his attention, probably something he'd forgotten about."

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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She nodded and walked over to the door at the southeast corner of the workshop, saying, "I'll be right back, Mr. Mason."

As soon as the door closed, Mason started making a swift but detailed survey of the workshop. The broken chair was still lying on the floor. The pool of red enamel had partially dried. The room was warm and almost unnaturally quiet, filled with the smell of seasoned wood. A big fly droned in lazy circles. A big blob of modeling clay was on the workbench. Mason regarded the clay carefully. There were fingerprints in the clay.

The lawyer moved over to the workbench, where there was a telephone which had a series of pushbuttons along the bottom. The lawyer pressed the button connecting the phone with the outside line and, holding a handkerchief so he would leave no fingerprints, gently lifted the hearing apparatus from the cradle.

He was in time to hear Muriell's voice saying hastily, "No, he doesn't suspect a thing. He thinks he's cross-examining me, but he's really a lamb." Then Muriell hung up.

Mason gently cradled the instrument. He moved back to the darkroom. He kept his handkerchief as a protection against leaving fingerprints on the doorknob or the light switch, and switched on the lights. He opened a few of the drawers. There were pictures of Carter Gilman, pictures of Muriell, and a picture of an exceptionally beautiful blond young woman in a daring Bikini. It had been colored, and Mason paused for a moment to look appreciatively at the girl's figure; then he replaced the photographs, looked in some of the negative files and then heard the clack of Muriell's heels on the hardtop as she returned to the workshop.

When she entered, Mason was innocently inspecting a partially finished jewel case. "Your father does nice work," he said.

"Simply beautiful," she said. "He loves to work with wood."

"You have the briefcase, I see," Mason said.

She handed it to him without a word.

"Now I'm to keep that in my office and simply deliver the papers that are in that green Bristol-board folder to Roger Calhoun?"

"That's right."

"I'm not to say anything about your father's business, other than that he's consulted me?"

"That's right. Daddy just said you were to deliver the papers to Calhoun and tell him you were doing so at daddy's request and the agreements were to be executed."

"That," Mason said, "might provoke some comment. Your father was scheduled to be at the office with these papers. Then a lawyer whose reputation is not exactly unknown comes walking into the office and says casually, 'I have the agreements Mr. Gilman was to bring into the office this morning.'"

Muriell said, "Well, I guess daddy thought you were to use your own judgment."

"I'll use it," Mason said.

Suddenly Muriell cocked her head in a position indicating she was concentrating on listening.

"What is it?" Mason asked.

"A car turned into the driveway. Just a minute."

(Continued on Page 56)

'Good heavens," Muriell said
"It's Glamis
coming home in a taxi!"

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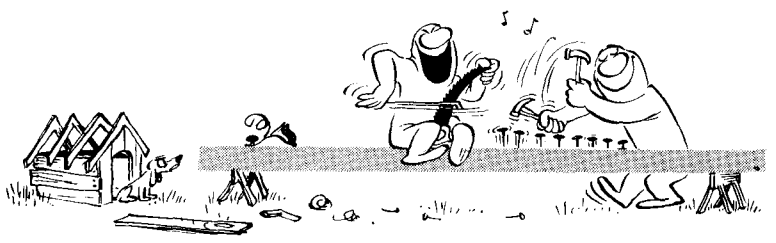
Post Scripts



Half-Heard Conversations...

Just as I stepped off the elevator

"I'm afraid President Eisenhower was a little miffed. Before I left he said to me . . ."

"The apartment was big enough, but the large hole in the living-room floor bothered . . ."

"What so few people realize is, there's only one proper way to cook grasshoppers. You take . . ."

"You'd think she'd know better than to toss away three million dollars on such a silly scheme. Why . . ."

"Interesting chap. He claimed he invented women. He said he . . ."

"No, that was about a week *before* I shot my father. You see . . ."

"The last time I met Bill and Anne—it was in a Turkish bath, as I recall—they told me . . ."

"Far as I know, he was the only man to jump from the Empire State Building and survive. The way he managed it was to . . ."

"Sure, he actually lives in a bottle. Let me explain . . ."

"What a party! Marilyn and Kim were fighting over Rock, and Frankie boy and Kirk started to . . ."

"No, I haven't seen him since that horrible night we found we were both married to the same . . ."

"I wasn't so upset at seeing the moose in the bathroom as I was when . . ."

"Seventy miles in a rowboat is one thing, but he insists on doing it without oars, just using . . ."

DONOVAN FITZPATRICK

The Connoisseur

I like bright silver, such as Denver mints;
  I love the sharp clean lines of fine engraving.
Some of the dollar bills this country prints
  Are gems of craftsmanship and well worth saving.

How pleasant is the feel of paper too—
  That velvet texture used on checks by bankers;
And stock certificates, leaf crisp and new,
  Are stuff for which the true collector hankers.

Cash registers have simple classic lines
  That charm the eye; their sound enchants as well.
How splendid in the sun an oil well shines!
  Most bankbooks have a nice warmed-leather smell.

My friends, alas, are Philistines at heart—
  They find such high aesthetic standards funny.
Incapable themselves of taste in art,
  All that the blockheads think about is money!

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

"That's going to be a tough act to follow."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Oh, the Dismal World of the Modern Child!

"One more peep out of you, Judy—just one more peep—and daddy won't give you that thousand dollars to open your own little savings account!"

"Look at it this way, son—how would you like it if one of your five Shetland ponies hauled off and hit *you*?"

"He's daddy's boy, mamma! He ate his *filet mignon* like a little trooper!"

"I know, son, but there comes a time in life when you have to learn you can't have everything. Now, what's it going to be—a cruise to the West Indies or the Exeter Military Academy?"

"Thanks, son. To show you how much I really appreciate your cutting the grass, here's $57.50 for those field glasses you've been wanting, and . . ."

VERNON H. KURTZ

Enfeebled English

The Motorcycle Cop and the Motorist

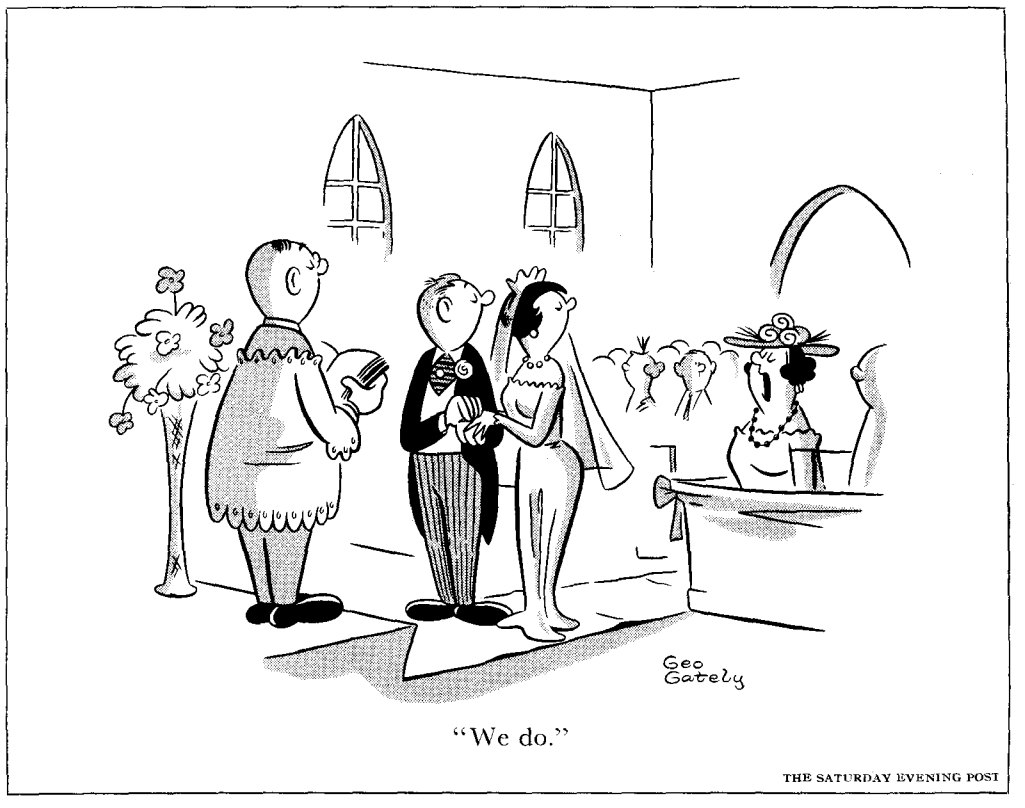
O.K. Plover duh duh sigh duh duh road.
Wassa madda, officer?
You was goan too fass.
Too fass? I was owney dune twenny-fie.
Doan hammy at. I klogged juh af fiddy-fie. Lessee yer regisrayshun anyer drivuh's lizzenze.
Y'ar.
H'm'm. No prevus arress or cuvickshun.
Thass rye.
O.K. I'll lejuh go widda warnin.
Thangs.
Doan thang me. Juzz taykid easy and no more speen.
Ride!

HERB GOCHROS

Movie Charmer

Her beauty is such
  It'd be unmatchable
If only so much
  Were not detachable!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



"We do."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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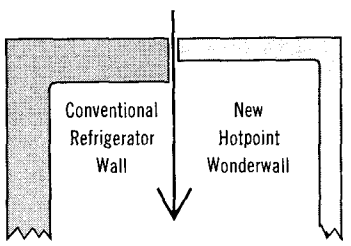
THE BIGGEST REFRIGERATOR NEWS IN YEARS!

18 CU. FT. IN THE FLOOR SPACE OF 12

NEW WONDERWALL INSULATION ADDS 50% MORE FOOD SPACE



New Wonderwall insulation means more space inside . . . another exclusive "first" for Hotpoint "Space Age 18." Wonderwall is one-half as thick, yet more efficient than ordinary insulation. Doubles freezer space, 25% more refrigerator space—gives you 50% more food storage than any conventional 12 cu. foot refrigerator.

Hotpoint "Space Age 18" is really two complete appliances in one. An 11.6 cubic-foot refrigerator and a 6.7 cubic-foot freezer in the floor space required by a conventional 12 cubic-foot refrigerator . . . all made possible by the miracle of new Wonderwall insulation exclusive with Hotpoint.

Only the Hotpoint "Space Age 18" brings you so many modern features: greater storage space inside, automatic defrosting, swing-out shelf convenience, Magna-Seal Doors, flush-to-wall design . . . the entire refrigerator rolls out for easy cleaning, and roomy door shelves can handle even half-gallon milk bottles!

Visit your Hotpoint dealer now and see all the "Space Age" models. They're beautiful . . . in classic white and four decorator colors.

NO DEFROSTING EVER IN REFRIGERATOR OR FREEZER!
One more *plus* value of the "Space Age 18"... with Hotpoint, you'll never defrost again!

SWING-OUT SHELVES PUT ALL FOOD IN SIGHT, IN REACH!
A fingertip does it . . . Hotpoint shelves, crisper and freezer basket swing out for easy access. Adjustable up or down, removable for cleaning.

Hotpoint

(A Division of General Electric Company, Chicago 44)

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Dow Announces A Major *Automotive Development*

NEW PRODUCT OUTMODES WATER AND ANTIFREEZE

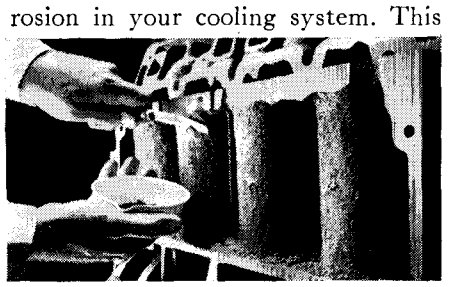
DOWGARD*

World's first year 'round cooling system fluid

New scientific formulation replaces water in summer, antifreeze in winter. Stops rust and corrosion damage, protects against freezing and overheating for 12 full months. Offers new concept of carefree motoring—summer and winter. Should be installed now for greatest benefits!

If you value performance and economy, you will want to have this new product from Dow installed in your cooling system immediately.

You see, ordinary water—even with the addition of antifreeze or a rust inhibitor—can cause rust and corrosion in your cooling system. This can lead to poor gas mileage, ping, knock, reduced heater-defroster efficiency. And, if left unchecked, burned valves, warped cylinders and heads can result.



If left unchecked, rust coating on cylinder walls can clog water passages

New concept—Complete fill

However, now you can end worrisome cooling system problems by having DOWGARD cooling system fluid installed in your car. It is a complete formulation, a new blend of protective chemicals and specially treated de-ionized water. DOWGARD fills the cooling system completely from top to bottom. Nothing else is added—no water, antifreeze or rust inhibitors!

Lasts one full year

DOWGARD protects from 240°F. above zero to 40°F. below. It is the only coolant you can buy that prevents overheating in summer, freezing in winter.

Why now? Stops summer rust

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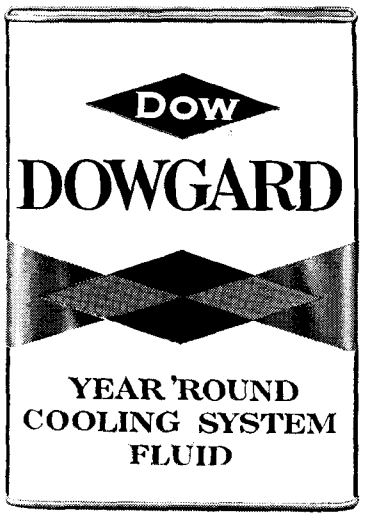
Get DOWGARD at your regular service dealer and enjoy the equivalent of a sealed cooling system for one full year. It's a premium product that gives your car the protection it deserves—one of the wisest investments you can make. *TRADEMARK



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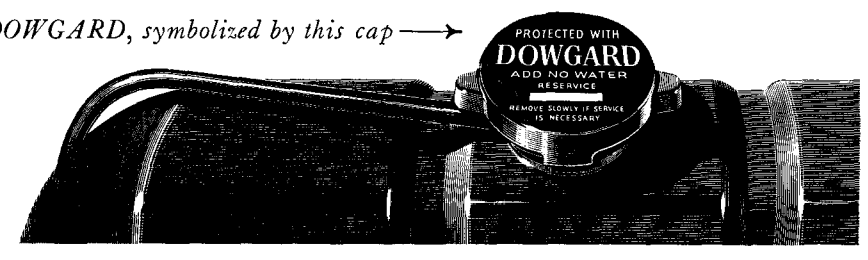

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Journey Into Danger

By STUART CLOETE

Unless help came soon, the trekkers would be massacred.

Fred Carter's punishment for his vicious assault on Francina Prinsloo was almost worse than death—on the orders of *Oom* Willem Prinsloo, leader of the Boer trek, Carter was beaten and left alone in the wilderness.

Miraculously the outlaw survived. With Don Tomaso, a slave trader whom he met in the veld, Carter schemed to raid the Boers. When the attack failed, the infuriated Carter made one last try against Harry Bates, the man who had kept him from Francina. By mistake, Carter killed young Barend Beyers instead. The outlaw himself was wounded as he tried to escape. Now, planning to take at least one more life before he lost his own, Carter lay feigning death.

VII

Harry had been walking not far behind Barend, with the others following at a short distance. Harry's Zulu, Nzobo, now joined them. Flip came running up. "What is it? What has happened?"

"Your brother has been killed," Harry said. "Carter killed him in my place. It is my fault that he died."

"What do you mean? How did it happen?"

"The hat," Harry said. "He was wearing the hat that he had just won from me, and Carter killed him. He thought it was me. And I killed Carter. I heard the shot, saw Barend fall and, having my gun in my hand, I fired at once."

The Zulu touched Harry's arm. "*Baas*," he said, "the Englishman is not dead. A dead man does not sweat." He raised his knobkerrie.

"No," Harry said, "you cannot hit a wounded man."

"I cannot kill a wounded snake? I, a Zulu, who kills his friends if they are sorely hurt and beyond cure?"

Harry looked at Carter. What had he done to this man? Why did Carter hate him so? Because he had saved Francina?

He bent over him as if hoping to discover the secret. Carter, who had been breathing so softly that the rise and fall of his chest could hardly be seen, managed, in spite of the pain it gave him, to strike upward toward Harry's belly with his knife—a stroke that would have disemboweled him had Carter been able to send it home. But the Zulu was faster than he, as the mongoose is faster than the striking snake. As Carter's knife rose, the kerry fell, smashing his wrist and sending the knife flying in a shimmering arc across the veld.

"Can I kill him now?"

Harry put his hand on Nzobo's shoulder. "Once again you have saved my life," he said, "but he must not be killed."

"Why not?" Flip said. "We should have done it long ago. We should never have let him go."

"Because I want information from him. What are the plans of these people who threaten us?"

"He will talk," the Zulu said. "I will smear his face with honey and peg him out on a broken ant heap. Then I will stir them with a stick. He will talk or he will die. Or else I could ——"

"Now you will carry him back to the camp," Harry said.

The Zulu picked Carter up. Harry and Flip between them carried Barend, one at his head, the other at his feet. The hat that he had worn for so short a time was balanced upon his body. People crowded out of the camp toward them. Francina ran toward them. "Barend! Barend!" she cried. "Speak to me!"

"He will speak no more," Flip said.

Francina burst into tears, regretting every unkindness now that it was too late. *Tante* Maria looked at Carter. "Why did you bring him back? Why did you not kill him?"

"Because I was forbidden, lady," the Zulu said.

"Well, I will not nurse him." *Tante* Maria followed the group as it went to the wagons. "Let him die," she said. "Die untended—like a dog on the veld."

An hour later she found Francina washing out Carter's

(Continued on Page 88)

Desperately they fired into the mob of charging Kaffirs.

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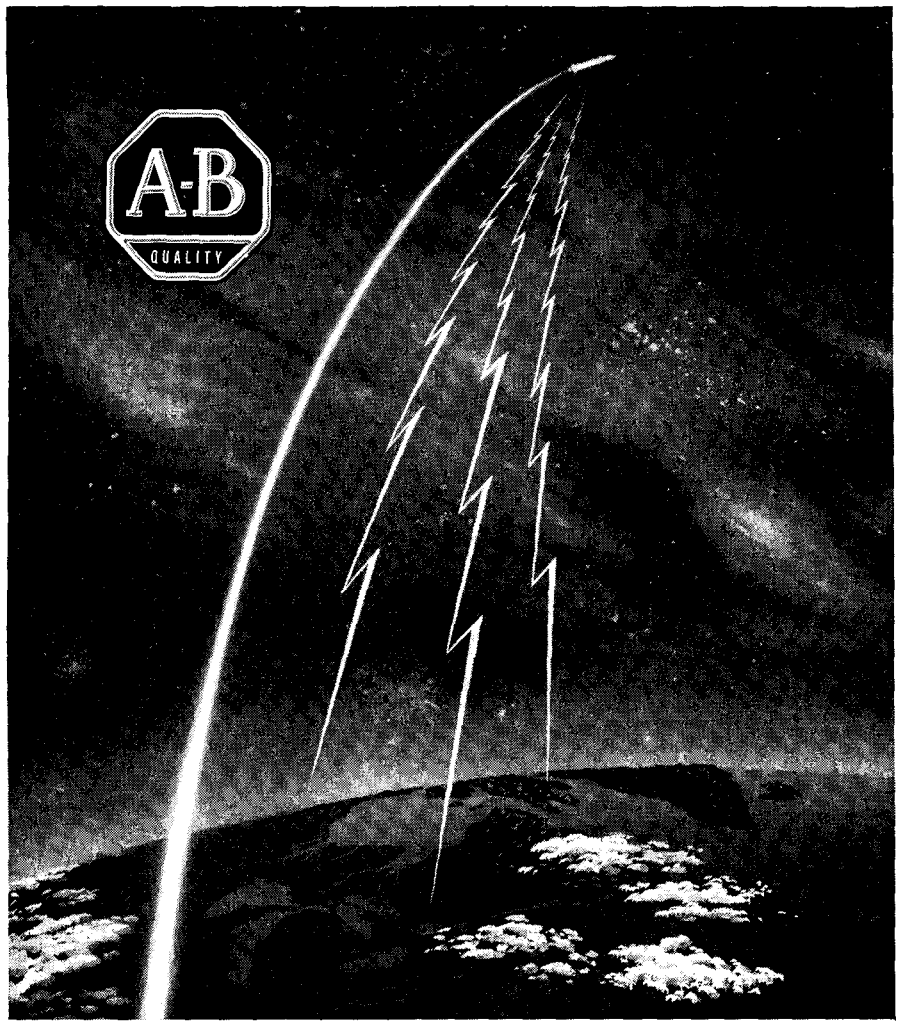
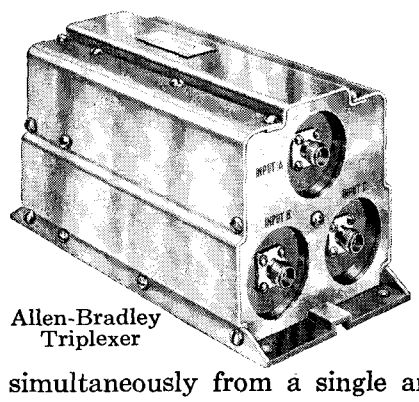


Allen-Bradley develops new filter that gives "Minuteman" three simultaneous voices!



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Change of Affection

(Continued from Page 22)

"Oh, very," she assured him. She studied him. "I presume you've been working very hard."

"That's right," said Mark.

"Perhaps you should take another nap when you finish your cigarette." She stood up. "It's time for my lunch now, but this afternoon we could take a walk on the flats."

He watched her walk away, slender and straight in a scarlet bathing suit, her dark hair blowing. He supposed that she was eight or nine. He was dark himself, brown-eyed and brown-haired, and he had always had a decided preference for blondes. Daphne was a golden blonde.

He finished his cigarette and slept again. When he opened his eyes she was not there, and he felt a disproportionate disappointment. He watched the receding tide, the curved sandbanks emerging and paling in the sunlight.

"Here I am," she said. "This is Betty." Like a young queen dismissing a lady-in-waiting, she added, "We are going to walk on the flats, Betty. You can wait here."

The older girl said, "Okey-doke," and sat down.

"Betty looks after me," she explained to Mark. "I don't really need looking after, but my mother prefers it."

"I see," he murmured.

"Last year, when I was a baby, it was different," she continued, and he smiled. "People are babies until they're six," she informed him with authority. "At seven you're a child."

"Oh," said Mark. "I didn't know that." He asked, "What's your name? Mine is Mark."

She laughed. "Luke and John—bless the bed that I lie on!" she said. "Mine is Jenny."

They sat on the cool sand, with gulls wheeling above them, in the most companionable silence Mark had ever known. In the deep water a speedboat cut across the harbor, and Jenny frowned.

"My mother dislikes speedboats," she said. "They wake her up in the morning, and she is always so very tired."

He looked for her the next day; and when he saw the flash of her scarlet bathing suit, he felt an answering flash of pleasure. The girl Betty sat down on the sand, and Jenny came directly to him.

"Did you sleep well?" she inquired.

"Like a log," he answered. He added, "I've often wondered how you can tell whether a log is awake or asleep."

She had a charming chuckle. "I think you tickle it—very gently," she said. "Would you like me to sit with you?"

"Please do," he urged. She was, he reflected again, extremely restful company. When she had something to say she said it gravely and softly.

The sun rose higher, and its warmth intensified.

"I think," said Jenny, "that you are getting sunburned. Perhaps we should go in the water. Or I could cover you with sand."

Mark looked at his legs, now growing pink. "Let's go in the water," he said.

At twelve o'clock Betty called her. "I must go," Jenny said. "My mother should be awake now."

She certainly should, thought Mark, and found himself wondering about Jenny's mother, who was always so very tired. He drove downtown for his luncheon. In the window of a giftshop he saw a small Portuguese doll. It reminded him of Jenny, and he bought it.

Jenny said, "Oh!" when he gave it to her. She examined every detail of the doll's clothing. She looked up at Mark and sang, "Greensleeves was all my joy; Greensleeves was my delight." She added, "That's her name. Because of her dress, you know."

Mark Elliot stared at the child. She was seven years old, and her voice was exciting, almost seductive. "Don't stop," he said, and she sang to the end.

"I know lots of songs," she told him. "Do you know *Barbara Allen?* 'In Scarlet town where I was born. . . .'"

Mark had never given much thought to fatherhood. He liked children; he knew that Daphne wanted a large family. Looking at Jenny, he found himself thinking about Daphne's children. They would, he decided with complete certainty, all be Hamiltons—clear-eyed, athletic boys and girls, probably blond.

There was a telegram from Daphne in his room. "Do try to get here by Monday. Ted and Kay arriving tomorrow...." It was a long telegram, and he crumpled it into a ball when he had read it. Ted and Kay would make eighteen Hamiltons under one roof.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

I Have a Choice?

By Curtis Heath

I wonder why when my
wife asks
In cooing tones if I would
like
To help her with her
household tasks,
Or go and bring in junior's
bike,
Or take her to the P.T.A.,
Or let her have some cash,
or cart
Accumulated trash away,
Or drive her to the
supermart,
She seems to think that I'm
uncouth
When my answer is the
truth.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

In the restaurant where he breakfasted, a voice spoke his name, and he looked up at Sam Dyer, who had been a classmate in college. They had breakfast, and Sam suggested that they drive to one of the Truro beaches. The ocean was more invigorating than the bay, and he knew some amusing people there.

Mark hesitated, and Sam grinned. "Bring her along," he suggested.

Mark laughed. "She's seven years old," he said.

The ocean was more invigorating than the bay, and the Maine water would be even more invigorating. Mark thought of the warm placidity of the beach where he swam with Jenny. He went so far as to wonder whether she missed him.

They had cocktails at the house of friends of Sam's and returned to Provincetown. "There's a spot called the Seven Seas that has pretty good food," Sam said, and they went there. Ships' knees, rough-hewn tables, candles in bottles—Mark was cracking a lobster claw when he jerked into incredulous attention. Across the room, hazy with cigarette smoke, a voice was singing.

"Greensleeves was all my joy. . . ." Her back was toward them, a straight, slender back. She wore a white dress, and her hair was dusky in the dim light.

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"Nice voice," said Sam. Mark Elliot's heart was hammering. It seemed an eternity before the singer paused beside their table.

She did not smile; her oval face and silvery gray eyes were grave. Her fingers drew a preliminary chord from the guitar. "This is a very old French ballad," she said and sang.

Sam said, "That was charming. Do you know *Blow the Candle Out?*"

Mark's voice, when she finished the song, sounded strained. "Can you sing *Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair?*"

She sang it. "Would you sit down and have a drink with us?" Sam asked.

"Thank you. I'm supposed to keep circulating."

"Perhaps later?" He was holding out a five-dollar bill.

She said quietly, "Thank you very much," and moved on.

Jenny was not at the beach the next day. Mark returned to the Seven Seas for dinner. The Sunday-evening crowd was large and boisterous. The singer made her round of the tables, her voice hardly audible to Mark. "How's for some calypsos?" a man's voice suggested. She shook her head. "I can sing *Gin and Coconut Water*," she offered.

She looked at Mark and said, "Good evening. Would you like any special song?"

"Anything," he said and contradicted himself. "No! *Barbara Allen?*" When she had finished, he said, "You're Jenny's mother."

Her eyes widened. "Yes." Like Jenny's her dark eyebrows arched. "Are you Mark?" she asked and flushed.

He could not bring himself to tip her.

In his room, Daphne's crumpled telegram had been put on the bureau. He did not reread it. "do try to get here by Monday. . . ." Tomorrow would be Monday. He should make an early start.

He awoke early—early enough to have a last swim. The flats were uncovered almost to the outer bar. He walked until he found water deep enough to swim in. He would check out of his room as soon as he was dressed. He was sorry not to say good-by to Jenny. He did not know where she lived; he did not know her last name. He did not know her mother's name—or her father's.

Jenny was running toward him in her scarlet bathing suit. "I said it was you!" she greeted him breathlessly. "Today is my mother's night not to work, and we're going to have a picnic and stay very late and look at all the stars. Will you come with us?"

"Yes," said Mark.

He wired Daphne. He was behaving inexcusably and he knew it. The fact that they were not officially engaged did not alter the fact that he had asked her to marry him. He remembered that she had said, "The family will have to give their approval," and that he had murmured something about her meeting his family. Her blue eyes, for an instant, had looked blank. Then she had laughed. "I suppose you do have a family too," she had commented.

Jenny was on the beach with Betty that afternoon. Mark wondered whether her mother was still "so very tired."

"We'll be ready at five o'clock," Jenny told him. "My mother says to meet us just over there." She gestured toward the street. "You'll be very prompt, won't you?"

He was very prompt. Jenny was putting a grill and a small basket into the back of a shabby sedan as he came down the sidewalk, and Jenny's mother appeared around the corner of a frame building, carrying a larger basket. Mark took it from her.

"I didn't know what to bring," he said. "I have a bottle of wine and a box of candy."

She smiled vaguely. In the daylight she was still pale, her skin delicate and transparent. She was wearing a lilac-colored dress, a coral sweater over one white arm. Her dark hair seemed to have lilac lights in it.

Jenny chattered all the way to the Truro beach.

Returning from gathering driftwood with Jenny, Mark stopped to look at Jenny's mother. She had put a tablecloth over a board; she was kneeling, setting out plates, with the almost horizontal rays of the sun falling upon her. She was like a picture in stained glass, he thought, with the sand and bay for background.

"What can I do?" he asked her.

"Nothing more. You're our guest." She looked up at him. "I don't know your name."

He told her. "Jenny calls me Mark. I don't know yours."

"Karen Miller."

She made the fire; she broiled the chicken. Her hands moved over the table as she served them. Like Jenny, she felt no obligation to speak when she had nothing to say, and their silences were not empty, but filled with the sounds of the tide and the gulls. The sun touched the horizon, dropped rapidly, and the first stars began to come out. Jenny counted them until there were too many for her to count. She moved closer to her mother. Across the fire, Karen smiled at Mark as Jenny's head dropped to her lap.

Mark carried her to the car. He wondered if he could carry her into their house, perhaps stay for a while with Karen, but she awoke before they reached the town, and Karen stopped outside his lodging.

The smell of wood smoke was in his hair and his clothes when he stretched out on his bed. He did not precisely postpone Maine, but he knew—without formulating any reason—that he was not ready to leave Provincetown. He had been here for five days; five more weeks of vacation stretched ahead of him.

He had not expected to see Karen on the beach; but when Jenny had not appeared by late afternoon, he wondered why. He had dinner at a café in town, told himself that he would not go to the Seven Seas and then drove there. This time Karen sat down at his table. Jenny had a slight temperature; if she was not better in the morning, Karen would call a doctor. "May I come in and see her tomorrow?" Mark asked.

He slept unusually late; he had awakened and fallen back into a heavy, unrefreshing sleep. When he appeared at Karen's cottage a tall, pleasant man opened the door. Karen called, "Perhaps you shouldn't come in, Mark. Jenny has scarlatina."

Mark shrugged. "I probably had it in my childhood."

The pleasant man was not, as he had assumed, her husband. His name was George Bannister. "Absolute nonsense, being afraid of germs," he said. "The air's full of them. So long as one keeps fit. . . ."

Mr. Bannister looked extremely fit. Exuberant health radiated from him. Jenny was asleep. Mark stayed for fifteen minutes. He seemed to have got up on the wrong side of the bed, or else he was still more tired than he had realized. Mr. Bannister's hearty voice had irritated him. His head ached.

When he awoke the next morning he felt feverish. He touched his forehead and the back of his neck, and they were hot. He dropped back on his pillow.

Karen's voice awakened him. She asked, "May (*Continued on Page 48*)

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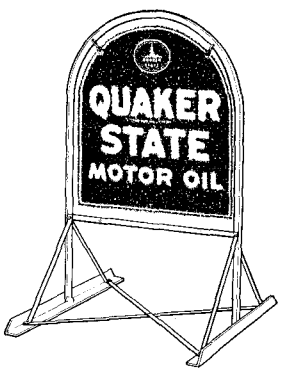

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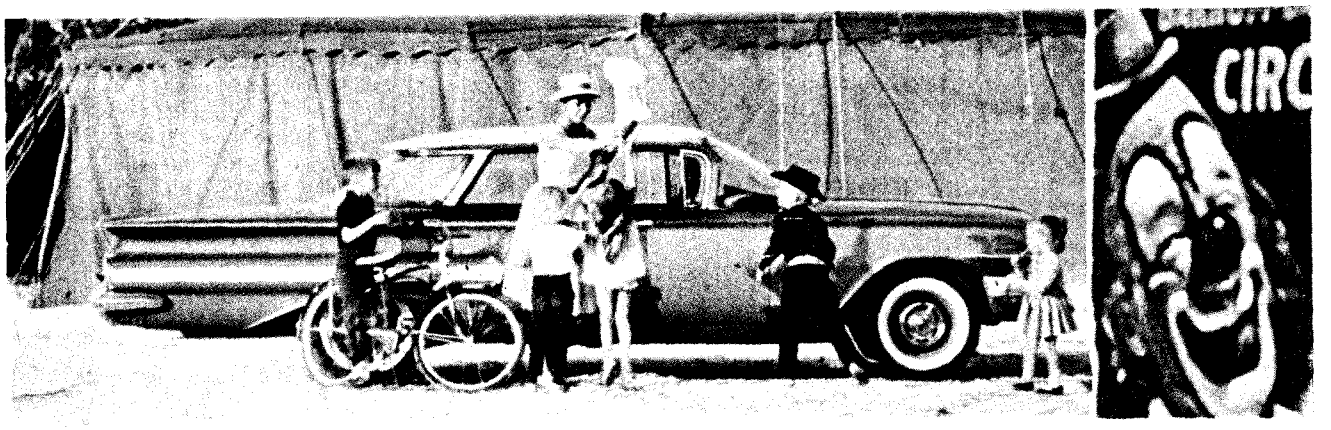

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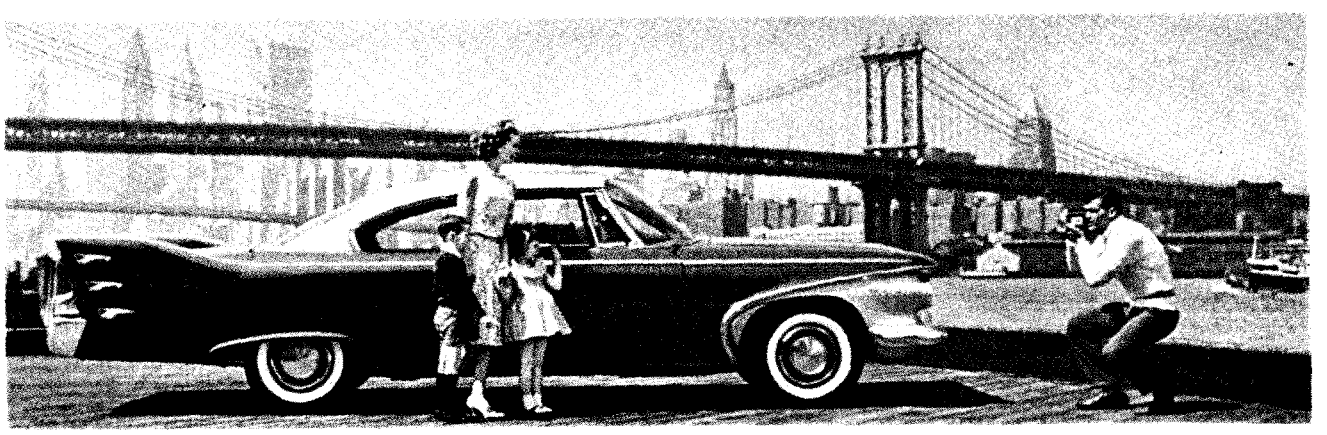

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(*Continued from Page 45*) I come in?" and stood in the doorway, looking at him gravely. "I thought you looked ill yesterday. Don't you think you should have a doctor?"

He sat up, and the room swam. Karen disappeared. The doctor came and went. From the hall he heard the strident voice of his landlady. "He can't have no scarlatina in my house, not in August!" she said.

Karen returned. "Mark, do you think that you can walk across the street?" She smiled. "You'll be company for Jenny."

Dressing, then descending the stairs to the hall where Karen was waiting, all seemed blurred and unreal. They walked together across the street, along a sand path between wooden buildings. She opened a door, and he looked down at her and managed a grin. The top of her head did not quite reach his shoulder. He started to laugh because she was so small, and the laughter stopped, like the tide turning.

He had thought it was Jenny who was holding him. He said, "Karen, I can't stay here. I don't know what I was thinking of."

"Where do you plan to stay?" she inquired calmly. "Don't be silly, Mark. I have room, and Doctor Brown says that you both have extremely light cases. You'll be all right in a couple of days."

I can't stay because I've fallen in love with you, he thought. He was not free to fall in love with Karen. So far as he knew, she was not free either.

"Must I get the doctor again?" she asked. "Please go in and get into bed. You're to have some medicine now, and a little later some soup. You can't go anywhere until your fever drops."

He went into the room and closed the door. Perfume bottles, toilet articles on the bureau told him that it was Karen's room. His suitcase was on a chair; he had no idea how it had got here. He sat down on the edge of the bed, and the walls revolved, the window tilted like the window of a ship's stateroom. He wondered how much temperature he had and how many degrees it had risen in the past minutes.

From the living room, he heard George Bannister's voice.

"Karen, you're such a stubborn little thing," he was saying. "You can't work day and night and take proper care of a child—let alone strange stray men!"

"I've called the restaurant, George," she said gently. "They were very nice about it."

"Call them again," said George. "Tell them you won't be back at all. Or let me tell them. As soon as Jenny can travel, you come home with me. We can be married without any fuss."

Jenny called, "Mother!" and Mark heard the screen door slam. He heard Karen's quick footsteps. After a while she knocked on his door. "Are you in bed, Mark?"

He said, "No," and she opened the door and looked at him silently.

"I can't impose on you like this," he told her. "Couldn't I go to a motel?"

"Do you really want me to telephone Doctor Brown?" she asked. "It was Jenny's germs that you got, and Jenny and I feel responsible for you. You won't be any trouble—if you'll do what you're told!"

Unexpectedly Mark laughed. "You look like Jenny's eagle look," he said. "A very small eagle."

"Are you going to be sensible?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mark.

At four o'clock a boy brought a telegram for him.

FLYING WITH HUNT TO BOSTON TODAY. WILL HOP ACROSS TO PROVINCETOWN. WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE YOUR CAR IN GARAGE THERE AND FLY BACK WITH US? DAPHNE.

"Do you want to send an answer?" asked Karen.

"It would be rather like locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen," he said. "I have friends arriving by plane."

He lay back against the pillow and thought about Daphne. It was two months since he had seen her, two months since their last evening in New York when he had asked her to marry him. "I hate writing letters," she had told him, "so let's not. You'll be in Maine in August, and we can catch up on our news." The only news, reflected Mark, of any importance could not be told. It could not even be considered. He wished that he had never come to Cape Cod.

After a while he heard George Bannister's voice again and he folded the pillow against his ears and tried not to listen.

Another voice, unmistakable, exclaimed, "George! What are you doing in Provincetown?"

"Hunt!" Bannister's voice was even heartier than usual. "Good grief, is this Daphne? How you've grown up!"

It seemed to Mark that the small cottage reverberated with their greetings. Eventually he heard his own name.

"Where is Mark?" asked Daphne. Her knock on the door was vigorous.

He said, "Come in," and she stood, looking radiant, her hair even golder than he had remembered.

"You poor wretch!" she said and laughed. "What a bad break!"

"Yes," Mark said.

"How fortunate that Mrs. Miller was able to take you away from that positively gruesome landlady!"

"Yes," he said again. "I think that by tomorrow I should be well enough to stop taking advantage of her kindness."

"You don't look sick," she said cheerfully. "Hunt, come and say hello to Mark!"

Hunt said, "Hi, fella! Think you'll be able to fly back with us in the morning?"

In the living room George and Daphne were laughing. At seven-thirty, the three of them went out together.

Karen brought his supper. She had a checked apron over her blue dress, and her hair was tied with a blue ribbon. There were so many things that he wanted to say, and could never say; that he watched in silence as she moved a small table and set the tray beside him. The doctor called. "I'd take it easy for another day or so," he said. "You were pretty run down when this hit you."

Jenny appeared in the doorway wearing a red bathrobe. "I can get up!" she announced. "Now I can help take care of you! Would you like another glass of water?" Mark looked at her wretchedly. He would miss Jenny.

Hunt flew to Maine in the morning without Daphne. She and George appeared together while Karen was getting breakfast.

"You do look better!" she told Mark. "You ought to get out in the sun."

"I'd advise a dip in the bay," said George. "Nothing like salt water to make the blood tingle." He looked at Daphne. "We'd better make tracks."

Daphne smiled at Mark. "Mrs. Miller says that there's nothing we can do, so we thought we'd go tuna fishing. Bring you back your supper!"

It did not surprise Mark that they returned with a forty-pounder. They went into the kitchen, calling occasionally for a saw, a bucket, the salt. Jenny came into Mark's room looking pale. "Everything is all over blood," she told him. "Did you know fish could bleed so?" She frowned, then pinched her small nose between thumb and forefinger, her gray eyes eloquent.

Karen remained in the kitchen for nearly an hour after they had left the house. She was always pale, but it seemed to Mark that she was paler than usual.

He said, "Karen, I'm really clearing out in the morning. If I'm not up to it, Daphne can drive. I can't tell you ——"

"Don't," she said. "You won't have fish for supper. It has to soak—to wash out some of the blood—until tomorrow."

Mark wondered, and did not want to ask, how much of a mess they had left. He was suddenly angry. "They're really made for each other, aren't they?" he murmured. "George and Daphne."

Karen's eyes flashed to his face, startled and amused. Mark looked back at her, equally startled, but not at all amused. He had not intended to say any such thing. It had leaped up from his subconscious, unbidden, unknown to himself.

She said, "But isn't Daphne—I mean, I took it for granted ——"

"Isn't George?" he retorted.

"No," she answered. "George isn't." Color rose in her cheeks. "George made the mistake of asking me to marry him three weeks after Bill—Jenny's father—died. It's three years now, but I'm afraid I'll never forgive him. Can you bear scrambled eggs again?"

Mark was dressed and sitting in a chair by the window long before Karen, on the living-room couch, awakened. After he heard the soft sounds of her moving about, he came out.

"Should you be up?" she asked.

"I'm all right," he said. He was not all right. He felt better physically, but emotionally he was in agony and despair.

Jenny said, "I'm so very glad you're better, Mark. Perhaps tomorrow, we can walk on the flats."

He looked at her bleakly. There would not be any tomorrow for him and Jenny—or for him and Karen.

It was noon before they heard footsteps on the creaking boards of the porch. It was neither George nor Daphne. Karen took a note from the boy who had brought it and looked at Mark with troubled eyes. "I don't like to ask you—and probably I can find someone. Betty's mother won't let her come back until next week, and Harry—at the Seven Seas—says they're having a big crowd tonight and wants me to come."

Mark felt like a prisoner receiving a reprieve. "It's obvious that Daphne isn't planning to go to Maine today," he said. "I can think of nothing I'd like better than keeping Jenny company."

Daphne and George appeared together. "I'm beginning to understand why you've stayed here so long," she told Mark. "So (*Continued on Page 51*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

The umpire rules "obstruction" when any fielder, not in possession of the ball, "impedes the progress of any runner." But the ball remains in play with regard to other runners. This can lead to strange happenings on an obstruction play.

Let's assume the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Phils are tied, 1–1, as the Dodgers bat in the bottom of the fifth. Joe Pignatano hits to the infield. Larry Sherry bunts to move Joe to second on a sacrifice, but the ball is a popup in fair territory. Just as Philly catcher Cal Neeman gets under the ball, a gust of wind sweeps it away. It lands and rolls, still in fair ground.

The Philly pitcher, meanwhile, leaves the mound to back up first base. Crossing the foul line, he collides with Sherry. Both go down. The umpire shouts "Obstruction!"

Pignatano who has hugged first, now sprints for second. Neeman throws the ball to shortstop Joe Koppe for a force on Pignatano. Koppe relays to first for an out on Sherry, just rising from the dust.

But how does the call "obstruction" affect all this? If you were umpiring, what would you do?

See page 51 for answer

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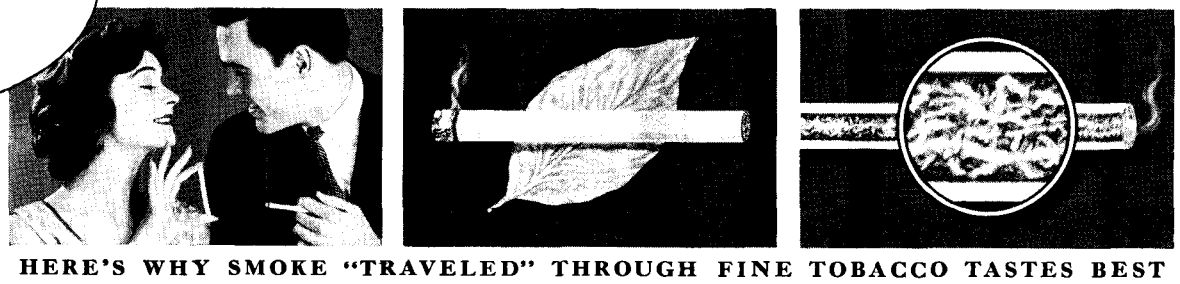

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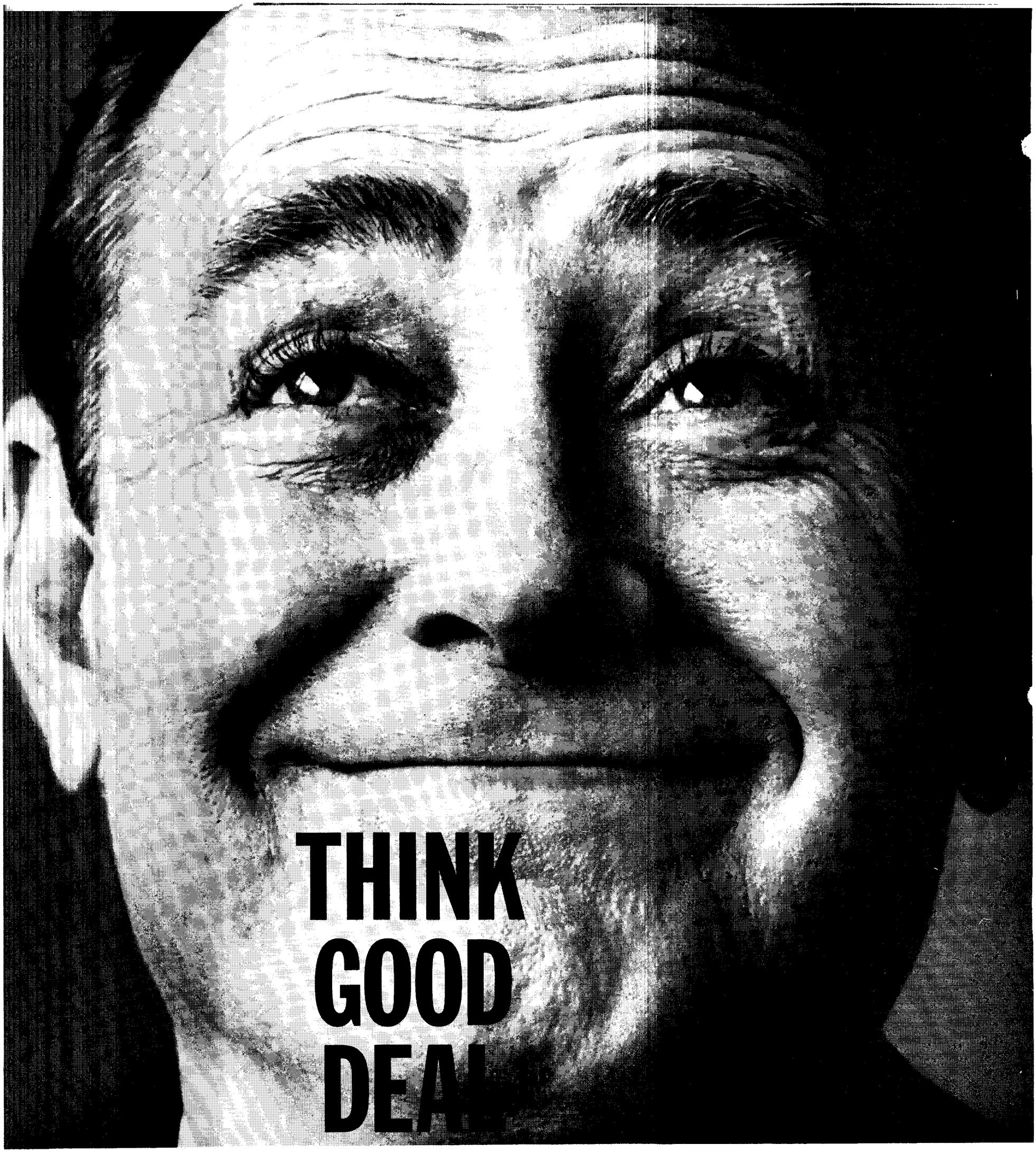

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(*Continued from Page 48*) many fun-things to do! We met a local fisherman at a bar last night and we've been out to the traps with him. Got up at four!"

"You must like fish very much," Jenny murmured.

"You should eat a lot of fish, Jenny," George told her. "It builds brains, you know."

Mark felt an irrational anger. Jenny had more brains in her little finger than George in his entire healthy body, he thought. He was glad that Karen had no intention of marrying George. The thought of George as Jenny's stepfather made him wince.

No one mentioned Maine. "Now that you're recovered, Elliot," George said, "why don't we all have dinner together? We might run down to Chatham."

"I can't," said Karen. "I'm working tonight."

"I'm going to stay with Jenny," Mark said. Karen looked across at him, and he shook his head.

Mark was in the living room when Karen returned carrying her guitar.

"Jenny and I have fixed your room for you," he told her. "I'll sleep on the couch. Tomorrow I'm really clearing out."

She looked at him silently. After a moment she said, "George came in tonight."

"Oh?" Mark murmured.

She said, "I think I'll get a glass of milk."

"I'll get it," said Mark.

She smiled when he brought it to her. "Harry was right about the crowd. The place was jammed."

Mark asked, "Karen, do you have to do this?"

"I have to earn my living," she answered. "This job means that Jenny can have the whole summer at the seashore."

"Where do you live in the winter?"

She said, "New York," and his heart gave a jump. She was sitting in a high-backed wicker chair and she looked very small and tired.

"So do I," he said. "Perhaps I'll be able to see you and Jenny." Perhaps he had better not see them. He got up abruptly and walked to the open door and looked out at the warm starry night. Without turning, he asked, "Was Daphne with George?"

"No. George said that she was tired."

Mark had never known Daphne to be tired. "I believe I'll take a walk," he said. "You should get some sleep, Karen. It's after two." He did not look back at her as he went down the wooden steps to the beach.

He walked past darkened houses to the end of the town. From the south, two lighthouses shone—the steady green beam of Long Point, the revolving red of Wood End. He continued north between rolling sand dunes where there were no houses and when he turned, dawn was breaking. There was no sound in the cottage when he tiptoed inside and stretched out on the couch.

Jenny appeared, and he sat up smiling. "Let's go in the kitchen," he whispered and closed the door behind them. They made breakfast, talking softly, like conspirators.

"This morning we could walk in the woods," she said.

"This morning I'm going to be busy," he told her. "Perhaps we can walk this afternoon."

Daphne, he knew, was an early riser. He got his car and drove to her hotel and sat down in the lobby. It was unlikely that any Hamilton had breakfast in bed, and in a little while she appeared—crisp, fresh and beautiful. She looked confused when she saw him.

"Will you have breakfast with me?" he asked.

They sat at a table by the window. Daphne looked out at the harbor, her lovely profile toward him. "You know, I'd never been to Provincetown before," she said, her voice a little higher than usual. "I've really enjoyed it." The waitress brought their orange juice, and she drank hers, looking fixedly back at the view.

"Daphne, when do you want to start for Maine?" he asked.

Her eyes widened. She lighted a cigarette. "Whenever you like. You—you do feel strong enough?"

Mark smiled. It was a very un-Daphne-ish question. He watched her crush out the cigarette nervously.

"There's no actual hurry about getting back," she said. "In fact, George and I had a vague notion of renting a sailboat today." She bit her lip. "Of course, if you'd like to start ——"

"Why don't you take George instead?" he asked.

She was looking out the window again. "Hunt did ask him to come up," she murmured. "They talked of going halibut fishing." Abruptly she turned and stared at him. "What do you mean, Mark? 'Take George instead'?"

"You know what I mean," he said quietly.

He had never seen her blush before. For an instant he felt a tenderness toward her that he had never felt.

"You'd—stay on here?" she faltered. "The family. . . ." She laughed self-consciously, her color still high, her eyes avoiding his. "The family will certainly be surprised to see old George instead of you!"

"I think the family will be rather pleased," said Mark.

Now she met his gaze, and the warm confusion disappeared, and her blue eyes were again confident and untroubled. She laughed. "Old George is rather more their type, you know," she admitted.

They shook hands; Daphne's clasp was firm and cool. Mark turned his car to Bradford Street, turned to double back on one-way Commercial Street, where Karen's cottage stood. It was still not nine o'clock. He and Jenny could have their walk in the woods. A church bell reminded him that the day was Sunday. Tomorrow would be the evening that Karen did not work. It would be a week since their picnic. Tomorrow he and Jenny would prepare a picnic for Karen and not permit her to do anything but be waited on.

Jenny would like that too. THE END

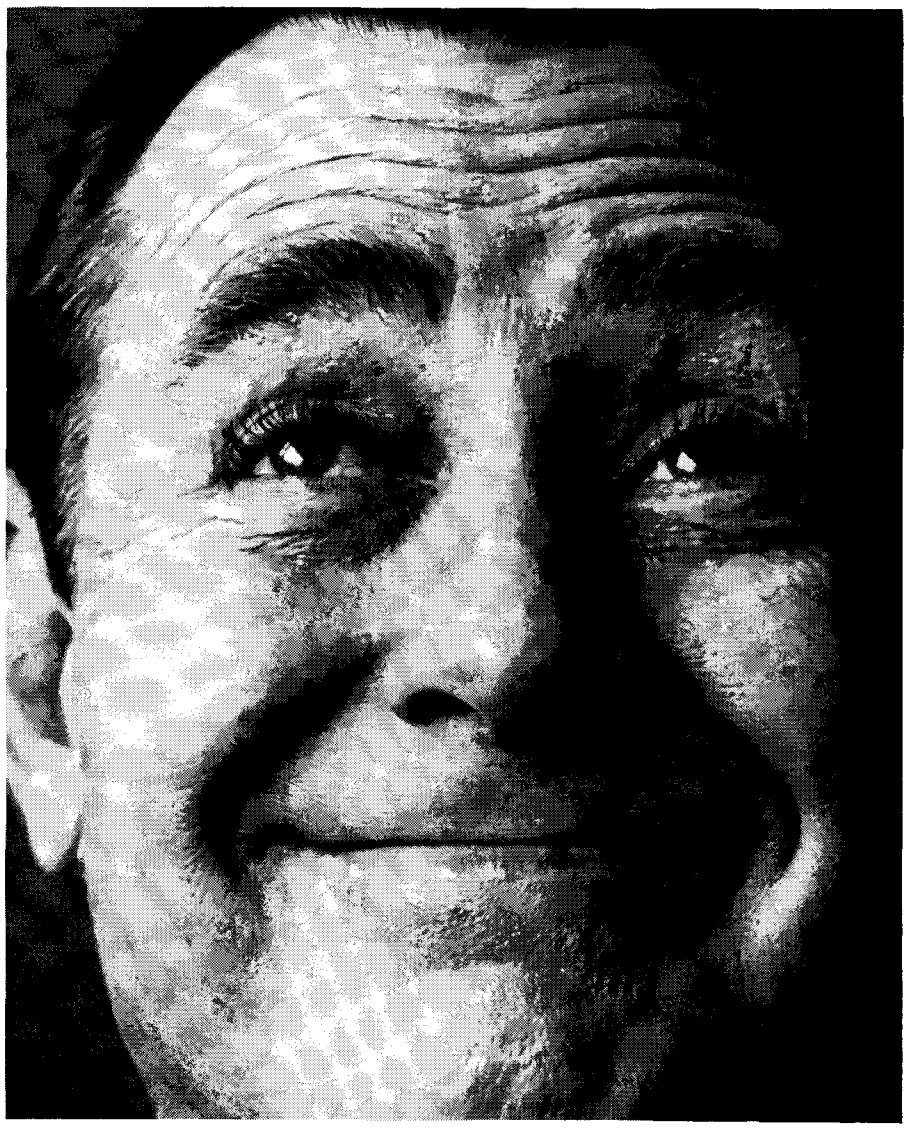
Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 48

Sherry is entitled to first base on obstruction, and Pignatano may keep second base if he remains on the bag. The obstruction call removes the force play on Pignatano, and he can be put out only by being tagged.

(National League Regulations: "Awarding a base runner a base on obstruction does not force preceding runners to advance. The ball is in play and runners may be put out, but must be tagged.")



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Big Gamble on the Stars

(Continued from Page 27)

usually do. It had "reinsured," farming parts of the policy to other casualty companies which, while not issuing such policies themselves, accept some of the risk for a share of the premium.

Because of the sum involved, one of the men at the hotel that Saturday was Arthur J. Eggenberger, a tall, spare, graying individual who is connected with an independent claims-adjusting firm. An expert at unraveling cinematic claims, he often is called by Fireman's when disaster strikes. The case at hand was particularly difficult because production problems were 6000 miles away. Only the director in Spain, King Vidor, had answers to many of the questions being asked. The knottiest, if the film were to continue, concerned a new male lead. One would have to be found quickly. Who?

Several stars—Gregory Peck and Burt Lancaster among them—were proposed. All were rejected as unavailable or unsuitable. Then one of the executives remembered he had an appointment that day to discuss scripts with Yul Brynner. Brynner and Power were not dissimilar in size and build. It might be possible to salvage some of the long shots made with Power—no small item, since two battle scenes involved several hundred Spanish Army soldiers dressed as Biblical warriors.

It was, almost literally, a moment when major decisions hung by a hair. Power had worn a beard for the Solomon role; a similar beard would help disguise his replacement. Furthermore, Brynner had just finished *The Buccaneer*, in which he had appeared with a full head of hair for the first time in recent years, and his fans were therefore accustomed to seeing him in a toupee, a fact which could influence his decision. As it turned out, he was free to take the part and agreed to do so—though his salary would be higher than Power's. This much settled, the Fund dispatched Eggenberger to Spain.

Complications, which are never slight when cinematic stars go out of orbit, might have overwhelmed a less experienced adjuster. Some distant shots might be saved, but all close-ups with Power obviously would have to be redone. The scenes already on film had been shot in northern Spain in early autumn; it was now December and winter had come. How would you blend scenes in warm autumnal color with others where the bare-chested actors' frosty breaths were visible? Adjusters watching the pennies of employers must not intrude on "artistic" decisions of their good customers. They find compromises. The cast accordingly moved indoors to a studio near Madrid. This barnlike structure, however, proved too frigid for Gina Lollobrigida in her filmy Sheba costume, and an assortment of oil stoves and radiant heaters had to be procured before other problems could be faced. Then, with twenty-nine days of exterior shots still to be made, the rains stayed so stubbornly on the plains that there was no alternative but to move the entire company to southern Spain. There, ten costly weeks behind schedule, the picture ultimately was completed.

The loss to Fireman's Fund and its associates came to $1,219,172, the largest insurance-company payment ever made on such a policy. Nor does this include the king-sized job of auditing accounts in American dollars, blocked Spanish pesetas, English pounds and the Italian lire in which Lollobrigida's salary was paid—all of which covers 600 pounds of paper.

Power's death naturally raised questions as to why, with so much money riding on him, no one knew of the heart condition. The fact was that only five months earlier he had passed a physical examination for a $200,000 life policy, with option for $800,000 more. So far as cast insurers are concerned, the death of a top star while a film is in production is still an unlikely occurrence. It has happened to the Fireman's Fund only this once in forty years at the game.

Usually illness or injury is the bugaboo. In 1952, for example, the *Ruby Gentry* script called for Jennifer Jones to slap Charlton Heston. This she did with such vigor that she broke a bone in her hand and it had to be immobilized for several weeks. For a part of that time no camera could turn. Worse, in less than a month Heston was scheduled to start work on a picture for Paramount, from whom he was on loan. It was a worrisome interlude for the Fund until the producers found ways to cut delays. Among other things, they invested $1630.49 in bracelets, rings and new wardrobing to camouflage the splint on Miss Jones' hand. Even so, the dramatic slap cost Fireman's $55,768.

Audrey Hepburn's fall from a horse during filming of *The Unforgiven*, in Mexico, cost even more. On January 29, 1959, she was cantering along a riverbank near Durango when someone shouted and her Arabian stallion stopped short, pitching her over its head. Doctors insisted the actress be flown back to Los Angeles for treatment of four broken bones in her back. As Adjuster Eggenberger saw it, the production team of Hecht-Hill-Lancaster had four alternatives: abandon production, suspend temporarily, shoot around Miss Hepburn until she recovered, or replace her. Director John Huston balked at a replacement. On Eggenberger's recommendation then, it was agreed to suspend production while the actress recovered and meanwhile to cut every possible expense.

Tyrone Power's Last Scene

Power died of a heart attack within hours after he attempted this climactic duel scene with George Sanders in the film *Solomon and Sheba*.

The Show Goes On

Yul Brynner, Power's replacement, in the same scene. The decision to start the nearly finished film over again cost insurers over $1,000,000.

Unwise cuts, however, might only increase losses. The stallion, for example, was on rent from a Mexico City dentist at $250 a week. Should the animal be shipped home and taken off the payroll? What if there were an accident to him en route? In addition to paying a claim on the horse, the producers might have to reshoot all the scenes in which he had appeared. The better part of economics, Eggenberger decided, was to hire a wrangler and keep the animal there at Durango. Some adjusting also had to be done with the Mexican actors, extras and directors—required on all films made in Mexico—whose contracts didn't allow for shutdowns. They remained at full pay until the American producers flew to Mexico City, found sympathetic ears and negotiated an interim pay scale. Writers, meanwhile, hastily readjusted the script to shoot around Miss Hepburn. In March she tried riding through a scene at a walk, but found it too painful. Not until April second was she able to ride and full production resumed. Her fall and the attendant miseries had cost the Fund nearly $250,000.

This high-budget insuring started in the 1920's with a "Scarred-Face Policy" issued for Douglas Fairbanks. Fairbanks, as anyone over forty will recall, was a sort of eternal *sabreur* given to fine, fierce duels. Since he was not one to fake or pull punches, it was feared one day he'd get his handsome face marred. The policy with the sinister name was devised to protect investors. In time it came to cover a multitude of interruptions, and the name "cast insurance" was substituted. Fireman's Fund, principal American purveyor of the policies, assigned them to its Inland Marine Department, although they need not be inland and are rarely marine.

The insurance is, in reality, a life-and-health policy taken out on the star, or several stars, of a specific production. It costs about one dollar for each $100 of insurance, and the principal customers, at the urging of their lending institutions, are the larger television and movie independents. Several old studios can carry their own insurance. Legitimate stage productions, with smaller budgets and with understudies waiting in the wings, rarely buy cast insurance.

For Fireman's Fund it's all part of a colorful tradition started in 1863. The firm name derives from an early practice of paying 10 per cent of profits to volunteer San Francisco fire brigades, in hopes that fewer buildings would burn to the ground if the fire laddies had this extra inducement to fight the blazes. This did not prove to be the case, however, and the subsidies were presently discontinued. After the 1906 holocaust at San Francisco, Fireman's paid out $11,000,000 in cash and stock, one of the heaviest fire losses ever sustained by an American firm; and many of the claims were settled on faith alone as the company's own records also burned. Perhaps it was this costly experience in a more traditional type of underwriting that first gave Fireman's its judicious taste for the off-trail risk, including insurance for the movie world.

One of the daily chores of Robert Buell, a big, (Continued on Page 56)

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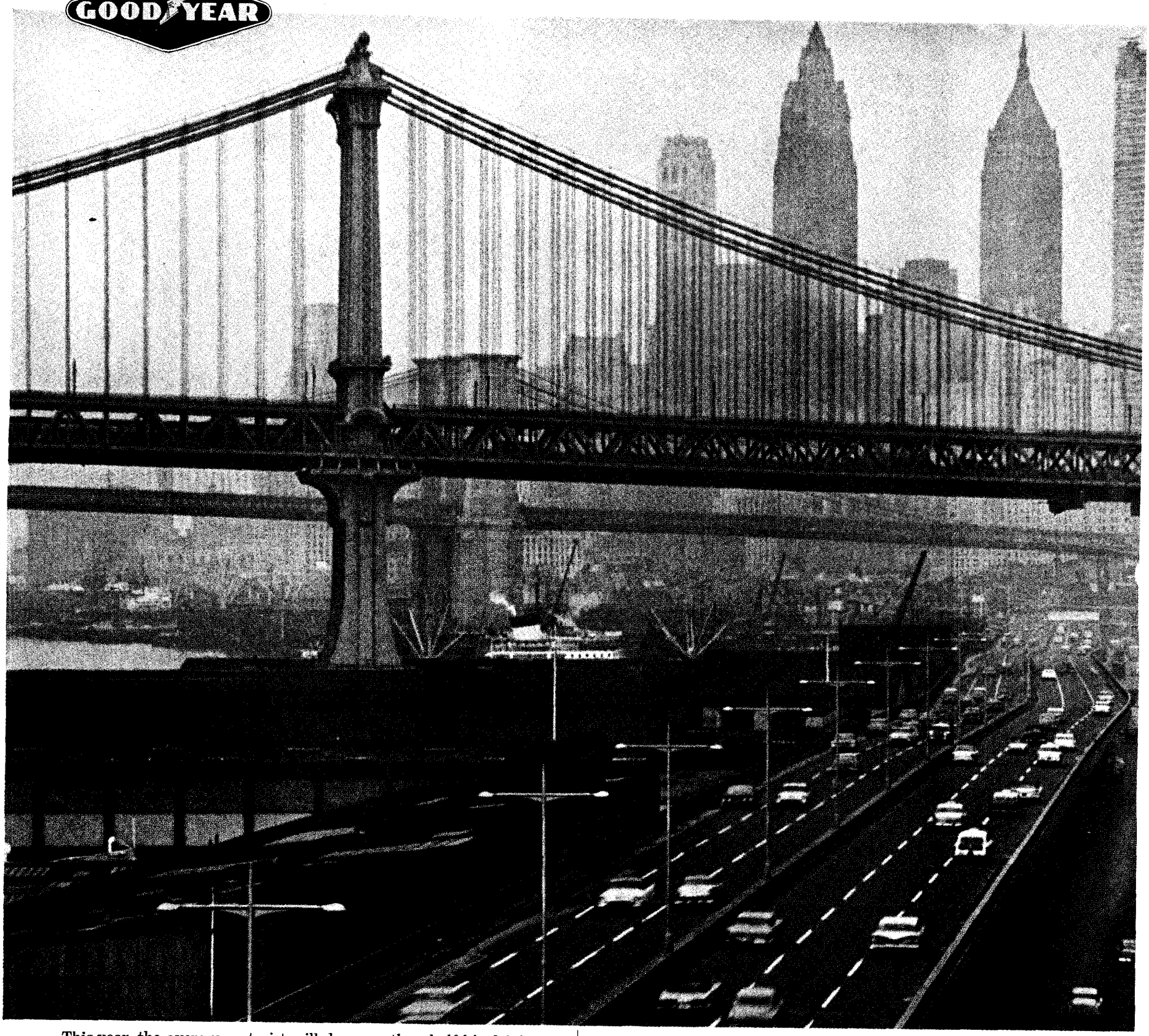

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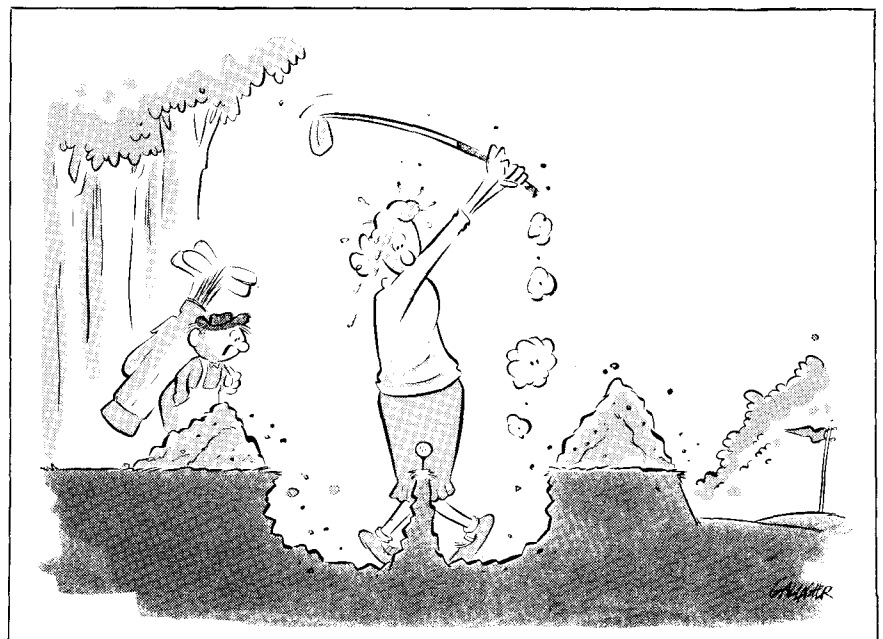
(*Continued from Page 52*) conservative, loose-jointed man who manages Inland Marine, is to study movie-gossip columns and see how his stars are shining. The name of Elizabeth Taylor, for one, frequently turns up on his memo pad. In March of 1958, for example, when the actress was working in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, Buell paused over an item noting that Liz had a cold and had been ordered to bed by her doctor to head off laryngitis. Buell realized that this might cost his company money, but in the long run the doctor's precaution may have saved the insurers a staggering sum because Liz still was confined on March twenty-second, the day Mike Todd went to his death in a plane crash. Had she been up and about, Miss Taylor might have been flying with her husband. *Cat* was delayed nearly a month—including the several days when Burl Ives was down with intestinal flu—and the producers collected $35,668.34 on their cast insurance.

Star health, by the way, isn't the Fund's only concern in filmland. Another policy it writes insures movie makers against losses from libel or plagiarism. In this connection Buell will never forget a *Dragnet* show called *The Little Red Wagon*. The story involved a small boy who prays for a coaster wagon for Christmas, promising that if his prayer is answered he will give the Christ child the first ride. On getting the wagon, the tyke "kidnaps" a Christ-child statue from a church and trundles it off for the promised ride. Meanwhile a priest, mystified by the disappearance of the statue, calls the police. Sgt. Joe Friday and partner are at the church investigating when the boy returns and explains. One of *Dragnet*'s all-time popular performances, it was first shown on Christmas Eve, 1953.

A claim of plagiarism was filed a few days later. The claimant cited a story of his with a similar plot called *Little Noel*, which had appeared in the December, 1950, issue of *Woman's Home Companion*. Certainly *Dragnet*'s *Little Red Wagon* bore a close resemblance. Fireman's Fund, however, did not reach for the checkbook.

In the first place Mark VII Productions, which produced *Dragnet*, swore it had taken the story from a real-life incident. The company produced a parish bulletin of Our Lady of Victory Catholic Church in San Francisco, in which a parishioner's letter described the incident as having happened there many years before. Pupils of a Hollywood parochial school had submitted the bulletin as a suggested movie theme, and Mark VII had brought Father LeBihan, the old French pastor of Our Lady, to Hollywood to lend technical assistance on church scenes and advise the lay actor playing the priest's role. A full report was rushed to Buell's desk at Inland Marine.



"You're moving in on it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He decided that further investigation was warranted. If, as Mark VII contended, its picture came from an actual incident, he would dispute payment of the claim. Now he discovered that Father LeBihan had not been present at the church on the night in question and did not witness the incident himself. He had, however, heard of it many times, and in 1948—two years before the magazine story—had received the parishioner's letter which he printed in the bulletin. "If it didn't happen," he gently assured Buell, "it certainly should have."

While this was nice from a sentimental standpoint, it didn't quite do for an insurance adjustment. Buell plodded on. A neighbor in nearby Palo Alto had heard the story twenty years before; her husband, in fact, had used it on their Christmas cards in 1932. She thought the incident had occurred at Saint Peter and Paul's Church in San Francisco's North Beach district, and that the boy who took the statue was a fisherman's son. The priests there could not confirm this, though they too had heard the story.

Buell turned to newspaper files. Finally, in the San Francisco *Chronicle* for December 26, 1933, he found a news report of the now-familiar event. It didn't name the boy, the priest or the church because police were not called. But with this proof of an actual incident, in print long before the allegedly plagiarized magazine story, Fireman's Fund denied liability, and the claimant dropped his suit.

Writers, incidentally, have saved Fireman's money on many an occasion. One of these occurred when Danny Thomas, about to start the *Make Room for Daddy* TV series, broke his leg and stopped production for three weeks. His writers hastily wrote "Daddy" into a wheelchair and reduced insurance payments to $8979.03. When Jerry Lewis injured a knee riding a motor scooter, on the other hand, there wasn't much that could be done. Lewis appears in about 90 per cent of any picture in which he stars. Without him everything stopped. The Fund's loss ran to more than $100,000.

Cast insurance has at times taken Fireman's Fund as far afield as tropical kissing-fish. Some of the latter, a rare and valuable species, once were needed for a South Seas movie. A pair was located in Pasadena, but there was a risk in transporting them the fifteen miles to Hollywood. If they got too warm, they might develop a fatal fungus infection; if too cold, they might die. In what may be the closest a cast policy has come to "inland marine," they were insured for $250 each. A uniformed studio chauffeur in a heated limousine successfully transported them both ways in a vacuum bottle of warm water.

Things turned out less happily in the case of a trained polar bear, born in Los Angeles, which a studio insured with Fireman's when it took the animal to Alaska for a picture. There the producers learned that you can take the bear out of the Arctic but you can't take the Arctic out of the bear. Released from its cage, the big white beast shuffled across the ice, plunged into the Bering Sea and swam away. No one was inclined to pursue it, and the insurers paid.

Curiously, none of these experiences seems to discourage the Fireman's Fund. Two years ago it even ventured deeper into the entertainment world with a policy to insure producers of TV Westerns against delays from "abnormal rainfall." It has been a good gamble so far, though Fireman's realizes that the weather is only slightly more predictable than a movie star's health. All in all, however, at a dollar a hundred, there are handsome profits to be made from insuring that the show will go on.

The Case of the Duplicate Daughter (Continued from Page 39)

Muriell walked over to the Venetian blinds, separated two of the metallic leaves so that she could look through and said, "Good heavens, it's Glamis coming home in a taxi!"

Mason regarded Muriell's distressed countenance. "You don't want her to know anything about this?"

"Heavens, no!"

"So what do you do?" Mason asked.

"I try to divert her," she said. "But I don't think it can be done. If she ever sees your car in the garage she'll start looking around and, of course, if we aren't in the house she'll come out here. It may be better for me just to go out and talk with her and—oh-oh, she's seen your car! I'll go out and try to head her off. I doubt if I can do it. She's terribly curious. If I can't stall her, don't tell her anything. Understand? Not anything."

Muriell opened the door of the workshop and walked in a manner which she tried to make appear casual down toward the taxicab.

Mason, parting the Venetian blinds to watch what was happening, saw the long-legged blonde whose picture he had seen in the darkroom smile vivaciously at Muriell and walk forward to put an arm around her.

Muriell exerted a gentle pressure toward the house and Glamis seemed to hold back slightly, asking questions.

Mason moved over to the telephone on the workbench; again using his handkerchief, he raised the instrument to his ear, caught the receiving tone and rapidly dialed the number of Paul Drake's office.

When he had the detective on the line, Mason said, "Paul, I'll have to give this to you quick and I can only give it to you once. I'm going to drive into my parking lot probably within the next twenty to thirty minutes. There'll be a young woman with me. I want you to have someone pick up that young woman's trail and tail her no matter where she goes."

"Have a heart, Perry," Drake said. "That's awfully short notice to get ——"

"Do it yourself," Mason said, "if you can't get someone. I want it done. I think someone's giving me a runaround."

Mason hung up the phone and, again parting the slats on the Venetian blinds, saw that the two girls were still talking.

Mason dialed the number of his office. When Gertie answered the phone, he said, "Get me Della on the line quick, Gertie."

The lawyer heard the sound of voices outside. "Quick, Della," he said. "Did you get that call through?"

"I did," Della Street said, "and while her normal voice is much slower and not so high-pitched, the woman who is Carter Gilman's secretary is very definitely the same woman who called us and said she was Vera M. Martel."

Mason saw the doorknob start to turn and abruptly dropped the telephone back into position and was idly inspecting one of the machines as Muriell Gilman said, "Mr. Mason, I want you to meet Glamis Barlow. . . . Glamis, may I present Mr. Mason." Mason caught the full impact of the wide blue, curious yet audacious eyes.

Glamis came toward him with hand outstretched, her manner as seductive as an expert strip-tease artiste walking out on the stage. "Why, how do you do?" she said. "Muriell told me she was here with a friend who was interested in woodworking."

Mason made no comment about Muriell's statement. He took Glamis's hand in his own, bowed and said, "It's a very great pleasure, Miss Barlow."

Glamis turned to Muriell. "Where's the other car, Muriell? I came to pick it up. I have to have it."

"Oh, good heavens, it's uptown," Muriell said. "I left it parked up there when I accepted a ride out with Mr. Mason."

Glamis frowned for a moment and then said, "How did you intend to get it?"

"Mr. Mason was going to drive me back uptown. I'll get it and bring it out here, Glamis."

"Then where are you going?"

"No place. I'm going to stay here. Mr. Mason is ready to leave and I'll go with him and ——"

"There isn't time," Glamis said. "I'm sorry, Muriell, but I have to have the car right away. I'll ride up with Mr. Mason—just give me the parking ticket—that is, I will if Mr. Mason has no objections."

Muriell said reluctantly, "Well, I guess that's probably the only thing to do then. . . . You're ready to start, Mr. Mason?"

"Right away," Mason said.

"All right," Glamis said, "let's go."

She looked around the workshop and said, "Well, for heaven's sakes, somebody's spilled something on the floor—and look at that chair."

"It must have been tipped over," Muriell said. (*Continued on Page 59*)

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PICTURE IDEA OF THE WEEK

Three generations of "best girls" make a wonderful picture collection.

Ed Sullivan says: "Show your best girl at her best —in Kodacolor pictures. Easy to take with any camera!"

"If I can take them . . . you can, too! Any fellow ought to have beautiful color pictures of his best girl," says Ed Sullivan. "Up-to-date pictures you're proud to carry in your wallet or keep on your desk. Just do what I do. Snap them with Kodacolor Film. Use any modern camera. The color comes out so sparkling, so real looking, even *she'll* say they're good! Try it yourself. How about this weekend?" (*Kodacolor Film can be processed locally in many cities, or by Kodak. Ask your dealer.*)

"Two little femmes—the one on the left is my granddaughter Carla, 4. I have a really big 11x14 Kodacolor Enlargement of this shot."

"My daughter Betty came out fine even though the day was cloudy. Talk about proud fathers—just ask to see my Kodacolor snaps!"

"My favorite girl is Sylvia of course—Mrs. Sullivan. This was snapped indoors with flash."

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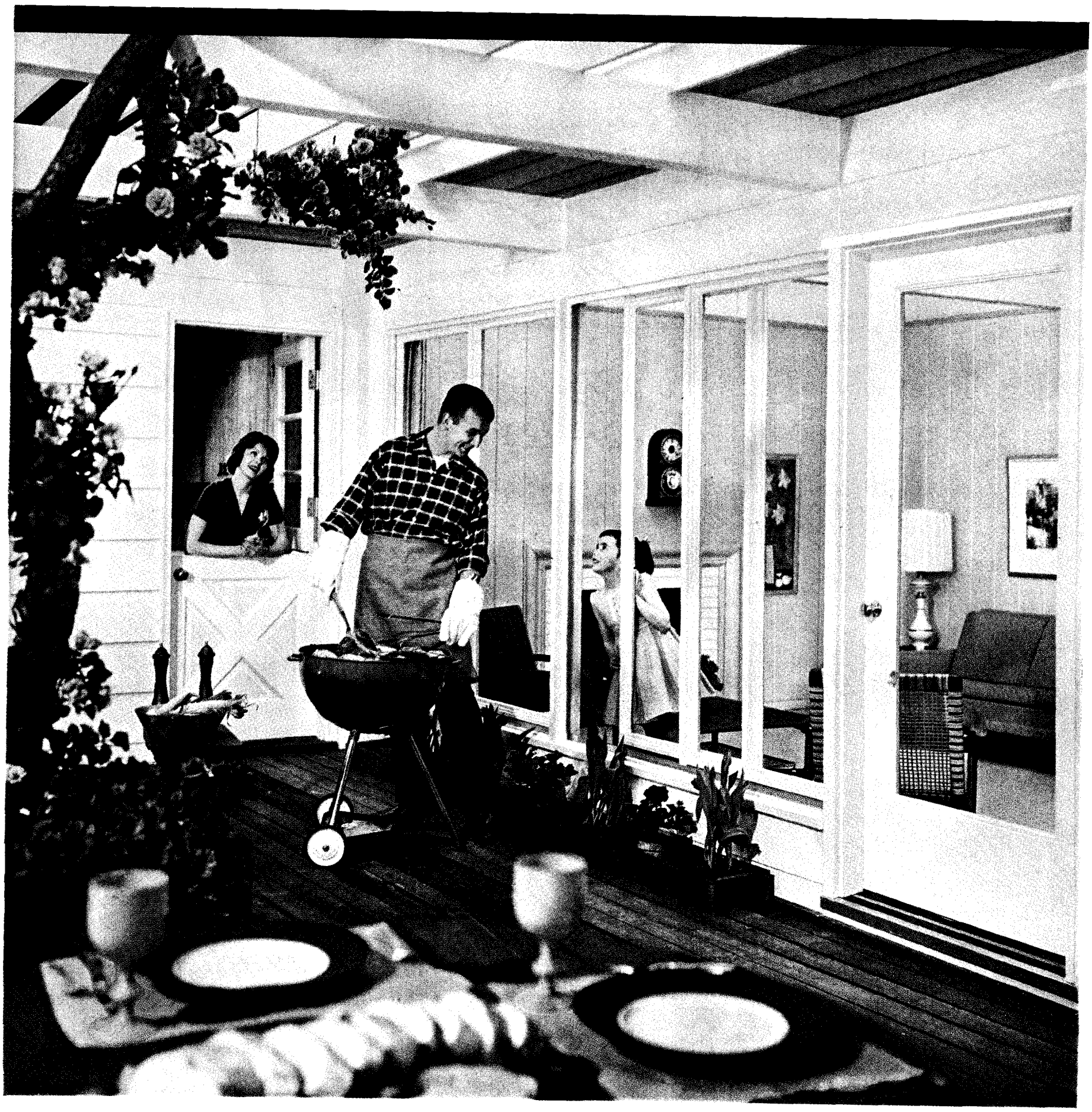
Inside or outside, you're *really* living with . . .

WOODWORK



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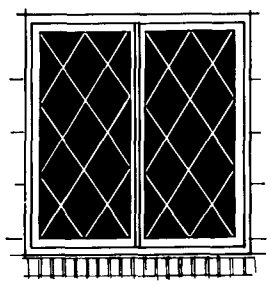
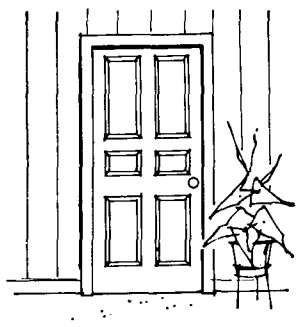
of *Ponderosa Pine*

There's real livability in a home when it contains Ponderosa Pine Woodwork. Woodwork defies the passage of time and increases value as it mellows through the years. You, too, will be captivated by the warmth and livability which woodwork has been adding to homes since Colonial times.

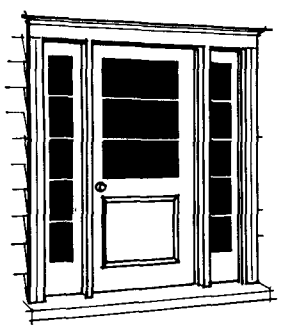


Casement Window Units, like all wood window units, are built for a housetime of comfort. They open and close easily, fit snugly, won't rattle, rust or corrode. They're chemically treated to stay put dimensionally. And you can decorate them as you desire.

Wood windows are highly efficient in keeping out heat, dust and cold—an important factor if you contemplate air conditioning. Because wood does not readily conduct heat or cold, it has excellent insulating properties, so in winter no messy moisture forms on the frame.



Panel Doors—*Character* best expresses the quality you get with Ponderosa Pine doors. No doubt about it, they add color and beauty to the scene. Gracefully styled, deep shadow lines, smooth satiny finish, always architecturally correct, they are as beautifully crafted as fine furniture. And they're as sturdy as they are graceful . . . so easy to open, so easy to close—such solid sound barriers when shut. You'll be glad you selected Ponderosa Pine panel doors.



Entrances of Ponderosa Pine—Styled in authentic traditional and contemporary designs, they are architecturally correct to the finest detail. These entrances have enduring charm and grace which will enhance any home—and, as with all Ponderosa Pine stock woodwork, there are many sizes and designs from which to choose. Consult your architect, builder or lumber dealer for the Ponderosa Pine Woodwork items of your choice. There's nothing in the world like wood.

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Correctly designed • Preservative treated • Properly balanced • Properly constructed • Made from carefully selected kiln-dried lumber • Efficiently weatherstripped.

BECAUSE WOOD IS *SO* GOOD TO LIVE WITH . . . *Ponderosa Pine* WOODWORK

Ponderosa Pine Woodwork is an association of Western Pine Producers and Woodwork Manufacturers located at 39 S. La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.

(*Continued from Page 56*)

"Heavens, Muriell, it's broken!"

"Well," Muriell said, "if you're in a hurry to get uptown, Glamis ——"

"I am," Glamis interrupted. "And Mr. Mason is, also. Toddle-oo, Muriell. We'll be seeing you. Come on, Mr. Mason. I'm going to hurry you as much as I can because I really want the car, and Nancy took my sports car to go out on location with her photographic club, so I had to come home in a cab. I thought there'd at least be one car here."

"I'm sorry," Muriell said.

"What is there to be sorry about, honey? You're entitled to the car when you want it just as much as anyone. I'm a little afraid I'm imposing on Mr. Mason but . . . I am going to hurry you, Mr. Mason."

She inserted her hand in Mason's arm.

Mason picked up the briefcase, waved to Muriell, walked around to the right-hand side of his car with Glamis and held the door open for her.

Glamis jumped into the car, smiled at him, then adjusted her skirt. "Thank you, Mr. Mason."

"Not at all," the lawyer said. Mason walked around to the other side of the car, tossed the briefcase in the back and climbed in behind the steering wheel.

Glamis, looking straight ahead, said, "You have a briefcase that's exactly like Dad Gilman's."

"I guess all briefcases are pretty much alike," Mason said casually as he started the car and backed down the driveway.

Glamis said, "I'm afraid Muriell's been holding out on me, Mr. Mason. She hasn't told me anything about you. Have you known her long?"

"It depends on what you mean by long," Mason said. "Time is relative."

"Indeed it is. So you're interested in woodworking?"

"Yes."

"Somehow you're not the type that one associates with afternoons of dillydallying."

"I was neither dillying nor dallying," Mason said.

"My, you have a very adroit method of being evasive, Mr. Mason. Did it ever occur to you that I'm pumping you for information?"

"Are you?"

"Certainly I am. I want to know more about you. I want to know what makes you tick. Muriell isn't the play-girl type and you're—there's something purposeful about you, something substantial. You're not a playboy. You have some objective in life and you've come very close to achieving that objective. Whatever you do, you're tops."

"Character analysis?" Mason asked.

She was studying him frankly as Mason drove through traffic. "Character analysis," she said. "I like it. Sometimes I'm rather good at it. You're not a doctor and you're not exactly the banker type. You're a professional man of some sort—oh, good heavens, of course! You're a lawyer."

Mason said nothing.

"Mason—Mason," Glamis went on. "Well, bless my soul! You're Perry Mason!"

Mason simply kept on driving.

"And you don't give me the slightest credit for putting two and two together," Glamis went on. "You are acting very, very mysterious, Mr. Mason. Now why in the world would *you* be out there, calling on Muriell, of all people! And then when I catch you calling on Muriell, why should you be so evasive? And that *is* Dad's briefcase you're carrying, isn't it?"

Mason said, "As an attorney I would object to the question on the ground that it called for several answers."

"All different?"

"I don't think it's necessary to specify that in making an objection based on those grounds," Mason said.

For several seconds Glamis studied the lawyer's granite-hard profile frankly and with curiosity which she made no attempt to conceal. "Now what in the world would you be doing out in Dad's workshop?" she asked.

"Perhaps," Mason said, "I gave you a true answer when I said I was interested in woodworking."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"One question in parting—who audits yours?"

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"And you didn't get in touch with Dad Gilman about it; you got in touch with Muriell. I'm quite certain Muriell hasn't known you more than twenty-four hours. If Muriell had known you, we'd have learned about it. Not that Muriell's a name-dropper, you understand, Mr. Mason, but she'd certainly have managed someway to have brought it into the conversation—'As my friend, Mr. Perry Mason, the noted lawyer, said on occasion ——'"

Glamis shook her head. "You're being very, very difficult, Mr. Mason I see that I'm going to have to do some intensive research."

They drove for a long while in silence, Glamis studying the lawyer. She laughed and said, "I didn't mean to irritate you, Mr. Mason. Now that I've smoked you out I think perhaps we should improve the opportunities to get acquainted personally and socially, and not let me pry into business matters, which I'm quite certain you feel are no concern of mine.

"I wonder if you play golf —— No, I don't suppose you have time. You're one of these tremendously busy people. You have all that drive and—well, there's an aura of success about you. Really, I'm rather proud of myself. You remember I said before I knew who you were that you'd be at the top of your profession."

Mason grinned. "I would say you were pretty good at character analysis and at flattery."

"I'm a great little prober," Glamis said. "I like to inquire into things. I like to listen to what people say, and occasionally when they make a slip I look at them with an expression of most cherubic innocence."

"You make yourself sound delightfully mysterious," Mason said. "I know you're besieged by admirers; yet apparently you haven't said yes to anyone because there's no diamond on your left hand."

"Well, aren't *you* observing," she said. "For your information, Mr. Mason, the monosyllabic affirmative doesn't necessarily mean a diamond in this day and age."

"That," Mason said, "has all the elements of being a cryptic wisecrack."

"How adroitly you've managed to shift the subject of conversation from you to me, Mr. Mason. And now I perceive by a slightly relaxed expression at the corner of your eyes that you're very much at ease, which means, I take it, that we're approaching your office building where you park your car. I'd better look at the parking ticket Muriell gave me and see —— That's right, your parking lot is right ahead on the left. That's the parking lot I usually use when I run into Dad Gilman's office to do errands. His office is in the Piedmont Building."

"My office is in this building right here," Mason said as he turned into the parking lot.

"And, as a regular tenant, you have a duly assigned parking space, I see," she said, as Mason turned into the parking space.

"Exactly," Mason said.

She said, "If you'd walk around to the right-hand side of the car and let me out, Mr. Mason, it would be pleasant. But, after all, I'm in a terrific hurry and I know you want to get rid of me as soon as possible. It was nice seeing you and I hope to see you again. 'Bye, now."

She opened the door, jumped to the ground and hurried over to the parking attendant, holding out her parking ticket. The lawyer retrieved the brief case from the car.

One of the parking attendants brought up the club coupé. Glamis Barlow flung open the door and jumped inside, slammed the door shut all with one motion and swept the car into speed. As she drove out of the parking lot Mason saw Paul Drake, driving his nondescript agency car, come from a stall on the other side and swing in behind her.

The lawyer tried to catch Drake's eye in order to flash him a signal, but was unable to do so. After a moment he turned, walked to the sidewalk, then turned sharply to the left and walked to the Piedmont Building.

Mason entered the offices of the Gilman Associates Investment Pool at precisely twenty-six minutes after five o'clock.

An exceptionally beautiful red-haired receptionist looked up from the switchboard and smiled at him as though she meant it.

"I'm Mr. Mason," the lawyer said. "I have an appointment with Mr. Calhoun."

"Oh, yes. Just a moment, Mr. Mason. He's waiting for you. In fact, we were all asked to wait."

She depressed a key and said, "Mr. Mason is here." Then she said, "You may go right on in, Mr. Mason, right down the passageway and it's the second door on the right."

Mason glanced around the reception room with its deep carpet, comfortable chairs, with copies of some of the leading financial magazines on the table. As he walked past the door of an adjoining room he had a quick glimpse of batteries of filing cases and saw several secretarial desks equipped with typewriters and transcribing machines.

Down the corridor Mason walked past a door marked CARTER GILMAN and then on beyond to a door marked ROGER C. CALHOUN. Mason opened the door and entered another office in which an attractive brunette, who could well have posed for a calendar ad, said, "Mr. Mason?" The lawyer nodded.

"If you'll go right on to Mr. Calhoun's private office," she said. "He's expecting you."

Mason went through the door she indicated and entered an office where a small-boned, wiry man in the early thirties sat in a big chair behind a massive desk.

The man got up, walked around the desk and said, "Mr. Mason, I'm pleased to meet you." Long, bony fingers gripped the lawyer's hand. "Please be seated, Mr. Mason."

Calhoun indicated a comfortable chair, then walked around to the other side of the desk, seated himself in the armchair, propped his elbows on the arm of the chair, extended, long, tapering fingers, touched the tips of the fingers of each hand together and assumed his most impressive manner.

Mason said, "I am an attorney at law, Mr. Calhoun, and ——"

"Yes, yes, I know all about you, Mr. Mason."

Mason bowed his head. "And I am here," he said, "on rather a peculiar matter. I have been asked to deliver to you some contracts, which I believe Mr. Gilman has been working on. I think it is only fair to state that I am somewhat in the nature of a common carrier in the matter. I am delivering contracts which I haven't read and about which I know nothing except I was instructed to deliver them and to instruct you that they were to be executed."

Calhoun sat forward in the chair, parted his hands and said eagerly, "Yes, yes, Mr. Mason, I've been waiting for those contracts all day. A very important business deal is pending and —— Can you tell me where Mr. Gilman is?"

"I'm afraid I can't at the moment," Mason said, with his voice indicating courteous surprise. "He hasn't been in touch with you?"

"He has not," Calhoun said, snapping the words out "It is most unusual. May I see the contracts, please?"

Mason opened the brief case, pulled out the green Bristol-board jacket on which had been scribbled the notation to call Perry Mason in the event of an emergency and giving Mason's telephone number. The lawyer carefully extracted the blue-backed contracts.

"It's all right," Calhoun said impatiently, his eyes on the inked notation. "Just give me the entire folder, Mr. Mason."

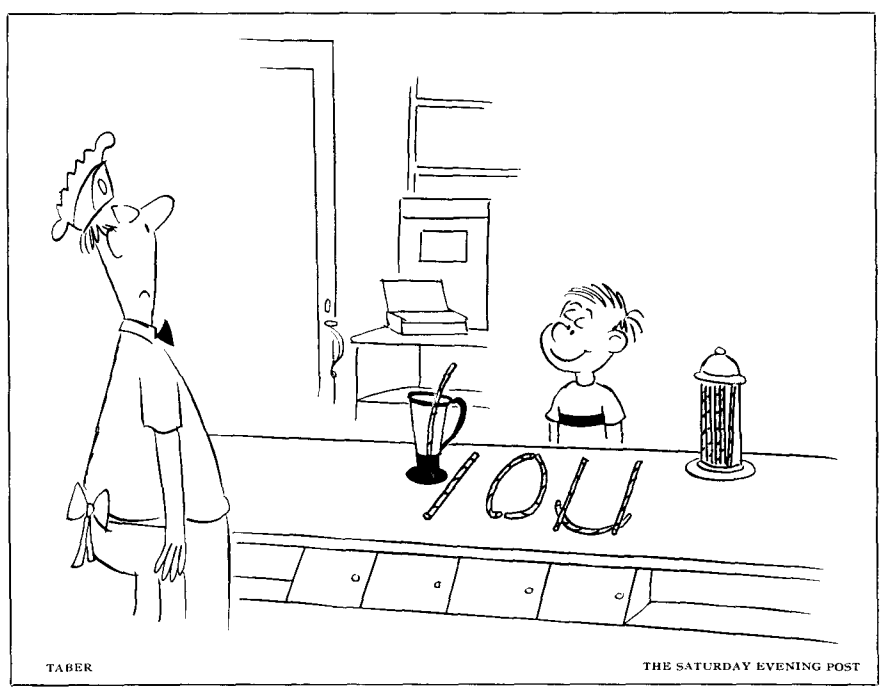
The lawyer said evenly, "My instructions were to deliver the contracts." He handed four contracts over to Calhoun.

Calhoun looked through the contracts to make sure they were all copies of the same instrument; then he turned the pages of the instrument with a quick motion of his long forefinger and thumb. He did this in a practiced manner as though he had long been accustomed to turning pages or perhaps counting money.

When he had finished he looked up with grave dignity and said, "Thank you very much, Mr. Mason."

Mason said, "Since I am acting in an unusual capacity here and in connection with a situation which is somewhat unusual, I would like to have a receipt showing that I have delivered the contracts and showing the time, if you please."

Calhoun hesitated a moment, then pressed a button. A moment later his secretary stood in the doorway.



TABER THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Will you bring your notebook, Miss Colfax?" he asked.

The secretary smiled. "I have it here, Mr. Calhoun." She moved easily into the room, pulled up a small secretarial chair, crossed her knees, and poised her notebook on the crossed knee.

"You will write the date, which is the thirteenth," Roger Calhoun said in the meticulous voice of a schoolteacher giving instructions to pupils. "You will mark the exact time, which at the moment of this delivery was five-thirty-two. You will make the receipt to Perry Mason, an attorney at law, and you will note in the receipt that Mr. Mason has delivered to me the original and three copies of a contract covering the proposed purchase by the corporation of all rights in the Barclay Mining Syndicate. You will note that these contracts are delivered for signature by Mr. Mason as attorney for Carter Gilman, who has approved the deal in its present form."

"Just a minute," Mason interrupted. "I think we had better leave off that about approving the deal. My instructions were only to deliver the contracts and state they were to be executed."

"But that's the sole idea in having the contracts executed," Calhoun said. "If Gilman doesn't approve the entire deal, he wouldn't have said to execute the contract."

"I am interested in your statement to that effect," Mason said, "but the fact remains that I know nothing whatever about whether Mr. Gilman approves the entire deal."

Calhoun hesitated a moment and then said, "I think, in order to protect myself, Miss Colfax, I will ask you to type the receipt as I dictated it."

"All right," Mason said. "In order to protect myself, I'll strike out the phrase about Gilman's approval of the entire deal at the time the receipt is handed to me."

"I fail to see that the point is of such devastating importance, Mr. Mason," Calhoun said coldly.

"The matter is of importance as far as I'm concerned," Mason said. "There's nothing devastating about it. That's your adjective. I don't know what's important to you. I know what's important to me."

Calhoun took a deep breath and said, "Very well, Miss Colfax, you may strike out the phrase about Gilman's approval and type the receipt, please. Make it in triplicate."

"Yes, Mr. Calhoun," she said. She got to her feet and left the room.

Calhoun looked at his watch and said, "While we are waiting, I would like to discuss some matters which pertain to your client."

"I haven't authority to discuss anything," Mason said. "My sole authorization was to deliver papers."

"There is no reason why you can't listen."

Mason said, "I'll listen to anything."

Calhoun once more assumed what apparently was his favorite pose of putting his finger tips together and said, "This is a business dealing with investments. In order to carry on the business it needs a great deal of skill in appraising the market trends and it, of course, requires that all of our clients have the utmost confidence in the integrity of the executive personnel."

Calhoun paused as though expecting some sign of agreement, but Mason didn't so much as nod his head.

Calhoun said, "I don't know how much you know about the history of your client, Mr. Mason, or about his background. I take it that you must know something."

As Mason remained silent, Calhoun went on, evidently (*Continued on Page 64*)

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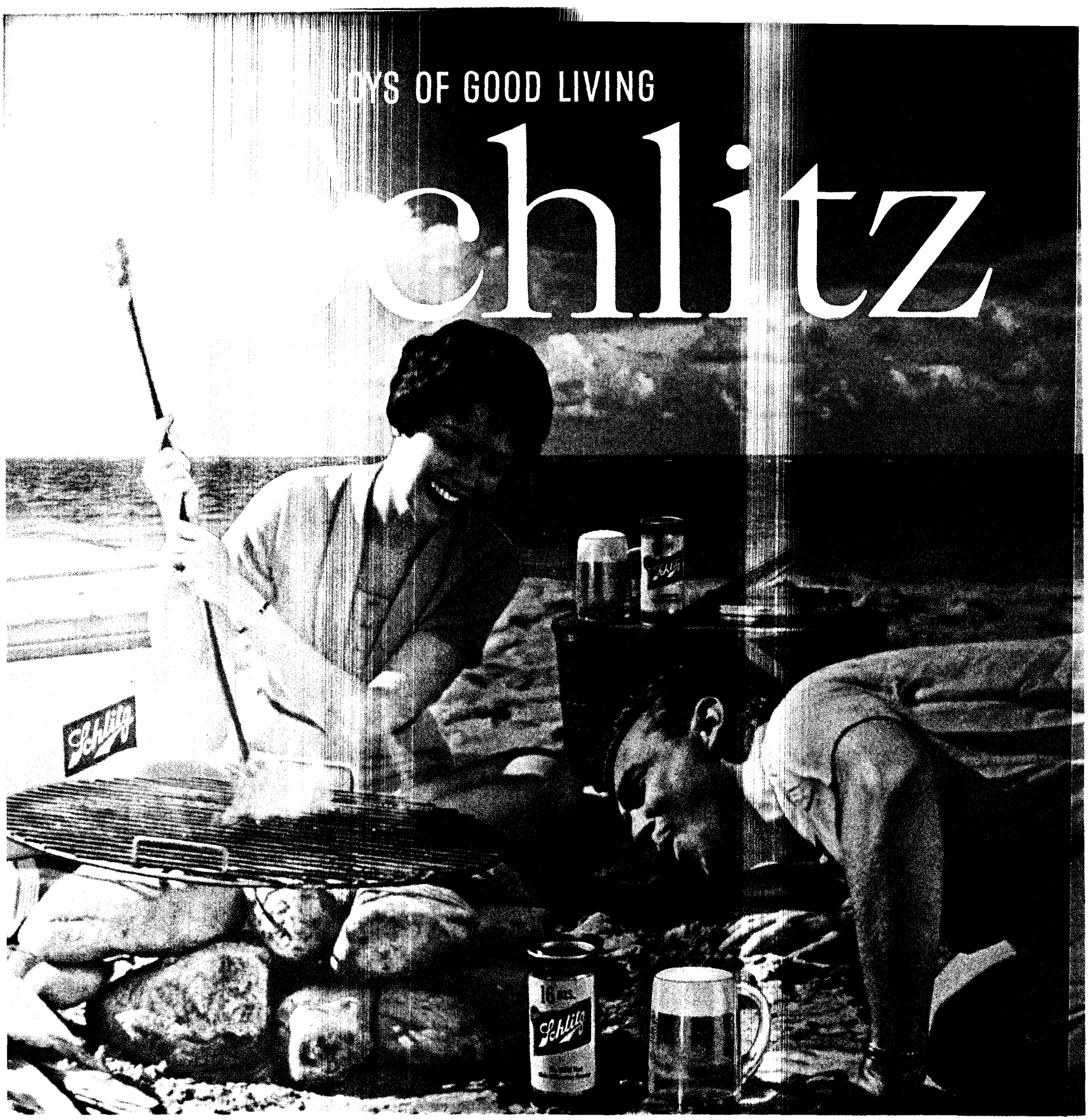

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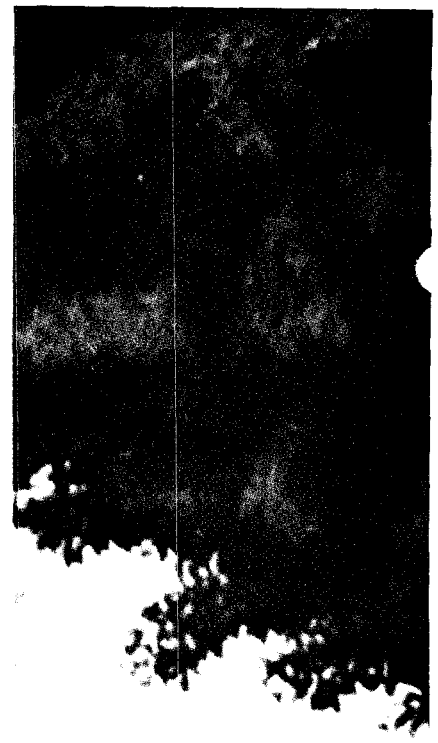

FIFTY WEEKS a year we work. Now we're free as a bird, and the broad ribbons of highway from Connecticut to California are calling us.

The kids have been ready for hours. Mom's packing a lunch for a roadside picnic. Dad's had the car washed, inspected and gassed up, the tires checked and rotated.

Mind if we take a little inventory of all the B.F.Goodrich products that are going along? *Skyway* luggage protected by BFG "Koroseal" covering. "P-F" canvas sports shoes. Neck-rest pillows of BFG foam rubber. 'Nicer ice bucket. New *Sunday Caddi* (of molded BFG vinyl) for golf. Boots for fishing. *Climatic* rainwear of "Koroseal" flexible material for sun insurance. In and on the car—battery, trim and upholstery, fan belt, floor mats, trusty B.F.Goodrich tires for a real vacation from tire worries. Got the road maps? Let's go!

HAVE A WONDERFUL TRIP! Driving's so much more fun on B.F.Goodrich "Life-Savers"—the tires that let you forget them. "Life-Savers" seal their own punctures as you drive, give added protection against bruise blowouts, take the skid out of wet, slippery roads. They're worth their extra cost in peace of mind alone. And isn't that what vacations are all about?

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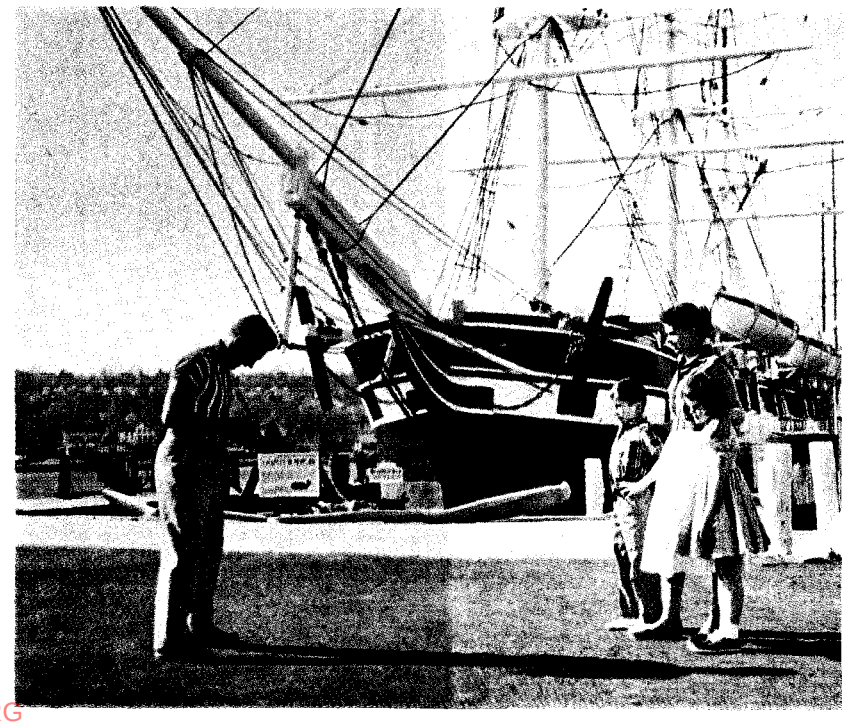

THAR SHE BLOWS! Climb aboard the Charles W. Morgan at Mystic, Connecticut. This old whaler has been around even longer than B.F.Goodrich, which was founded back in 1870. BFG has a big hand in shipping and pleasure boating today, with dozens of marine products, including life preservers, dock bumpers, fenders and famous "Cutless" bearings.

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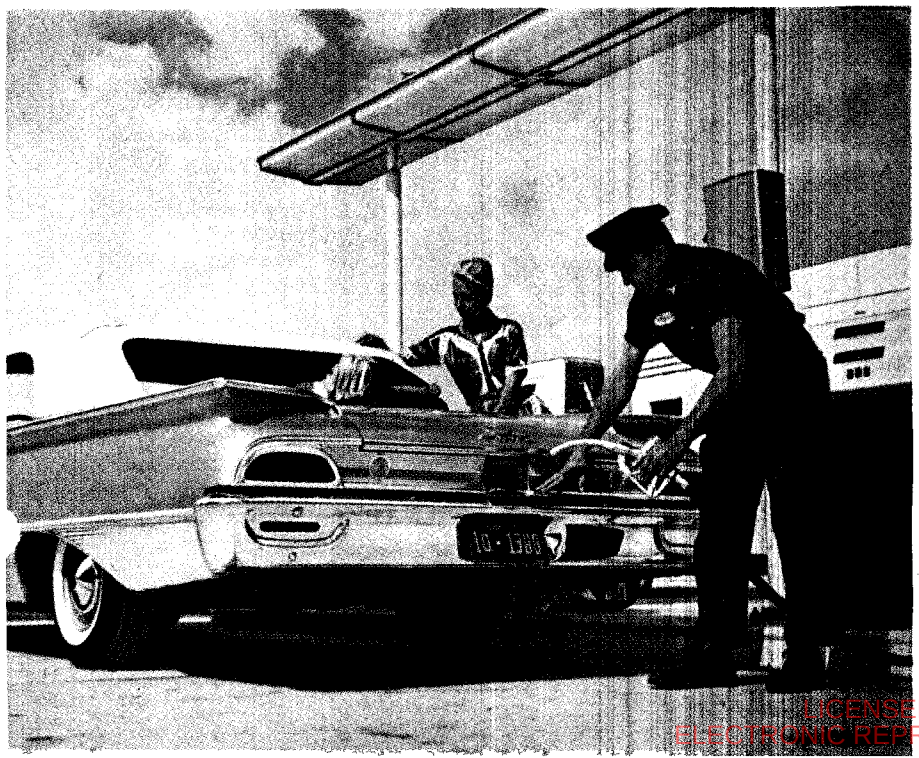

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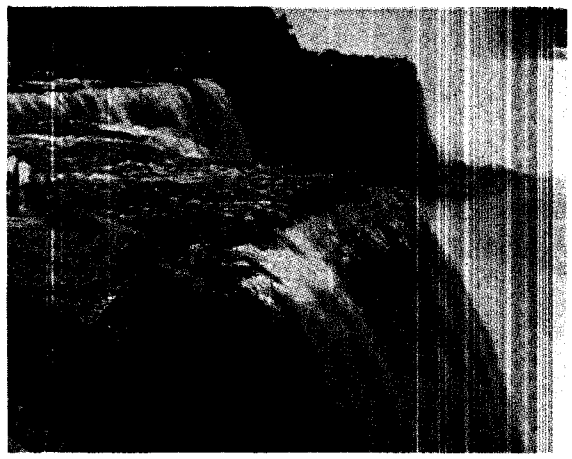

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(*Continued from Page 60*) somewhat nettled. "There are certain things in the background of Mr. Gilman which I hadn't discovered until recently. Mr. Gilman was married and has one child by that marriage, a very charming young woman, Muriell, who is now, I believe, about twenty years of age.

"His wife died, and about five years ago Gilman married his second wife, Nancy. She had been married to Steven A. Barlow, who is at present living in Las Vegas, Nevada, and was divorced from him. There is one child, presumably a child of that marriage, named Glamis, who is also a young woman of about twenty years of age.

"I had always supposed that Glamis was the child of the marriage between Nancy and Steven A. Barlow, but recently it has been called to my attention that Glamis is twenty years of age, yet the Barlow marriage was solemnized nineteen years ago. There are some other rather peculiar factors in the background of Glamis. I understand a detective has recently been looking up all these facts.

"Nancy Gilman is an unconventional, Bohemian type. If there should be any scandal involving the daughter, it could have serious repercussions as far as this business is concerned."

Calhoun stopped speaking and looked accusingly at Mason as though in some way Mason were responsible for the taint of illegitimacy.

Mason said, "If it's a fair question, how did you get your information about Glamis and about her illegitimacy?"

"The information came to me from a source which I consider authentic," Calhoun said.

"All right," Mason told him, "you've made a statement. I've listened."

Calhoun moved to the office intercom, depressed a key and said, "Miss Colfax, are the receipts ready?"

The musical voice of the secretary said, "They are ready, Mr. Calhoun."

"Bring them in," Calhoun said.

The door opened and Miss Colfax entered the office and handed the three receipts to Calhoun.

Calhoun read the receipts, signed all three of them, handed one to Mason and said, "That's all, Miss Colfax." She turned and left the office.

Mason said, "Well, I guess that covers everything I have to do here."

"I am very anxious to see Mr. Gilman," Calhoun said.

"How much longer will you be here?" Mason asked.

"At least for another hour."

"How about Mr. Gilman's secretary?" Mason asked casually. "Is she in the office? I would like to speak to her."

Calhoun depressed a key and said, "Miss Colfax, will you find if Miss Matilda Norman is in Mr. Gilman's office?"

He sat waiting by the interoffice communication until the voice of the secretary said, "Miss Norman has left for the night, Mr. Calhoun."

Calhoun said very formally, "Thank you, Miss Colfax," and switched off the intercom. "It is long past closing time. I had some of the employees work overtime."

Mason said, "Thank you and good night."

"Good night, Mr. Mason," Calhoun said formally.

Mason left the private office, walked across the outer office, paused in the doorway and looked back at the gorgeous brunette. "Good night, Miss Colfax."

Her eyes softened into an amused smile. "Good night, Mr. Mason," she said, and her right eye closed in a deliberate wink.

The lawyer walked down the street to his own office building and stopped in Paul Drake's office. "Any news from Paul?" he asked the girl at the switchboard.

She shook her head. "He went out on a job for you, Mr. Mason, right after you phoned and he hasn't been back. He couldn't get an operative who was available."

"O.K.," Mason said. "Tell him I want to see him when he comes in."

The lawyer walked down to his private office, opened the door and said to Della Street, "Well, here's Carter Gilman's brief case. Let's look through it and see what's in it. I delivered some contracts and here's the cardboard jacket they were in, a jacket that has the notation on it Muriell told me about."

They looked through the brief case together and found only half a dozen timetables of the various airlines serving Los Angeles, plus a notation giving the address, Steven A. Barlow, 5981 Virginia City Avenue, Las Vegas, Nevada.

"Well?" Della Street asked.

"For your information," Mason said, "I have recently been associating with some very, very beautiful women."

"Does the adventure bear repetition or verbal description?" Della Street asked.

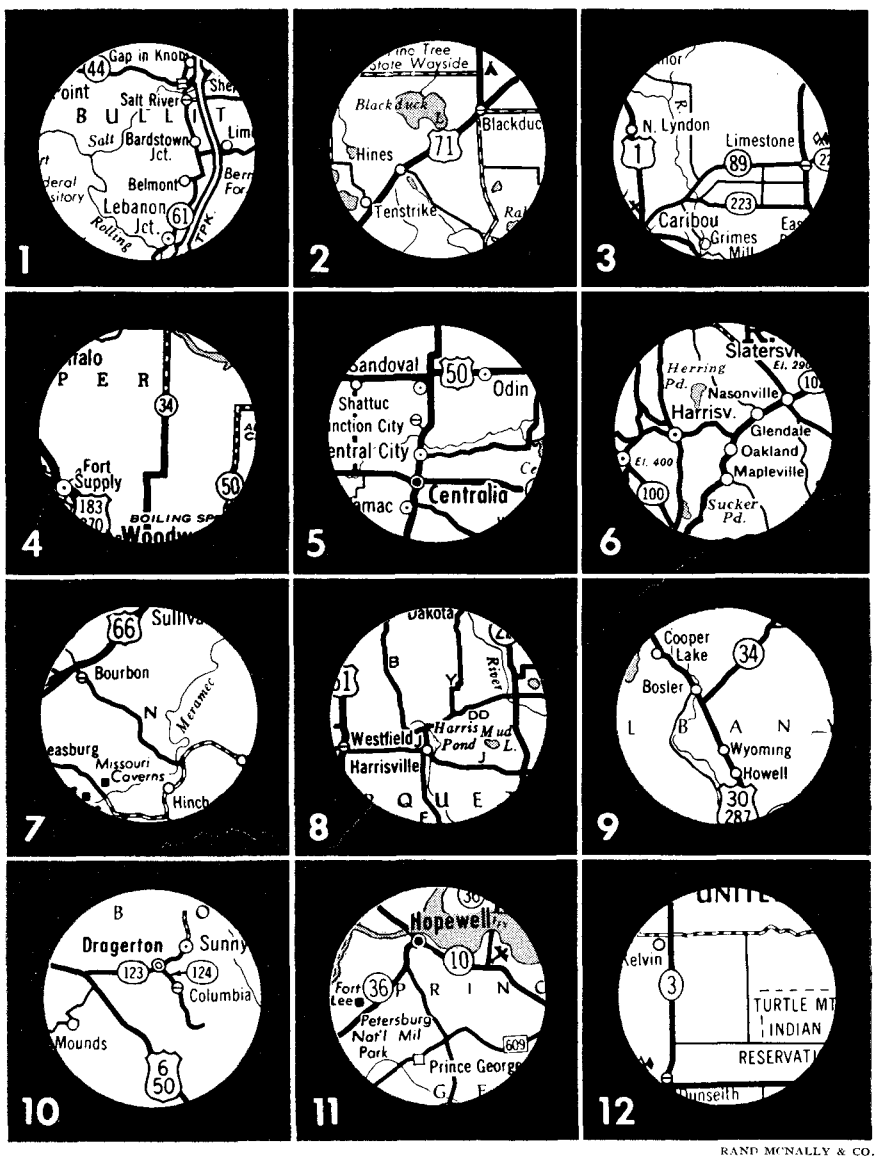
Mason said, "In the first place, I have had a delightful visit with our Miss Muriell Gilman, a young woman who has considerable ability as an actress and is somewhat proud of the manner in which she can use an air of childish innocence to cover up a background of thought which she feels is quite sophisticated.

"Then there is a curvaceous character by the name of Glamis Barlow, who is blond, blue-eyed, very seductive."

"You fascinate me," Della Street said. "There have been others?"

"Oh, many others," Mason said. "There is a redheaded receptionist in the office of the Gilman company, who has probably provoked as many whistles as any railroad crossing in the country. Then there is a young woman named Colfax, who somehow manages to take dictation in a manner as suggestive as the motions of a strip-tease artiste, if you get what I mean."

"I get what you mean," Della Street said. "In the meantime, I am interested in knowing more about the personality of Mr. Gilman's private secretary, because there is no doubt on earth that she is the woman who telephoned and stated that she was Vera Martel, delivering the mysterious message about the fingerprints and giving us the number where Mr. Gilman could be reached. For your further information, Mr. Mason, that number was the number of a public pay-station telephone. It is in a booth about four blocks from the building where Mr. Gilman has his office."



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Harley P. Cook**

(*Answers on Page 66*)

Mason said, "Miss Matilda Norman, the secretary in question, had left for the night. She is reported to be somewhere in the fifties and is built along the lines of a string bean."

"These other women, I take it," Della Street said, "were not built along the lines of string beans."

"Definitely not," Mason said. "They were built like a mountain highway in Mexico. In other words, they were full of curves."

"And hard-surfaced?" Della Street asked.

"Well," Mason said, "they had an appearance which would indicate that all operations would be close to the maximum speed."

"You didn't exceed the limit, I take it."

"Oh, definitely not," Mason said. "I met a very pompous young man who takes himself very, very seriously indeed; a man who is saturated with college economics and with the analyses of financial trends, who would exude stock-market quotations as a wrestler would exude perspiration."

"My, but we're getting flowery and poetic," Della Street said.

"That," Mason told her, "is due entirely to the atmosphere of the office I have just visited. If you have any surplus funds that you wish to invest I would recommend the Gilman company. It is painfully conscious of the fact that its stability depends upon keeping the reputations of the executive personnel free from the slightest taint.

"And, for your further information, Mr. Calhoun has recently made the startling discovery that Glamis Barlow, the long-legged blonde with the seductive habits, was born about a year too soon to be the legitimate offspring of the Barlow marriage."

"Dear, dear," Della Street said. "I'm surprised your Mr. Calhoun could bear up under such a horrible example of moral depravity. Good heavens, chief, I'm catching the pompous mood myself. Suppose I should start exuding stock-market quotations?"

"No," Mason said. "Your way of fitting into the picture would be to practice walking from the office the way Miss Colfax does."

"And how's that?"

"I can't describe the means, only the general effect. It is like a snake walking on its tail while holding its head rigidly motionless."

Suddenly the lawyer lost his bantering manner and said, "Della, what do you say we go out and get dinner? We'll leave word for Paul where we are. I gave him a tailing job, thinking he was going to tail Muriell, because I wanted to find out whether she went directly to her father after I dropped her at her car. However, Glamis took over the parking ticket from Muriell, and now Paul Drake is shadowing Glamis on an expedition which may be rather unprofitable—at least as far as advancing the case is concerned."

Mason and Della Street walked down the hall and stopped in at Paul Drake's office, which was by the elevators. Mason said to the girl at the switchboard, "There is no use in our sitting around the office waiting for Paul to report. Della and I are going down to the Green Mill. We're going to have a couple of cocktails and some of their special hors d'oeuvres; then we're going next door to the Steak Mart and we're going to have *filet mignon* with baked potato, garlic toast, French-fried onions, apple pie a la mode and ——"

"Don't, Mr. Mason, please," the receptionist begged. "I'm trying to take off two pounds, and my stomach thinks all lines of communication have been severed." (*Continued on Page 66*)

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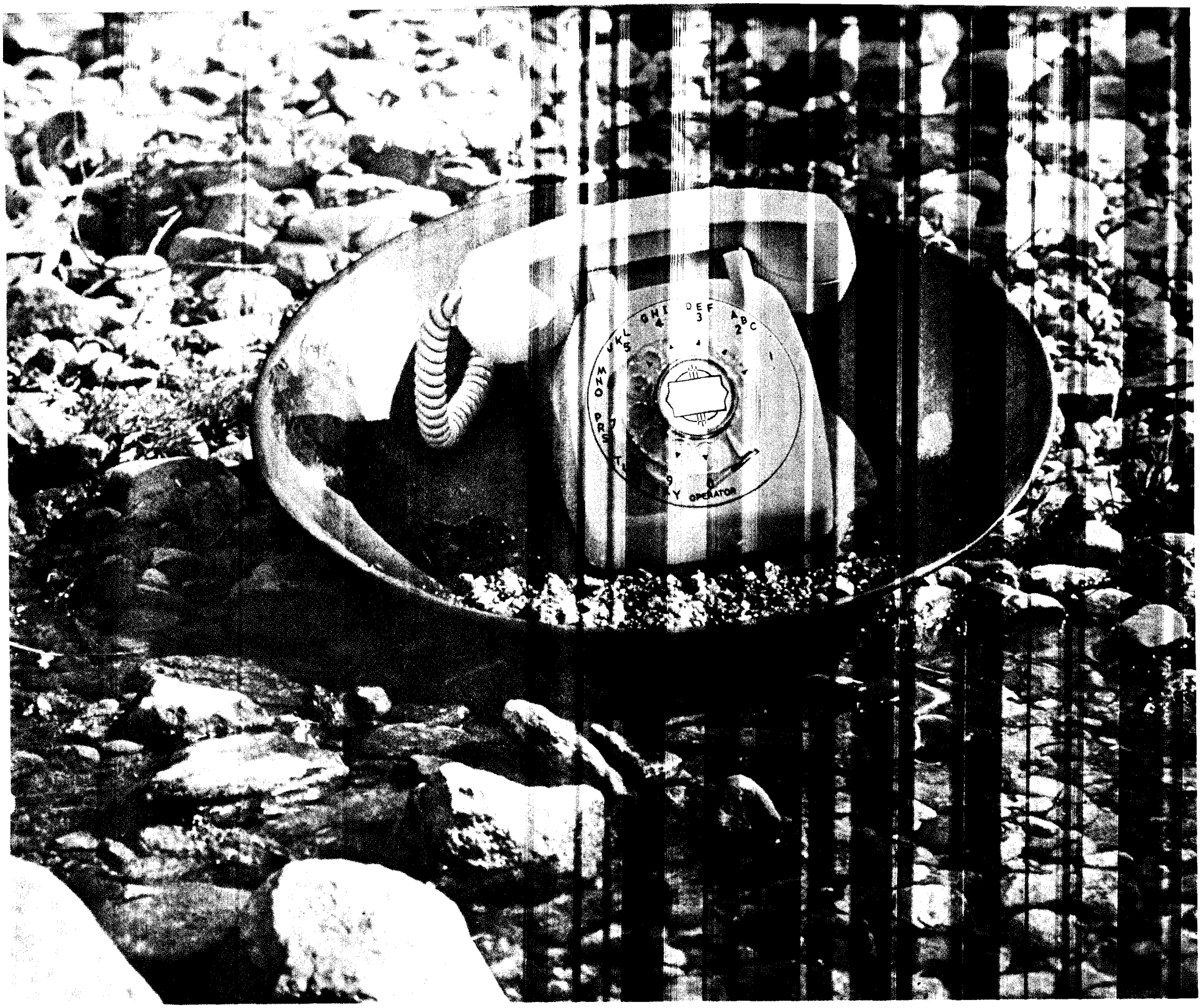
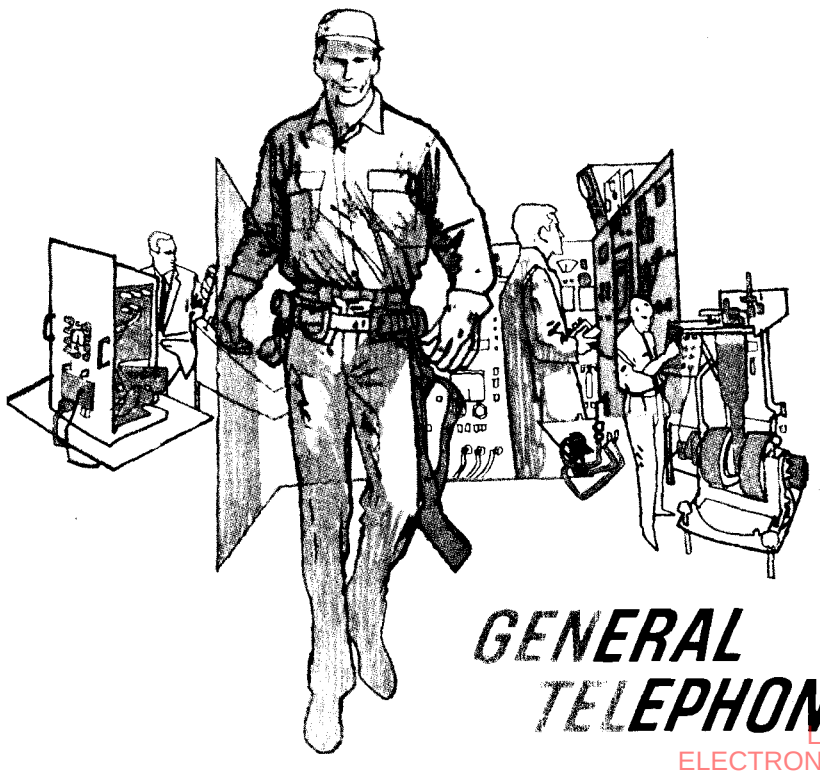


Panning out along the Pacific



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(*Continued from Page 64*) "Well, we'll be back after a while," Mason said. "When Paul telephones in a report tell him where we are and he can either call us there or come on down and join us."

Mason and Della Street went down to the Green Mill, sat in a booth in the dim light, relaxed in air-conditioned comfort and had two leisurely cocktails.

"I think," Mason told Della Street, "you'd better call the Gilman residence and ask for Muriell. I think a woman's voice would attract less attention than a man's voice. When you get Muriell on the phone, ask her if she can talk and—well, I'll talk with her myself."

Mason signed the check for the cocktails and they moved over to the phone booth, where Della Street called Gilman's residence and asked for Muriell. After a moment she said, "Just a minute, Miss Gilman. Mr. Mason wants to talk."

Mason said, "Hello, Muriell. How's everything coming? Is your dad home?"

"Oh, hello," Muriell said, without mentioning Mason's name. "It's nice to hear from you. Do you know anything new?"

"I carried out instructions," Mason said. "The contracts were delivered. I got a receipt from Roger Calhoun."

"Oh, that's fine!"

"Has your father come home yet?"

"No. He telephoned Nancy that he was going to be away; he wouldn't be back tonight. He said, however, that he'd be in the office tomorrow. He's getting in about nine o'clock in the morning, I believe."

"Where is he?" Mason asked.

"He had to go to Las Vegas, Nevada, on business."

"I see. Is Glamis there?"

"No, she isn't. She telephoned she wouldn't be in until quite late. With Glamis that means quite early."

"Well, that's fine," Mason said. "I just wanted you to know that the contracts had all been delivered. I guess we'll hear from your father tomorrow. Good night, Muriell."

Mason hung up the phone and grinned at Della Street. "Now this," he said, "is good. We gave Paul Drake an assignment to follow Glamis, and evidently Glamis is out on quite a party. She phoned she wouldn't be home—probably until the small hours. That gives us a good guess as to why we haven't heard from Paul Drake."

"How utterly charming," Della Street said. "And it turned out Glamis was the wrong girl—you wanted him to shadow Muriell?"

"I did want him to shadow Muriell," Mason said; "but as events are turning out now, I think it's a good thing he's shadowing Glamis. We have duplicate daughters, each of whom seems to be steeped in mystery.

"Now, let us go get some eats and intersperse the eating with a few dances and some leisurely discussion of clients, of duplicate daughters and second marriages, of mysterious showers of hundred-dollar bills and the unmistakable charm of the unexpected."

Hours later, back in Drake's office, the receptionist looked at them and smiled. "You fairly reek of being well-fed," she said. "To a girl that's on a diet of cottage cheese, preserved pears and buttermilk, that's almost a crime. I haven't heard ——" She broke off as a light flashed on the switchboard. She put in a plug, said, "Drake Detective Agency. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, he's right here, Mr. Drake. I'll put him on. . . . Paul Drake calling from Las Vegas, Nevada," she said.

Mason grinned. "Where's a phone?"

"Go right down to Mr. Drake's private office. I'll put him on there."

Mason and Della Street hurried down the narrow passageway to Drake's private office. Mason picked up the phone, winked at Della Street and said, "Perry Mason, Paul. What the heck are you doing in Las Vegas?"

"Well, you told me to follow this party," Drake said, "and this is where I wound up."

"Why didn't you telephone me for a clearance to see if ——"

"There wasn't time," Drake said. "She drove directly to the airport and parked the car. I followed her into the plane office. There was a plane leaving for Las Vegas within ten minutes. She got a ticket and I managed to get a ticket. I tried to keep away from her, but as it turned out the only other vacant seat was right across the aisle from her."

"Did she look you over?"

"She looked me over," Drake said. "I think she may have become a little suspicious. I'll tell you what happened."

"What?"

"When she got to Las Vegas she took a taxicab into town. I naturally got another cab to follow the one she was in. She went to one of the big casinos, started playing the slot machines like mad, then she gave me the slip."

"How come?"

"After twenty or thirty minutes," Drake said, "a taxicab pulled up in front of the place and the fare got out. The time was nine-eleven. This girl suddenly made a bolt for the door, shot into the cab, said something to the driver and the cab sped out into the street, leaving me standing there with the memory of a good look at a beautiful pair of gams and the nearest cab half a block away.

"By the time I'd sprinted up to that cab and got it started we were blocked by a traffic signal and after that we were licked. I never got a smell of the other cab. I went back to the casino to try and locate the cab she used, but it hasn't shown up yet. So I thought I'd phone in a report. I lost her trail at nine-twelve."

Mason said, "Here's a tip for you, Paul. There's a Steve Barlow in Las Vegas. I don't know what he does. He lives at 5981 Virginia City Avenue. Go out and case his place. You may find your blonde there, talking with him. If you do, just catch the next plane back to Los Angeles."

"And if I don't find her?"

"Give the place a general once-over," Mason said, "but it's not important enough to stay overnight. See if you can pick up her trail. If she's there, your job is finished. If she isn't, don't bother too much. I'll see you in the morning."

"O.K.," Drake said. "I'll be seeing you."

Mason hung up the telephone, said to Della Street, "Well, I guess that about winds it up for the day, Della."

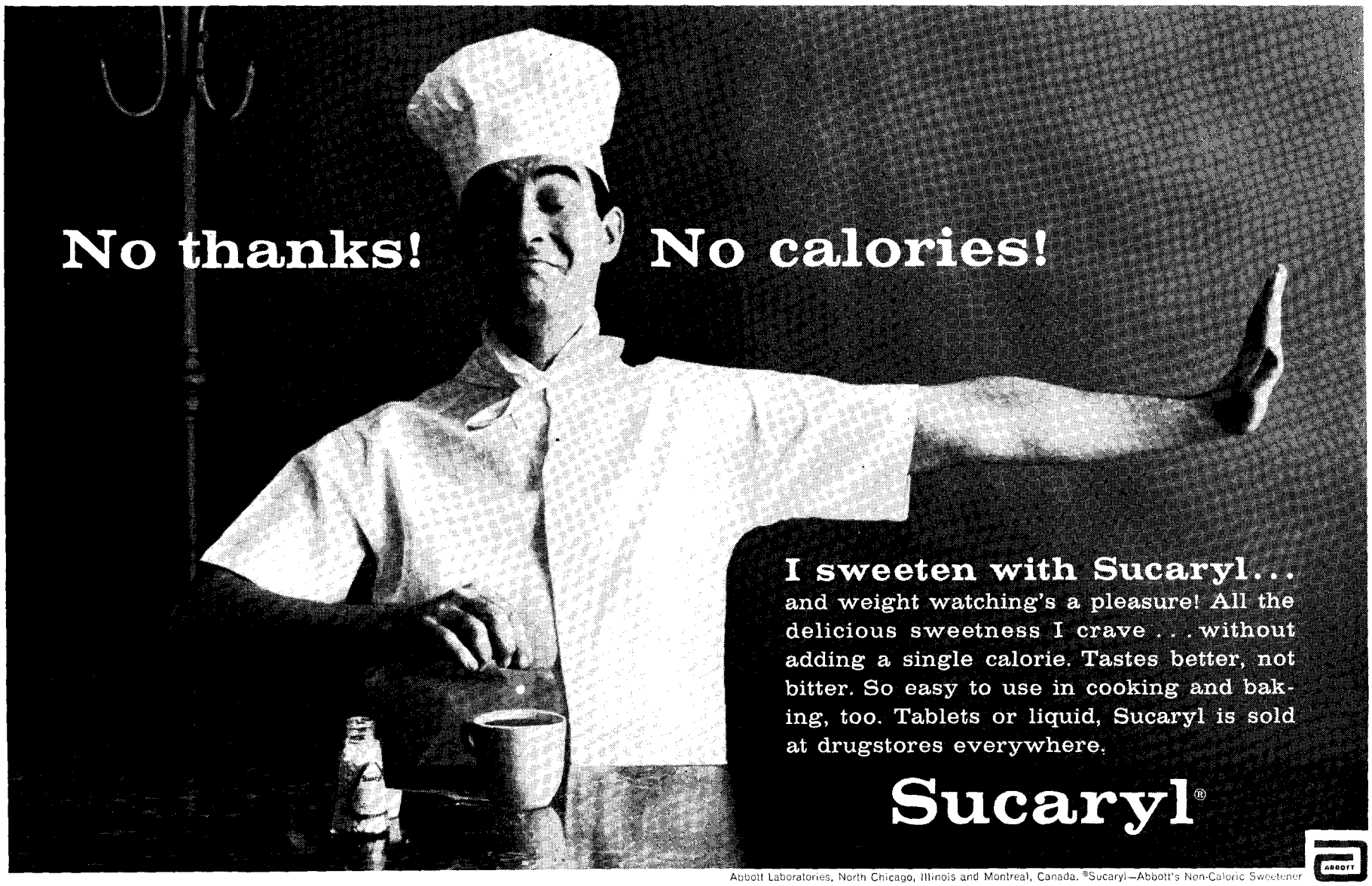
TO BE CONTINUED

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 64

1. Ky.	2. Minn.	3. Maine
4. Okla.	5. Ill.	6. R.I.
7. Mo.	8. Wis.	9. Wyo.
10. Utah	11. Va.	12. N.Dak.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Now About Spaghetti

(Continued from Page 31)

Philip-and-Franca's story is one of those unusual ones you run into quite often abroad. He was an actor in New York—you might have seen him with Helen Hayes in *Happy Birthday*—who one day about ten years ago found himself in the remarkable position, for an actor, of having enough money to take a trip around the world on a freighter.

He set out. Two or three weeks later he went ashore in Italy, and for him that was the end of the freighter—and the world. With the first step onto Italian soil he felt at home. This was it and he stayed.

For a while he got jobs around Rome making movies; then one spring, when he was on location in Ischia, he met Franca and married her.

Franca Sachetti belongs to one of those large, exuberant, close-knit, happy Italian families who own houses and uncles and nephews and vineyards and cousins and sisters and nieces. Philip married them all.

Franca is that marvel, a natural, brilliant cook, and Philip knows a great deal about food, so they opened a restaurant, Franca's brother Jocko, who is an artist by daylight, tends the bar when the sun goes down. The place has been a success; in the guest book you will find the names of everybody from W. H. Auden to Burt Lancaster.

I used to go in for lunch late, and eat it on the terrace, over the sand, with Franca and Philip and whatever stray nieces and sisters happened to have stopped by. It was there, one yellow afternoon, that I put my question to Franca.

Franca speaks English well, under pressure and, considering the state of my Italian, she spoke it to me all the time. We were talking about America. She had been there; Philip had taken her on a six months' trip a few years back to meet his family. She loved Wisconsin, his home—although the temperature seems to have stayed at eighty below the whole time she was there—but she knew the rest of the country, too; they had driven to Los Angeles and then had spent the last month in New York. She talked, however, of Wisconsin, only of Wisconsin.

So I asked her the question. "But what about Los Angeles and New York?" I said, "Didn't you like them?"

Franca hesitated. She glanced at Philip and then she looked out to sea. "No," she said.

"But why?" I said.

Franca hesitated again. She is polite and, after all, I was a guest in her country.

But finally she looked up at me. "Because—" she said firmly "—because in Los Angeles and New York *there is nothing to eat*."

"She means—" Philip said, not quite sure whose side to be on "—she means she didn't like the spaghetti."

I swallowed, but I suppose I looked unconvinced. "Surely there were other things ——" I said.

Franca rapped her knuckles on the table. "If the spaghetti is not good, nothing else matters," she said, and then she pointed a finger at me. "You talk a lot about cooking and eating," she said. "Do you know how to make spaghetti?"

"Well—ah ——" I said.

Well, it turned out I didn't.

Franca nodded. "Tonight I will make spaghetti and also noodles, and I will give you a lesson."

"*Pasta* is the glory of the Italian cuisine," someone is sure to say, and he will be right. Italians eat it at least once and sometimes twice a day, and they have reason. It is wonderful. Its making, its cooking, its sauces are all matters of great concern—to everybody, from the mamma of the poorest family to the chefs of the great restaurants. Actually the preparation is not overly difficult, but there are certain rules—and they are as rigid as those that govern the making of a soufflé—which must be followed.

There are, of course, plenty of people here in America who know how to make spaghetti, but there are, to make an understatement, plenty who don't. It is to them that I—who was lately one of them—address myself.

I sat in Franca's kitchen that night and other nights, and later, in Rome, I sat in a number of other kitchens. I picked up, I think, some tricks of the trade—and also twelve and a half pounds.

Italians, by the way, say that if you drink water, not wine, with spaghetti, you will not gain weight. That's what they say. Don't believe them.

SPAGHETTI

In the first place, to make spaghetti—or any other kind of *pasta*—you have to have a big pot. Actually not just a big pot, but a *very* big pot; one that holds two or three gallons.

You fill the pot with water, throw in one tablespoon of salt per gallon and bring to a violent boil. Then you put in the spaghetti, unbroken.

For four persons, use a little less than a pound if this is to be a separate course. If it is the main dish, use more, depending on the sturdiness of your clients.

Now comes the all-important and the imprecise direction. No one can say exactly how long to cook spaghetti. The time varies with the kind of spaghetti you use. Some imported from Italy will take as long as fifteen minutes, some American kinds will take no more than four or five. The brand and the size of the spaghetti regulate this. You can't make a rule for yourself and set a clock. You have to stand over the pot and taste.

Spaghetti should be neither hard nor mushy, but at that beginning point of softness when it still resists the teeth. You must simply fish out a piece, bite it, and decide on the perfect moment for yourself. Only experience will teach you.

... ...

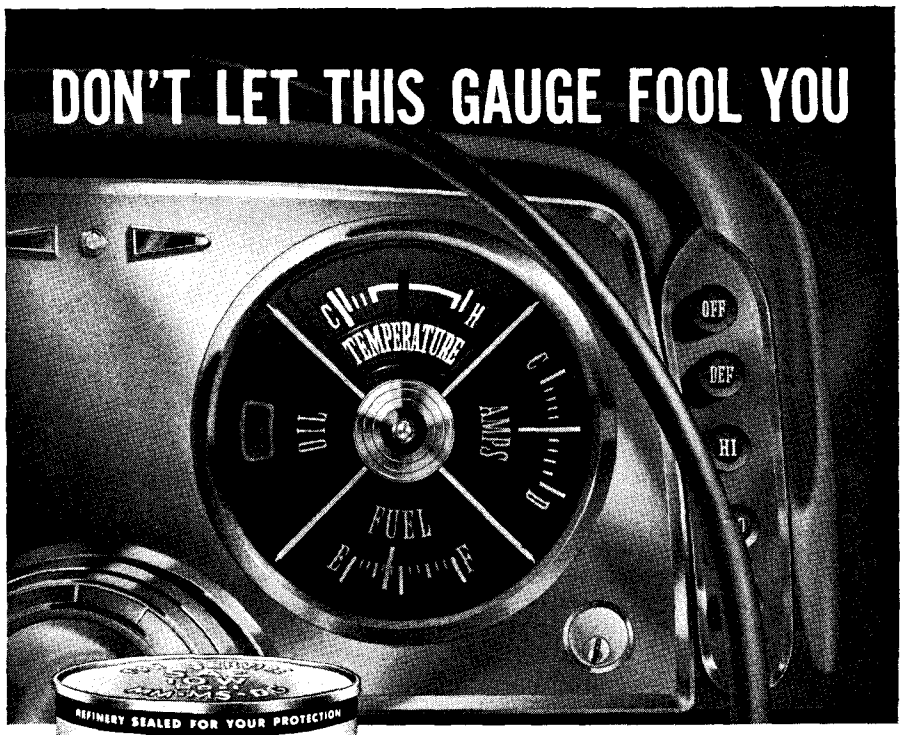
A Dry Wind

By Dionis Coffin Riggs

If you were new to the
island
You would hardly know
Whether the rain is
pattering down
On the shingled eaves,
Or wind is twisting
The heart-shaped leaves of
the aspens.

If you have lived on the
island
You can always tell
Whether the smell of
sweet-ferned land
Is in the wind,
Or the salty taste
Of sea-blown mist that
comes with rain.

... ...



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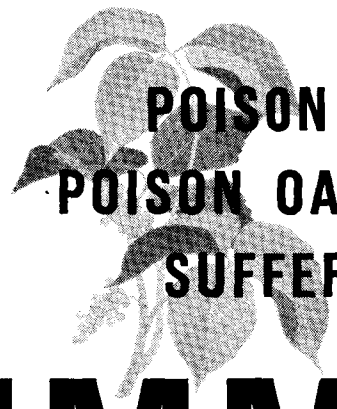

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When the moment has arrived, immediately take the pot off the stove and drain the spaghetti well in a colander.

Then take out of the oven a large bowl which has been heated—not just warmed, heated. Into it pop a good lump of butter and splash the spaghetti on top. Then with two forks lift the spaghetti (*never* stir it) until it is well coated with the butter. Now you are ready for whatever sauce you have decided on.

But you must have also made two other things ready—heated plates and eager guests. Like a soufflé, spaghetti will not wait; it must be hot and eaten at once, or it will die.

SAUCES

The things you can put over spaghetti are endless—from anchovies to zucchini. In America there is generally a poverty of choice, meatballs and tomato, and that's it, but if you will experiment with some of the following sauces, you will find, I think, the variety rewarding.

PARMESAN CHEESE, PLAIN. Serve the plates of hot spaghetti with extra butter and a dish of grated Parmesan cheese to sprinkle over them. This is about the simplest and one of the best ways to serve any *pasta*. But for it the spaghetti must be perfectly cooked and the cheese the choicest. Do yourself a favor about Parmesan. Buy a chunk of it and grate it yourself. The flavor will be noticeably different from that ready-grated in a jar. The best Parmesan is four or five years old.

TOMATOES. Peel three or four medium-sized tomatoes. Chop them up fairly fine. In a saucepan or a skillet melt three or four tablespoons of butter, add some ground pepper and a little salt and a bit of basil or *orégano* and in this simmer the tomatoes gently for ten or fifteen minutes—until they are cooked, but not a mush. Ladle this over the spaghetti at the table and provide a dish of Parmesan as well.

This is the tomato sauce you find often around Naples. You can vary it by adding a minced onion or, for the last few minutes of cooking, some chopped pimiento.

One thing to remember about sauces. Always have them about ready *before* you cook the spaghetti.

FRESH CLAMS. Clam sauces are better in America than in Italy for the good reason that our clams are better.

For each serving buy six or seven fresh clams. I am speaking, of course, of quahogs—cherrystones or little necks. Have the fishman open them, and in a container save all the juice. When you get home cut the clams with kitchen scissors into smallish pieces. Do this in a bowl, for the cutting will give you more juice.

In a pot heat a quarter of a cup of olive oil—this is for four persons—throw in three or four crushed cloves of garlic and fry until the garlic is golden. Then remove the garlic and add at least a cup and a half of clam juice. If you haven't that much from your clams, add the necessary amount from a bottle. Now add a handful of chopped Italian parsley and a good grind of black pepper.

You bring all this to a brisk boil and add the chopped clams. Now watch the clock. For this is to continue cooking only *forty-five seconds*. The clams are not to be boiled, just heated.

With this sauce, spaghettini—which takes only about four and a half minutes to cook—is excellent. Lift the spaghettini directly from the colander in which you have drained it (forget the butter) into hot soup dishes, ladle this sauce over it and bring it roaring hot to the table.

If you can find some crushed Italian pepper to sprinkle over finally, it adds. So does a bottle of cold white wine—but to drink, please, not add to the sauce.

CANNED CLAM SAUCE. For four persons you will need a couple of cans of minced clams. Drain the juice from the clams and proceed as above.

A good variation with canned clams is to forget the garlic, and instead chop up three or four little green onions and cook them a bit in the oil. But do not discard them; leave them in the sauce.

MEAT SAUCE. This is a rich sauce, one of the endless variations of Bolognese.

Cut up six strips of bacon and fry them in a skillet. After a couple of minutes add two finely chopped medium onions. When this has browned, add a half pound of ground hamburger and push it around so that it browns, then a quarter of a pound of chopped chicken livers, and do the same. You will find you will need some extra butter for this—a tablespoonful might do it, but possibly more.

Peel and chop a large ripe tomato, add it, a touch of salt and plenty of ground black pepper. Over this pour a cup and a half of stock—consommé is what you will probably use. Cover the skillet and let the sauce barely simmer for a good half hour, preferably longer.

Serve this over hot buttered spaghetti with, of course, a dish of Parmesan, and you will have a lusty meal.

ANCHOVY SAUCE. This is more a flavoring than a sauce. Heat a couple of tablespoons of butter and the same amount of olive oil in a pan, fry in it two crushed cloves of garlic until golden brown—no longer—then discard them. In a mortar pound six anchovy fillets and add to the hot butter-and-oil and cook gently for a few minutes. Pour over hot buttered spaghetti. You can, of course, use anchovy paste instead of the fillets. About a tablespoonful should do it—or more, depending how fond you are of the taste of anchovies.

MUSHROOM SAUCE. In a skillet melt a quarter of a pound of butter. If you can find some shallots, mince three or four of them; if not, mince a medium onion and stew gently for a few minutes in the butter. Next, mince a pound of fresh mushrooms, stems and all, very fine, and add to the skillet. Cook slowly and stir frequently. This will take quite a long time—almost one hour—for the mushrooms must be cooked and reduced. Add a little salt and a grind of black pepper at the end and serve over hot buttered spaghetti. Serve Parmesan separately.

PEAS. This is a dish I find rather mild, but the Italians are mad for it. Their peas, I grant you, are wonderful—small, sweet, tender.

The recipe is certainly simple enough. Cook small fresh peas in a little water until just tender, drain them and pour over hot buttered spaghetti. Parmesan on the side, of course.

CARBONARA. There seem to be as many ways to make a carbonara as there are cooks. But the results are essentially the same: eggs with ham or bacon.

In this case bacon: cut up eight strips and fry them in a skillet. You may like to use Canadian bacon—if so, cut each slice into four pieces and fry in a good quantity of butter—you must have hot grease left in the pan.

Separate four eggs. Stir the yolks lightly with a fork.

Now, when you have drained the spaghetti and dumped it into the hot bowl, pour over it the bacon and the hot grease. Lift and mix with forks. This must be kept very hot, for now you pour over it the raw egg yolks and lift and mix again. There must be enough heat to set the eggs. Give it a good grind of black pepper and serve with Parmesan. Right tasty.

If you want to, you can use the whole eggs instead of just the yolks.

TUNA FISH. For a seven-ounce can: break the fish into small pieces, heat it in a pan with a couple of tablespoons of butter. Pour over it a scant cup of hot chicken broth, give it a grind of black pepper and let it simmer a few minutes. Throw over it some chopped parsley if you like.

Alternatively, instead of the chicken broth use a scant cup of hot cream. This is very good. Serve with Parmesan.

Incidentally, on the subject of fish, there is a kind of canned bouillabaisse imported from France which you will sometimes find in fancy food stores. If you will use about half the amount of water which the label calls for, heat it well and pour it over spaghetti, you will have a surprising and very good sauce.

And if you like sardines, you can make a most acceptable sauce by using the tomato-onion recipe above and breaking into it a can of sardines.

PESTO. This is quite a lot of trouble, but good if you can manage it. You will need first of all a mortar and pestle.

Into the mortar put one cup of fresh basil leaves, one clove of garlic, a dash of cayenne pepper, a dash of salt and an eighth of a cup of pine nuts. Begin pounding. Add gradually a quarter of a cup of Parmesan cheese. When this has turned into a thick mess, add—a little at a time—four to five tablespoons of olive oil. The consistency should be something like very soft butter.

A tablespoon of this—you don't heat it, by the way—over hot spaghetti is something you will remember.

CHEESE AND CREAM. Rich and easy.

Over the hot buttered spaghetti in the bowl sprinkle a quarter of a cup of Parmesan. Lift and mix this with forks. Grind over it some black pepper. Then pour over it a good half cup of *hot* heavy cream. Mix again and serve with some more Parmesan.

WITH TRUFFLES. Sprinkle the hot buttered spaghettini with a half cup of Parmesan, lift and mix. Then lay over all a couple of very thinly sliced white Italian truffles.

You will have to buy these in a can—they are rare, but not impossible to find. If ever you are in Italy in the winter, ask for fresh ones. You can eat them on anything, from slices of turkey to slices of toast, and they are spectacular. And if you are flying home, put a couple in your pocket—as a present for me. Please.

A COLD SAUCE. Here is an absolutely excellent dish which Franca made for me one hot noontime, and which, the chances are, you have never even heard of.

Peel a couple of ripe tomatoes and mince them. Seed a green pepper and mince it. Do the same with three good-sized stalks of celery. To all this add two tablespoons of capers, a little fresh or dried *orégano* and basil. Add salt and a generous grinding of black pepper.

Put this all in a glass jar. Sprinkle a few drops of vinegar over it and then pour in just enough olive oil to cover. Set it in the icebox. It should stay thus at least four hours—longer if possible—until it is quite cold.

When you are ready, serve the spaghetti—not buttered—on individual, hot plates—everything must be extra hot this time—and then ladle over it the cold sauce. No cheese.

CHICKEN LIVERS, COLD. Buy a half pound of already cooked and seasoned chopped chicken livers from a delicatessen. Refrigerate them until cold. Then put a tablespoonful over each portion of hot buttered spaghetti.

TARTARE. To a half pound of raw hamburger add a raw egg, a finely minced smallish onion and lots of pepper and enough salt. Mix it all up with your hands. Refrigerate.

Use a heaping tablespoonful over each portion of hot buttered spaghetti.

Variation: If you can find a couple of tablespoonfuls of caviar, mix it into the tartare.

Above all, do a little experimenting. Mix things. Add mushrooms to peas. Fry some thin slices of zucchini in butter and throw that over the spaghetti. Add chopped parsley to practically anything—or more herbs. The thing to do is to find or invent sauces you like, and not limit yourself to meatballs and tomato paste.

Well, good eating, and try not to gain too much weight. THE END

"The answer is Columbus, and I don't want any free dance lessons."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Lady With the Cheetah

(Continued from Page 29)

that he was getting poetic and pulled up self-consciously. "Well," he said and licked his whiskers. "With your conformation, you should be much faster than I ever was. We expect to be quite proud of you, really."

Bahram stared at him. *What a fusty old character*, he thought. Aloud he said, "I don't much like to run, if you recall. It's such a sweaty business."

Iskander reacted as though someone had stuck a knife into him; he leaped for his son with a snarl. The wire between the cages stopped him; he stood there snarling and batting at the wire until his mate saw him. "My dear," she said, coming up. "Whatever is the matter?"

"That cursed aberration you call your son," Iskander snarled, taking a final swing at the wire. "If I could only get at him, I'd ——"

"Isn't it rather improbable," Shirin said in her most trying tone, "that I produced him by myself? And if you could get at him, you might find he's grown rather large for you."

"Rubbish!" Iskander snapped testily. "And don't try to come it over me with that lofty tone again."

Shirin dropped the lofty tone. "Iskander," she said. "Please, my dear. You must admit that we live like hyenas these days, and the poor boy hasn't had the advantages we enjoyed. Difficult as it is, we must continue to set him an example and hope that ——"

She never finished the sentence, for two of the shikaris came in, put the eye bandages—which are used to blind cheetahs and keep them quiet until they are loosed at game—and leashes on the two old cheetahs and led them to the ramshackle bullock cart that was standing outside. The third shikari, Shafiz, went into Bahram's kennel and put the leash and bandage on him, but couldn't get him up. Bahram, who had long since decided that there was little object in running after meat when someone brought it to him if he sat still long enough, lay there collapsed and inert. Shafiz pulled, tugged and sweated, to no avail.

"Stand!" Shafiz said. "Misbegotten son of Belial and a verminous she camel, rise!"

There were shouts from outside, and Shafiz redoubled his efforts, but got nowhere. There were more shouts, and the two other shikaris burst in, waving their arms.

"What keeps you, in the name of the All-Merciful?" one demanded. "The raja ——"

"The raja will have us impaled!" said the other. "Make haste!"

"The raja," said Shafiz, "has no one left to impale us. As for this offspring of perdition, the Evil One himself couldn't get him up. If by mischance we get him to the plain he will probably refuse to run, and that will be even worse. I am moved to leave him here."

"Are you suddenly afflicted of Allah to think that our heads will remain on our shoulders if we appear without him?"

Shafiz shrugged. "So be it," he said. "We will carry him, then. Ahmed, take his head. . . . Abdullah, his tail."

The two others backed away. "Whoever heard of carrying a cheetah?" Ahmed demanded.

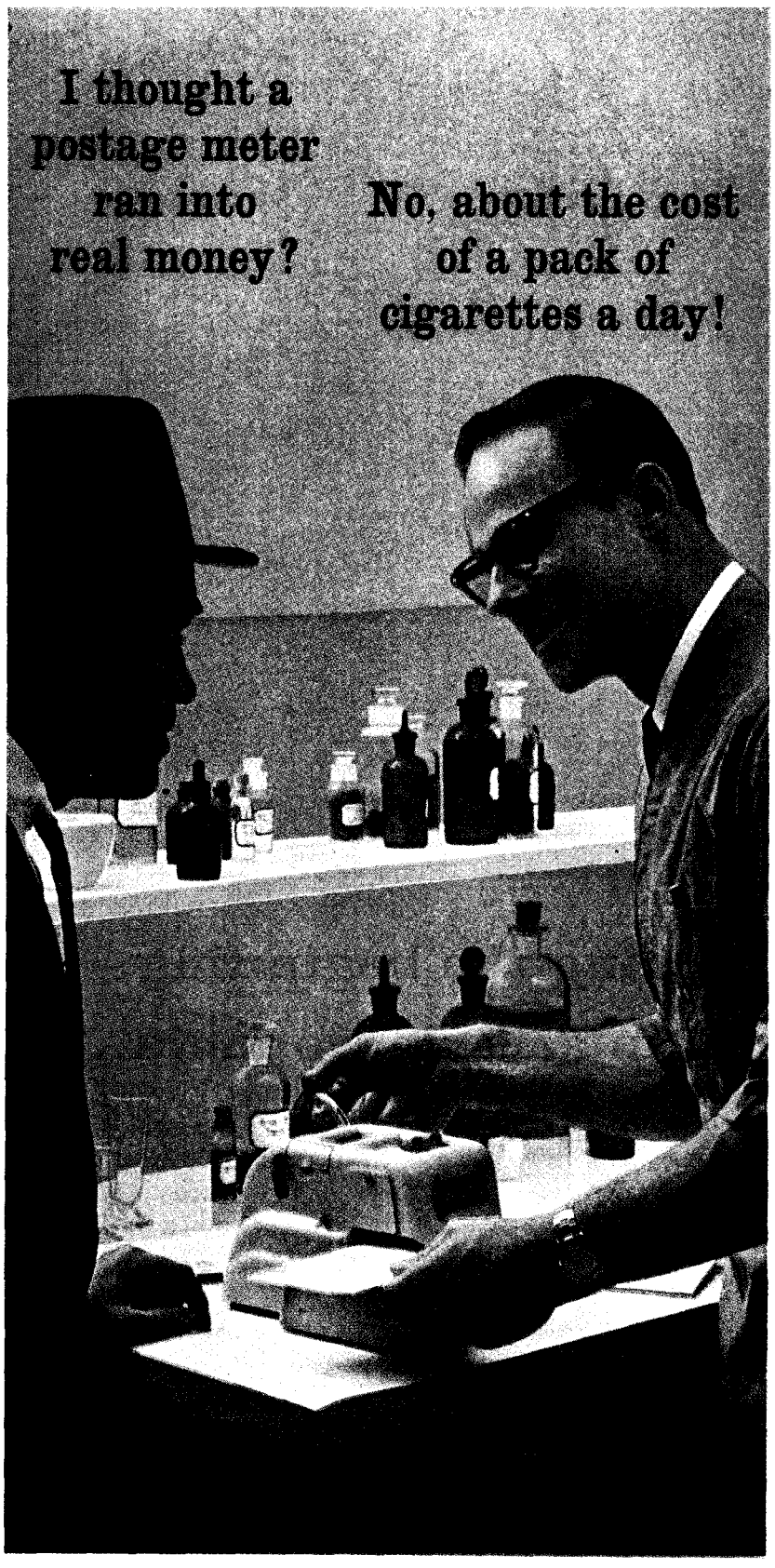
"It would be an affront to the dignity of cheetahs."

"Bah!" Shafiz said. "This one is an affront to the dignity of all creation; may the afreets fly off with him. Besides," he added sardonically, "the raja ordered him brought."

The two others moved back. Ahmed took his head, Abdullah his hindquarters and Shafiz his middle; and, muttering maledictions, they staggered into the yard with him and dumped him unceremoniously into the cart. It was a most undignified and ridiculous scene. The driver prodded his bullocks, and the cart creaked off through the bazaar.

Through all the interminable, jolting voyage across the plain, Bahram lay supine on the floor of the cart, which had no springs; and although he found that he had enough bones for three cheetahs and that all of them were pounded unmercifully, he didn't move. He tried to remember the music of the snake charmer and lose himself in the recollection of it; but the cart's ungreased axles, which make a screeching cacophony more hideous than a convention of banshees, drove everything else out of his head. For a while it was just a formless uproar that threatened to loosen his teeth, but presently it began to take on form and significance; by the time the cart stopped he was with it and far out.

The cart had stopped because one of the shikaris had seen three black buck feeding off to the left. For a while they all sat there, and presently the raja's limousine drove up. Its silver hood was tarnished and its fenders were bashed in, because the raja himself had been reduced to driving and wasn't very good at it. He climbed out, a weary-looking little man in his second-best British general's uniform with a row of decorations on the chest; his turban (*Continued on Page 71*)



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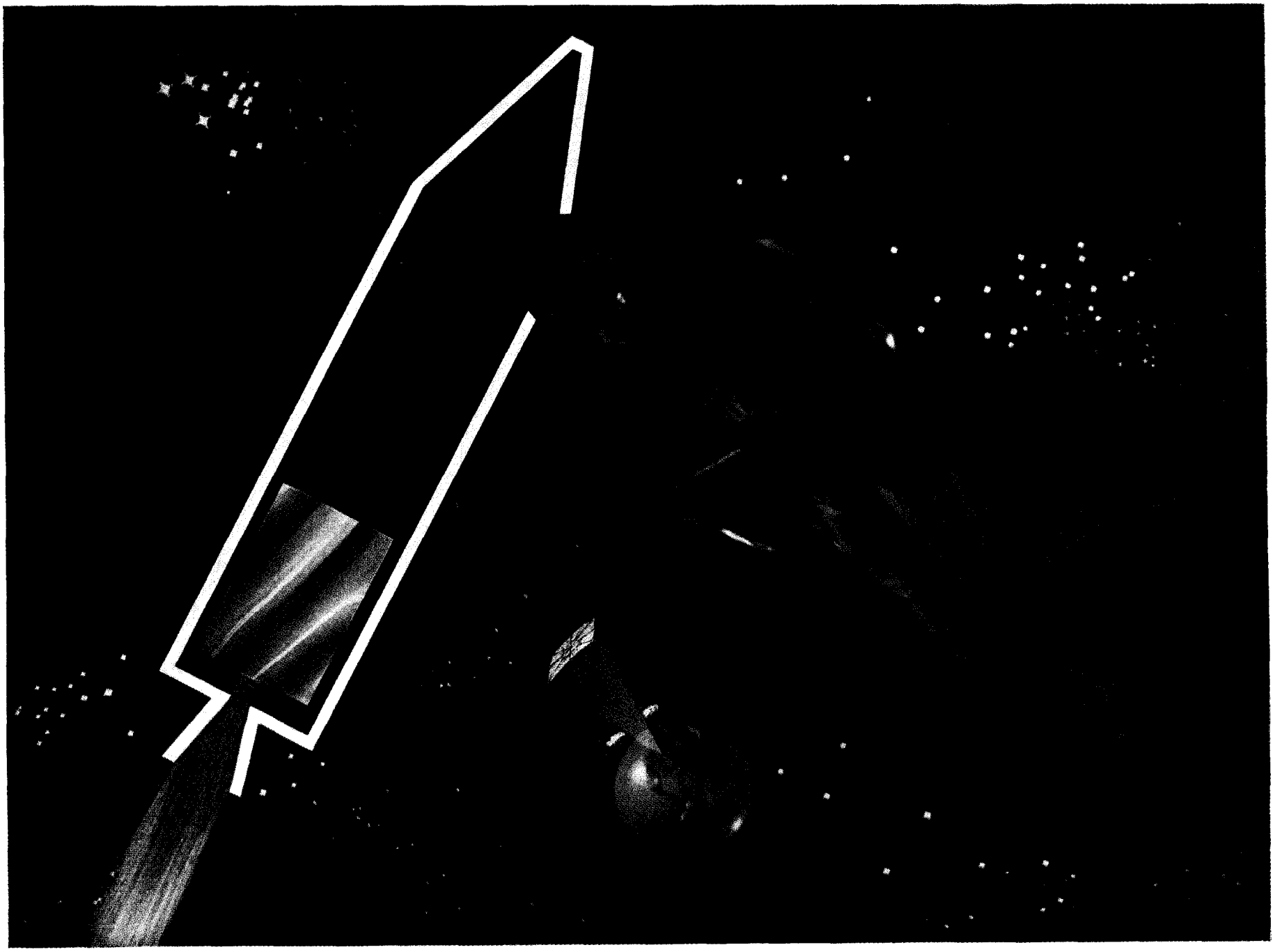

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Scientists say the time is approaching when our missions into Space may well give us the power to predict and control the ancient forces of nature—and much of our own day-by-day destiny.

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(*Continued from Page 69*) held the only decent stone left to him, a gleaming sapphire as big as an egg. The bullock driver and the shikaris all climbed off the cart and made profound salaams.

The raja squinted at the distant black buck and then looked at the cart. Fortunately Bahram had sat up to ease his aching bones, so everything seemed normal at the moment. "Loose Iskander and the young one," the raja said. "Perhaps the young one by the force of example will kill his own buck. He will learn much thereby, and we will have a sufficiency of meat for once."

There was a stir among the shikaris. They were all hungry, they all had an idea what would happen, and they each preferred that one of the others speak. Shafiz was the strongest, but the two others combined against him, and he was thrust forward.

Shafiz cursed under his breath and salaamed again. "Heaven-born," he said, "perhaps it would be better for Bahram to watch the first run, and thus learn all. Later in the day, if the Compassionate sends more buck ——"

"Loose him," the raja said.

Shafiz shrugged, climbed into the cart and took the leash and bandage off Bahram. "Run!" he whispered. "By the ninety-nine names of Allah, consider my future if you do not care about your own."

Abdullah had also climbed into the cart and taken the leash and bandage off Iskander. Iskander blinked in the sudden daylight and then saw the buck; the tip of his tail began to twitch. "Now is the time come," he said to Bahram. "Play up. Follow me."

He jumped from the cart and trotted rapidly toward the three buck, which threw up their heads to watch. Bahram took all this in with mild interest, but didn't move until Shafiz surreptitiously kicked him in the rump. This surprised him so much that he jumped from the cart, took a few steps, sat down again and yawned.

No one heeded him at the moment; they were all breathlessly watching Iskander; for the three buck had whirled about, and as they started to run Iskander leaped from his trot into the bounding gallop that is for a short distance the fastest gait of any animal on earth. He was a lambent flame, a flying streak across the plain. He pulled up on the buck, picked one, leaped for it and brought it crashing down in a cloud of dust. The four men uttered a sort of collective sigh as the drama ended, and Abdullah started out with his gear to get Iskander. It was then that the raja's eye fell upon Bahram.

He looked at the seated cheetah for a long time and then turned to Shafiz. There was a pregnant silence.

"If the Presence would give me leave to speak," Shafiz said presently.

"Speak."

"The Presence ordered him brought and loosed, instead of Shirin."

"Are you trying to avoid saying that you knew he wouldn't run?"

"Lord, he seems to prefer the music of snake charmers."

The raja stared. "And you let me feed him this long time knowing so, fool?"

"The Presence is all-knowing."

"I will have you trampled by the elephant," the raja said.

"Truly the Heaven-born is the father and mother of justice," Shafiz said, congratulating himself that the raja was still living in the past and hadn't thought of something extremely unpleasant within his present compass. "By the Seven Sleepers and Al Rakim, their dog, it is less than I deserve."

"Sell him to the animal dealer today," the raja said. "And send the man to me with the money. All of it." He got into the limousine, which refused to start. "Push!" he screamed at them. They got behind the car and pushed, grunting and straining, until the engine caught and the raja went weaving off across the plain.

Pushed into a narrow cage, stared and poked at, carted here and there, left in noisy hot sheds and finally dropped into the smelly black hold of a ship which presently began to pitch and heave about, Bahram couldn't understand the days of adversity which had fallen upon him. In the midst of this nightmare he would sometimes hazily recall his airy kennel and the snake charmer's pipe, the leisurely walks through the bazaar with Shafiz; but he never thought of his father. His wish, when he could find the energy to wish for anything, was to be home again listening to the snake charmer or riding in the musical cart, without his parents to bother him with their tiresome lectures.

And so things went on until the ship docked in New York, and his cage was hoisted up into the light of day once more. He looked blearily out at the circle of faces surrounding him and his heart sank. They were all white and alien, neither friendly nor unfriendly, but merely emptily curious and unfamiliar. None of the shikaris was there, and it wasn't in the least like home.

He was about to lie down again in desolation when a voice arrested him. It was a female voice, beguiling and sweet as the flower scents of home, with a timbre that sent shivers of pleasure up and down his spine. "Oh, Derek," the voice said, "he's nice. He has such a solemn pussy-cat face."

"At the moment," the one called Derek said, "he's a bit the worse for wear. But after he's been in quarantine in a bigger cage and has had some good food and quiet and a chance to clean himself up, he ought to shape out pretty well."

"*Must* he be in quarantine? He doesn't look sick. He just looks tired and lonely, as though someone ought to adopt him right away and take him home."

Derek didn't have a chance to answer; for, before he could speak, Bahram—roused from his forlorn state by her scent of cleanliness and flowers, the tenderness and sympathy in her voice—moved over to her, laid his head against the bars and began to purr.

"He likes me," she said, greatly pleased. "Oh, Derek, how wonderful." Without fear she extended her hand and began to caress Bahram's head.

"You've made another conquest," Derek said and began to grin. "He can't withstand you, Amy, any more than any other man you ever met."

"Any other man?" she asked. "Any other man but one." An abstraction fell upon her suddenly, and her face grew blank with thought as she absently stroked Bahram's head. "Maybe ——" she began after a moment and then fell into the abstraction again. Only Bahram's ecstatic egg-beater purr broke the long silence. Then she looked up. "Derek," she said, "would you sell him to me?"

"Sell him to you? Now, what screwball notion have you got into your pretty head? You can't catch that apparently psychotic holdout with a cheetah, my girl."

"Can't I?" she asked. "Will you help me try?"

Derek shook his head. "I've already sold him to some character out in Montana, who wants to hunt jack rabbits and coyotes with him."

"Will you lend him to me then? I need him more than some old cowboy who wants to eat coyotes. Please, Derek."

"Sorry," he said. "I've got the hungry old cowboy's money, and he knows the beast's here." He looked at her stricken face. "My dear," he said, "if the hungry old cowboy finds for some reason that he doesn't want him, then you can have him. How's that?" She nodded unhappily. "Now," he went on, "we'd better go. I've got things to do, and you must have been going somewhere when I ran into you."

"Yes," she said dispiritedly and stroked Bahram's head for the last time. "Good-by," she said and turned away.

Bahram was stunned. He had lost his heart to the lovely creature; he had found someone whose voice and hands promised all that he wanted in life, and then she had gone away. Not only that, but there had been such a feeling of finality about her going. He tried to follow, struggling against the bars; but the bars held him.

When Bahram's time in quarantine was over he was put into another small cage; the cage was loaded on a truck, which went bouncing off into the hinterland. It was almost as bad as being on the ship again, and the only thing that sustained him at all was the hope that he was being taken to the girl or back to the raja's kennels. In his misery he lost track of time, for the jolting ride went on for an interminable period and, instead of ending in a happy culmination, ended in a splintering crash. Night and the monotony of the Midwestern scenery had been too much for the driver; he had fallen asleep, gone into a ditch, hit his head on the windshield and knocked himself cold.

After the gyrations and uproar had subsided, Bahram groggily collected himself, and after stumbling about in the dark for a while found himself out of the broken cage and on the tailboard of the truck. So far as he could see, the country was very flat, so he thought he must be back on the plains of home; and with a foggy notion of finding the kennels again he dropped to the ground and started out into the night.

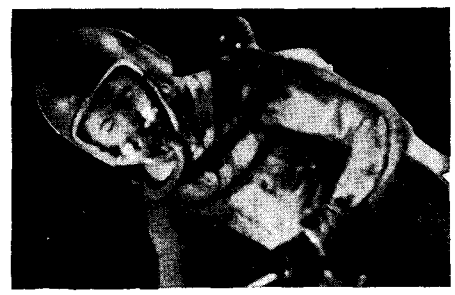
He walked and walked, he went this way and that, but the kennels eluded him. They didn't seem to be anywhere, or had been moved; his legs began to give out, and his empty belly began to growl at him. He had never realized before that the kennels could be so hard to find or that he could be so famished or leg-weary. He sat down and thought longingly of home; presently he fell asleep sitting up.

He fell over sometime during the night without waking up, and the morning sun found him flat on the prairie, wet with dew and horribly stiff. There was no habitation in sight, but far off he saw a small group of creatures that looked vaguely like the cattle which wandered through the bazaars, but that might be buck; and after watching them for a while, while his empty belly clamored at him, he got painfully into motion and started for them. Exercise and the sun's warmth

Follow the Leader

By William W. Pratt

A boy of three is normally
A busy little fellow,
And thinks exertion has to be
Combined with hoot and
bellow.
His days present an endless
din,
Each wilder than the other,
And leave him practically
done in ——
Exactly like his mother.



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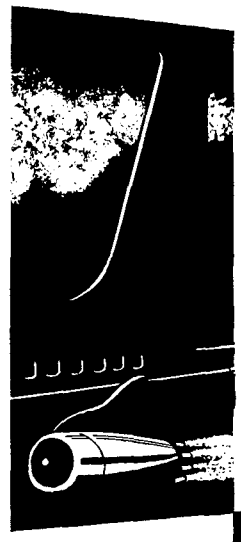

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loosened him up, but the closer he came to the beasts the bigger they got. By the time he was a hundred yards from them his mouth was watering, but he had begun to growl uncertainly to himself to keep his courage up. He hesitantly covered twenty yards more, and then the largest one of them, which had moved out to stare inimically at him, dropped its head, gave a terrifying bellow and charged.

For once he forgot that he didn't like to run. He forgot it so completely that he probably established a world's record for cheetahs, or would have if there had been anyone about to time him. He didn't stop until the cattle were lost over the horizon and then, after a considerable rest to compose himself, moved on once more in a much chastened frame of mind. Later in the day he saw a farmhouse and started for it, but a pack of dogs came roaring out after him and he had to run again.

Dusk found him still surrounded by the prairie as by an empty sea, famished, empty as a drum except for two field mice he had stumbled upon and managed to catch—and they were more of an insult to his stomach than a welcome gift. He even thought yearningly of the truck, for at least he had been fed when he was in it and protected from things that chased him.

The dusk deepened to dark, and far off on the horizon there appeared a feeble glow. Hope rekindled within him; it might be the kennels, although he couldn't recall that they had ever been lighted up at night. He gathered what strength remained in him and started for the glow. It was a fearfully long way, but he kept on. The glow waxed brighter and finally was just over a roll of the prairie. There was a shift in the breeze, which brought the maddening smell of cooking meat and then a confusion of sounds; although he was drooling with hunger, the sounds made him apprehensive; indecision took hold of him. He started toward the glow and turned away; and then, as he was about to retreat, a weird caterwauling fell upon the air. He recognized it with joy; it was the snake charmer's pipe; he turned again and galloped over the rise into the middle of a small traveling circus, which was crammed with customers and going full blast.

Before he realized it he was surrounded by a laughing crowd who all stiffened, stared, screeched and scattered wildly in all directions. They fell over tent ropes, ran into cages, climbed frantically over one another and magically disappeared, leaving him face to face with a disreputable character wrapped in a dirty sheet who sat in front of a basket from which a snake's head emerged. This man looked up, took the pipe out of his mouth, shoved the snake back into the basket with one hand, clapped the lid on it with the other and said calmly, "Well, blow me down! If it ain't a cheetah I'm P. T. Barnum's lyin' ghost."

Bahram looked at the man, who looked calmly back. Then the smell came to him again and he moved quickly to the hot-dog counter, reared up and put his forepaws on it and began to gobble up the hot dogs. While he was so engaged the man got up, walked into one of the tents and came back with a great chunk of horsemeat.

The hot dogs were gone by that time, and Bahram looked around for more. The man walked to an empty cage nearby, waved the chunk of meat at him and threw it into the cage. He ran to the cage, jumped into it and fell ravenously on the meat; the man closed the door.

"Joey!" the man yelled. "Hey, Joey!"

A head appeared around the corner of a tent.

"Joey," the man said, "blow down to the village in the pickup and call that animal guy, Derek Hughes, in New York. Tell him I got a cheetah for sale, and ast him does he want I should ship it express or truck."

So now there was another interminable ride in a truck, but this time he didn't mind it so much. At least he was fed regularly, he knew where he was, and no great roaring beasts came thundering after him. It wasn't nirvana, but it was a considerable improvement over what life had been doing to him recently; and when he was delivered into the hands of the one called Derek again he was pleased. There was no nonsense about Derek, but he was competent and kind; he inspired confidence. Derek looked at him and grinned; Derek took him out of the cage, put a collar and leash on him, brushed him well and made a telephone call. Then Derek led him into a car, got into it with him and drove off.

They drove to a big building, were whisked upward in an elevator and presently stood before a door. The door opened, and Bahram nearly suffocated with joy; for there before him was Amy, the girl of his heart.

Her eyes opened with surprise and pleasure. "Derek!" she said. "Why didn't you tell me you were bringing him when you phoned? It *is* him." She dropped to her knees and hugged Bahram, who sat down because his legs suddenly went weak.

She stood up again, with her hand on Bahram's head, and they all went into the living room. Bahram, purring like an overwrought, king-size egg beater, pressed close to her side, determined never to leave her again if he could help it.

"Why did you tease me so by telling me I couldn't have him?" she asked.

"This isn't the same one. That one was lost in the Middle West on the way to Montana."

"I'd know him anywhere. It is him, Derek. Why do you say it's not?"

"I've perjured myself to the hungry old cowboy. I've got to leave my conscience a reasonable doubt."

"Oh," she said, obviously not understanding and not trying to. "Derek, it's awfully good of you."

"A pleasure. I only wish you were trying to catch me."

"Derek," she said and kissed him in a grateful and sisterly way. "Thank you ever so much."

"Good luck," he said and went out.

It was truly a halcyon day for Bahram, who followed his friend everywhere. He couldn't bear to let her out of his sight and even went to the door with her an hour later when the bell rang.

A man was there. "Miss Masters," he began, "I'm sorry to bother you, but someone said you had ——" His glance fell upon Bahram, and he backed precipitately to the other wall. "It's true, then," he croaked, staring. "You do have a lion up here. Miss Masters ——"

"Oh, Mr. Watts," Amy said in her nicest voice. "Don't worry for a moment. He's not in the least like a lion. He's a cheetah—really more like a dog. He's very quiet and affectionate." She put her hand on Bahram's head, and his purr filled the hall. "He won't be a bit of trouble, really."

Mr. Watts eased himself away from the wall and touched his brow with a snowy handkerchief. "Well," he said in a more collected tone. "You have been a splendid tenant, and I rather stretched a point for the weimaraner, the greyhound and even the saluki, but a lion—I mean a chee —— What I mean to say is, the other tenants, you know. I'm afraid I'll have to speak to the owner, really."

"Thank you so much," Amy said. "If he's obdurate, perhaps he would consent to talk to me."

"Obdurate," Mr. Watts said. "Well—yes. That would be the thing. Thank you, Miss Masters."

"I'm most grateful, Mr. Watts," Amy said. She smiled ravishingly, watched Mr. Watts go down the hall and shut the door. Her hand trembled on Bahram's head. "Oh, dear," she said and to soothe her nerves started the record player and sat down. The only thing that Bahram had missed in his felicity was the snake charmer; but Amy liked very modern music, and the sounds that came out of the queer little box more than made up that lack to him. For over an hour he sat with his head on Amy's knee with his eyes closed, completely transported.

The clock on the mantel struck four, and Amy stood up and shut off the record player. A new restlessness seemed to take hold of her; she moved aimlessly about, looked out the windows; then she undressed and took a shower. She dressed again in even more beguiling garments, added a subtle fragrance and spent quite a time before her mirror. Then she snapped the leash on Bahram with hands that again trembled a little, and they took the elevator down to the lobby and walked out onto upper Madison Avenue.

It was better than walking with Shafiz through the bazaar, for there were more interesting things to see and more people. They were well-dressed and obviously of consequence; Bahram's mother would have approved of them; several spoke with discreet courtesy to Amy, and she smiled and answered with equal courtesy; but her mind wasn't on them. It was on a tall, dark, rugged young man for whom she had a yearning and encyclopedic knowledge, who should be appearing shortly a block or two away, walking briskly toward his penthouse apartment across the street. He always walked from the museum when he was in town; in another month or so he would put his foreign convertible into storage around the corner and go off to explore another fascinating and obscure corner of the world.

He suddenly appeared from behind a group of people a few yards away, and Amy's mouth went dry. He had been impervious to the weimaraner, the greyhound and even the saluki, and Bahram was the last arrow in her quiver. Would he stop?

He looked up and saw the cheetah; his eyes lighted up; he did stop. He took off his hat; he had nice crisp hair with a little wave in it. "Pardon," he said, "but I like cheetahs, and yours has beautiful conformation."

"Thank you," Amy said tremulously.

"I don't mean to be pushing, but are you visiting here? I haven't seen the cheetah before." He put out his hand and stroked Bahram's head.

"I live in the Duncannon," Amy said.

"Really? We're neighbors, then. That's very nice. My name's John Groff."

"I'm—" Amy said with just enough maidenly hesitation "—I'm Amy Masters."

"Now that's odd. A man named Masters was the hero of my youth, for the really outstanding work he did on the Yakuts of Siberia."

"Why," Amy said, turning rosy pink and smiling with relief, hope and love, "that was my Uncle Angus!"

"Do you know," he said, looking at her with a dawning but obvious appreciation, "you have a dimple." He grinned. "Now that we know each other, I'd like very much to see the cheetah again."

"It would be nice. He likes you. But," she went on, becoming a bit forlorn, "I'm not sure how long I can keep him. The manager ——"

"You mean old Watts? Don't bother your head about him. I own the place." He looked at her. "Not that an apartment is the best place for such a fine beast. I have a house out in the country that would be better. Fresh air and all that. Look, why don't we have some dinner and then drive out and look at it?"

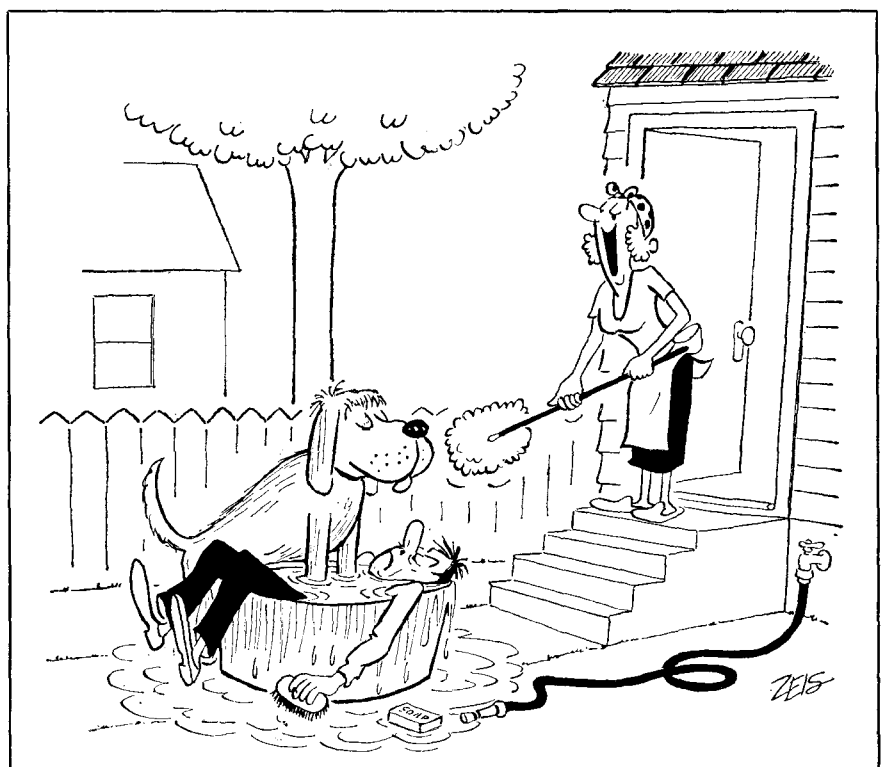
"Oh, I'd love to," Amy said. "But ——"

"But?"

"But if he was out there how would I ever see him? And he likes Shostakovich, and ——"

"Don't bother your head about any of that, either. I like Shostakovich, too, and we'll be running out there all the time."

He offered his arm; Amy took it; they started to walk. Bahram padded along beside them, purring quietly to himself. Amy liked the young man; Bahram liked him; there was a fine, salubrious feeling about the entire affair that promised a delightful life. There was one final pleasure that was denied him because he was a simple fellow and lacked a sardonic cast of thought: the mental picture of his father, prophesying that he would come to a wretched end. THE END



"Oh, good—you're bathing the dog!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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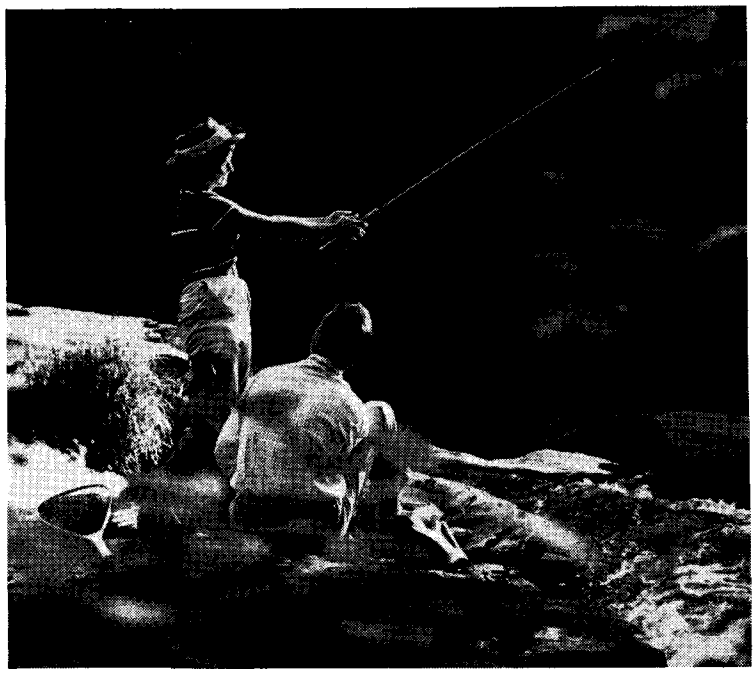

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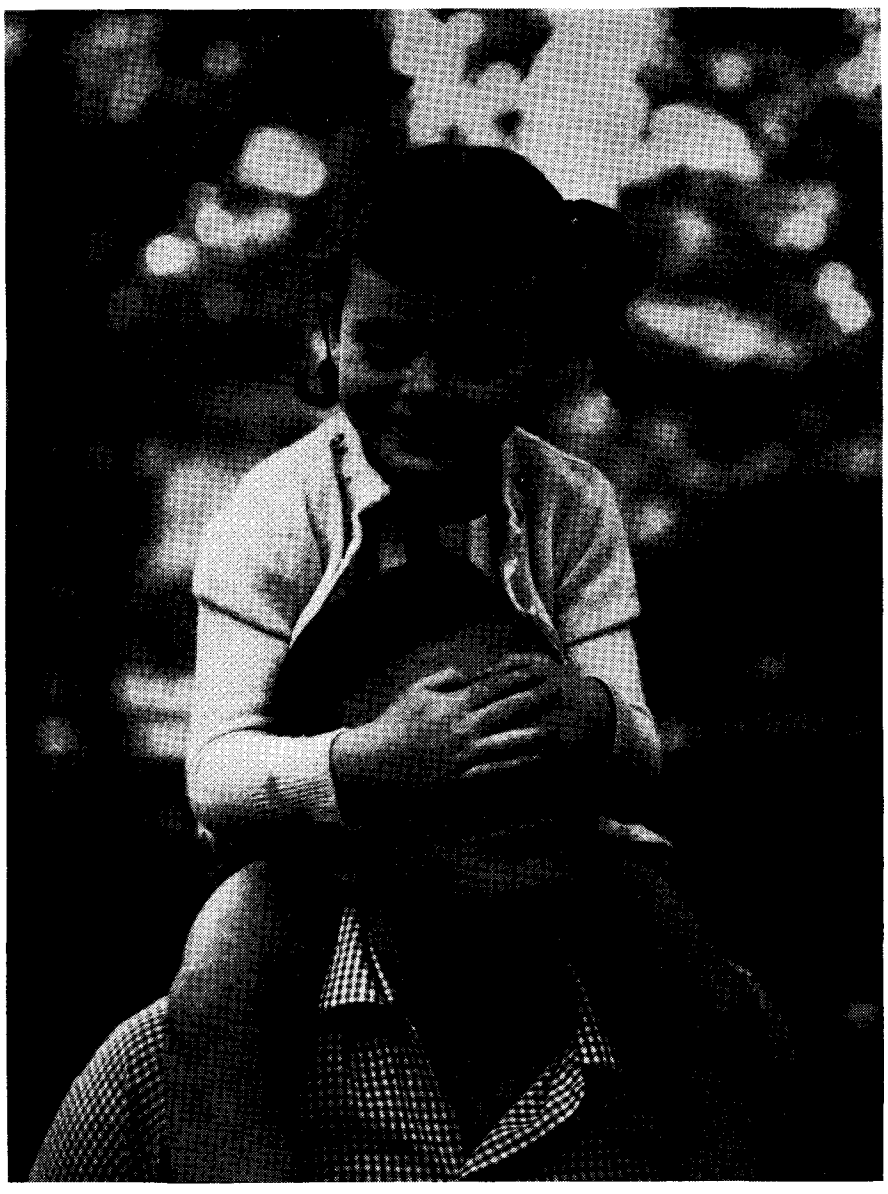

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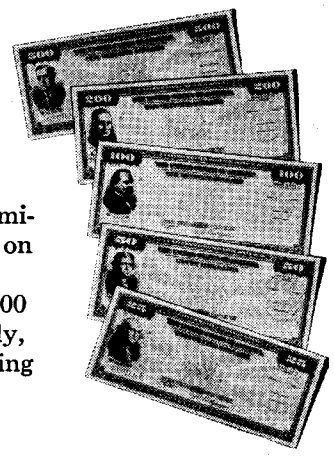

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Big Joe's Alibi (Continued from Page 34)

respectable, and their Uncle Pete's behavior was a constant embarrassment to him.

When Pete was in town you could usually find him in the bar of the Farmers and Ranchers Hotel, but Joe did not say so. He disapproved of Pete's drinking and preferred not to allude to it. With the idea of changing the subject, he said, "Nice-lookin' critter you got there." He nodded toward the trailer where the back and head of a fine whiteface showed above the trailer box. Joe raised Hereford cattle himself, though not in a big way like Bill Housman. "The kids told me you'd bought a cow an' calf from Fred Colby," he went on. "They'd been talkin' to the Colby boy."

"Show him the calf, Steve," Housman said.

Steve Connelly got out of the car. He was a lean and swarthy man in worn jeans and faded shirt. Joe followed him back to the trailer and peered over the edge of the box.

"Oh-oh!" he exclaimed. A small calf was lying crumpled up on the floor of the trailer. Joe felt again a prick of apprehension. There was a studied grimness in the behavior of Housman and Connelly that told him he himself was somehow unpleasantly involved.

"What happened?" he asked.

Bill Housman answered, calling out angrily from the car: "Pete came roarin' through a stop sign an' almost rammed us. I had to pull up so quick it throwed the cow onto the calf an' broke its neck."

"It couldn't have been Pete," Joe said.

"We seen him, didn't we?" Housman retorted.

"Pete never even slowed down," Connelly said. "He kept right on goin' like all hell was after him."

"That was a mighty valuable calf, Joe—from a registered bull," Housman called truculently. The statement was no doubt true. Fred Colby was a noted breeder of purebred Hereford stock.

"When did this happen?" Joe asked.

"Just about eleven o'clock," Steve Connelly replied.

"Well, that lets Pete out," Joe said in considerable relief. "I know where Pete was at eleven o'clock, so it couldn't have been Pete drivin' that car. Even if it was, you wouldn't have much chance of collectin' damages from him, if that's what you got in mind, Bill. Pete never has much money."

"He was drivin' your pickup truck," Housman answered. "Me an' Steve both seen him."

Joe got the idea then. Housman figured on making him the goat. But now he could afford to be amused at the way Housman was trying to work out his spite about the grazing lease. There were half a dozen trucks in the district that were the same model as Joe's, most of them as old and battered as his own. Moreover, Housman and Connelly could not have got a very clear view of the man in the cab if the pickup had gone through the intersection as fast as they claimed. But Housman wanted it to be Joe's truck, so he and Steve Connelly were prepared to swear that it was.

"It's too bad about the calf," Joe said. "But you're barkin' up the wrong tree this time, Bill. Just to settle the argument, I'll go find Pete."

"You better had!" Housman warned. "Because I'm goin' to get the police."

Joe started down the street toward the hotel. He was not a bit worried over this latest example of Housman's vindictiveness. The time of the accident—eleven o'clock—provided Pete with an ironclad alibi.

Shortly before eleven o'clock, Pete had been with Joe and the kids when they met Mr. Stockley and the "bird doctor," as Babe had called Mr. Stockley's companion. Pete had disappeared soon afterward. Without so much as a gruff "Excuse me," he had slouched off, a scrawny bowlegged figure in worn denim and shabby old cowboy boots. Joe had scowled after him, knowing that Pete was heading for the hotel bar, which opened each day at eleven o'clock. Now, however, Joe reflected that for once he would be glad to find Pete in the bar, with plenty of witnesses to testify that he had been waiting on the doorstep with other thirsty individuals when the bar opened.

Mr. Stockley was the school superintendent. Next to her pop, Babe rated him as the world's most important personage. Sometimes, indeed, Joe was not actually sure that he himself outranked the superintendent in Babe's eyes. Joe would have passed by him with no more than a polite "Howdy" that morning, but Babe had called out an impulsive and friendly "Hi, Mr. Stockley!" So then the superintendent had stopped and had introduced the tall man who was with him.

"This is Doctor Gibson," he said, and Joe could tell by his way of saying it that the doctor was somebody pretty important, although he certainly did not look it. There was, for a fact, a certain air of distinction about him, but he was dressed in khaki clothes and peaked cap and rough, calf-high boots.

"Doctor Gibson is one of our most noted ornithologists—a professor at the university," Mr. Stockley said. "He writes books about birds. He takes pictures and movies of them and makes tape recordings of bird songs."

Babe had immediately concluded that the "doctor" was a sort of bird veterinary, and meeting him seemed to her providential because she had been worrying for days about the "crazy" bird and she hoped that the doctor would be able to help it.

"There's a little brown bird in our coulee," she had piped up eagerly at once, although usually she was shy with strangers.

"Shush, Baby!" Big Joe said in considerable embarrassment.

Privately he had suspected from the first that the "crazy" bird acted the way it did because it had discovered Uncle Pete's still. Once before, although the kids had been too young at the time to take notice, a flock of crows had eaten some fermented mash from Pete's still and had been observed staggering drunkenly around a bluff of poplar trees in which the still had been concealed.

True, the "crazy" bird was not behaving the way the crows had. But it was reasonable to suppose that birds reacted differently to liquor, just as humans did. Joe had not told the kids of his suspicion, their Uncle Pete's still being one of the unpleasant facts of life which he preferred not to discuss with them.

Babe and Little Joe had never seen a bird like this one before, although the big, brush-filled coulee harbored many birds not ordinarily found in prairie country. There was even a bush partridge whose loud drumming filled the whole coulee in the spring. In fact, the kids had been making a stealthy approach to the drumming log, hoping to catch the partridge in the midst of its performance, when they first came upon the strange little bird.

It was dark-brown above, but whitish underneath, and it had a long bill. It was busily constructing a nest in the rushes and cattails of a small, spring-fed slough. Lots of other birds were building nests at that time of year, but they were all working in pairs, whereas this bird worked alone.

"It must be a widower like pop," Babe whispered, crouching beside her brother behind a clump of willow brush. She felt an instant sympathy for the solitary little bird, working so hard to make a home for its motherless family, just as pop had had to do for Little Joe and herself after their mom died.

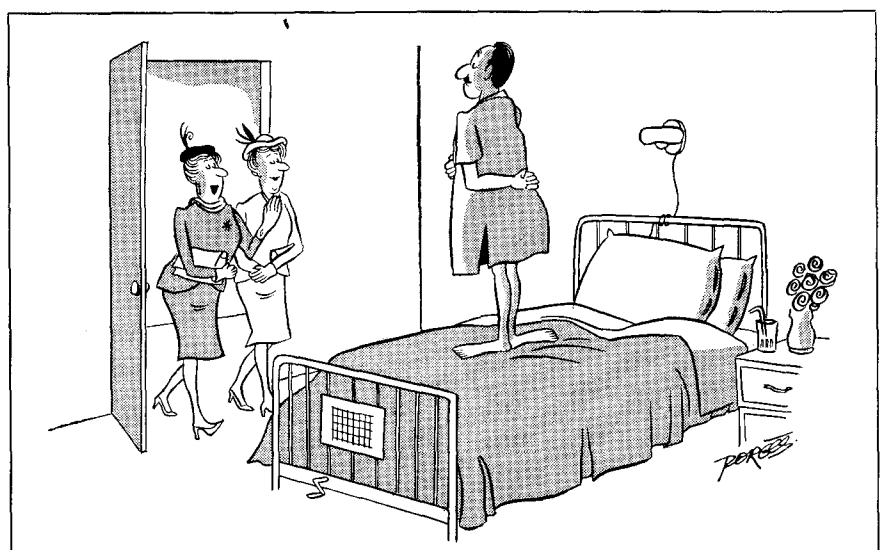
"That's silly!" Little Joe scoffed. "If there's no hen bird to lay the eggs, how could there be a family to build a nest for?"

Babe had not thought of that. Still, the bird was certainly building a nest. It consisted of a mass of reeds and coarse grass, woven into the rushes a few feet above the water of the slough.

"There's a little hole in the side for a door," Babe reported later at home.

"Sounds to me like the bird's plumb crazy," Uncle Pete remarked. But neither he nor Big Joe could guess, from the kids' description of the bird, what its name might be.

In the days that followed Babe and Little Joe came more and more to think that Uncle Pete had been right about the bird's being crazy. Because it no sooner finished one nest than it proceeded to build a second, and after that a third—still working pathetically alone, with no mate to help it. The kids spent hours watching it, so mystified by its queer behavior that not even the sound of the partridge drumming on its log, farther along the coulee, could draw them away from their observation post in the willow brush.



"Please, don't bother to get up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

And from their daily reports Big Joe was confirmed in his belief that the bird was not crazy at all but just crazy drunk from too frequent visits to Uncle Pete's still, although Pete insisted that he had not spilled any mash which the bird could be eating. Joe still did not let on to the kids, however, and Babe kept on feeling sorry for the bird.

"Quit worryin' about it, Baby," he kept telling her. "It will sober up—I mean, it will get over what ails it one o' these days."

But Babe was a softhearted kid, always moved by the misfortunes of others, whether human or animal, and naïvely unconscious of the fact that she might well have felt sorry for herself. It was a tough break for her to be left without the woman care that a little girl ought to have. Babe was just like her mom used to be. She looked like her mom, too, being daintily made, with clear and candid blue eyes and bright blond hair. Little Joe, on the other hand, had inherited his pop's black hair and eyes and sturdy build—which, Big Joe often thought wryly, was at least better than if the boy had taken after his Uncle Pete. Joe figured he could do a fair job of bringing up his son. Babe was his chief problem. He worried a lot about Babe.

"She's got this crazy bird on her mind," he said apologetically to Doctor Gibson.

"It's a little brown bird with a long bill," Babe persisted, refusing to be brushed off. "It built three nests all by itself! Uncle Pete says it must be crazy."

"Listen, Baby," Joe scolded, "Doctor Gibson ain't really a bird doctor. I mean, he don't go around doctorin' birds, the way a vet doctors cows an' horses. He's a ornery——"

"Ornithologist," Little Joe prompted, being always more adept than his pop at roping and throwing new words, "a man who studies about birds."

"That's right, Babe," Doctor Gibson said, smiling down at her. The smile made him seem friendly all at once, whereas at first he had appeared stiff and sort of standoffish. "From the way you describe this bird," he went on, "I'd say it must be a long-billed marsh wren. If so, it's not crazy at all, but is behaving in a perfectly normal way. Like other members of the wren family, the male marsh wren comes back in the spring ahead of its mate. In his anxiety to please Mrs. Wren, he sometimes builds several nests so that she can take her pick. She will show up pretty soon. She won't be satisfied with any of the nests that Mr. Wren built for her. But she'll pick the least objectionable of them and proceed to fix it up to suit herself."

It was good to see the smile of relief on Babe's face as she listened.

"Well," Big Joe chuckled thankfully, "I'm sure glad we got that cleared up!"

He chuckled again reminiscently as he entered the bar. It was a place he never visited except when he was looking for Pete. He had promised the kids' mom not to go there. "Don't get to be an old soak like Pete, for the children's sake," Emmy used to say.

Pete was not in the bar. "He ain't been here yet this morning," the bartender said.

In some alarm Joe hastened to the parking lot where he had left the pickup. The truck was not there.

"Dad-rat it!" he muttered uneasily. "Looks like Housman could've been right after all. Maybe Pete got scared about the bird man goin' to the coulee."

The way it had happened, Doctor Gibson had expressed surprise about the presence of a marsh wren in prairie country.

"There's all kinds of birds in our coulee," Little (*Continued on Page 76*)

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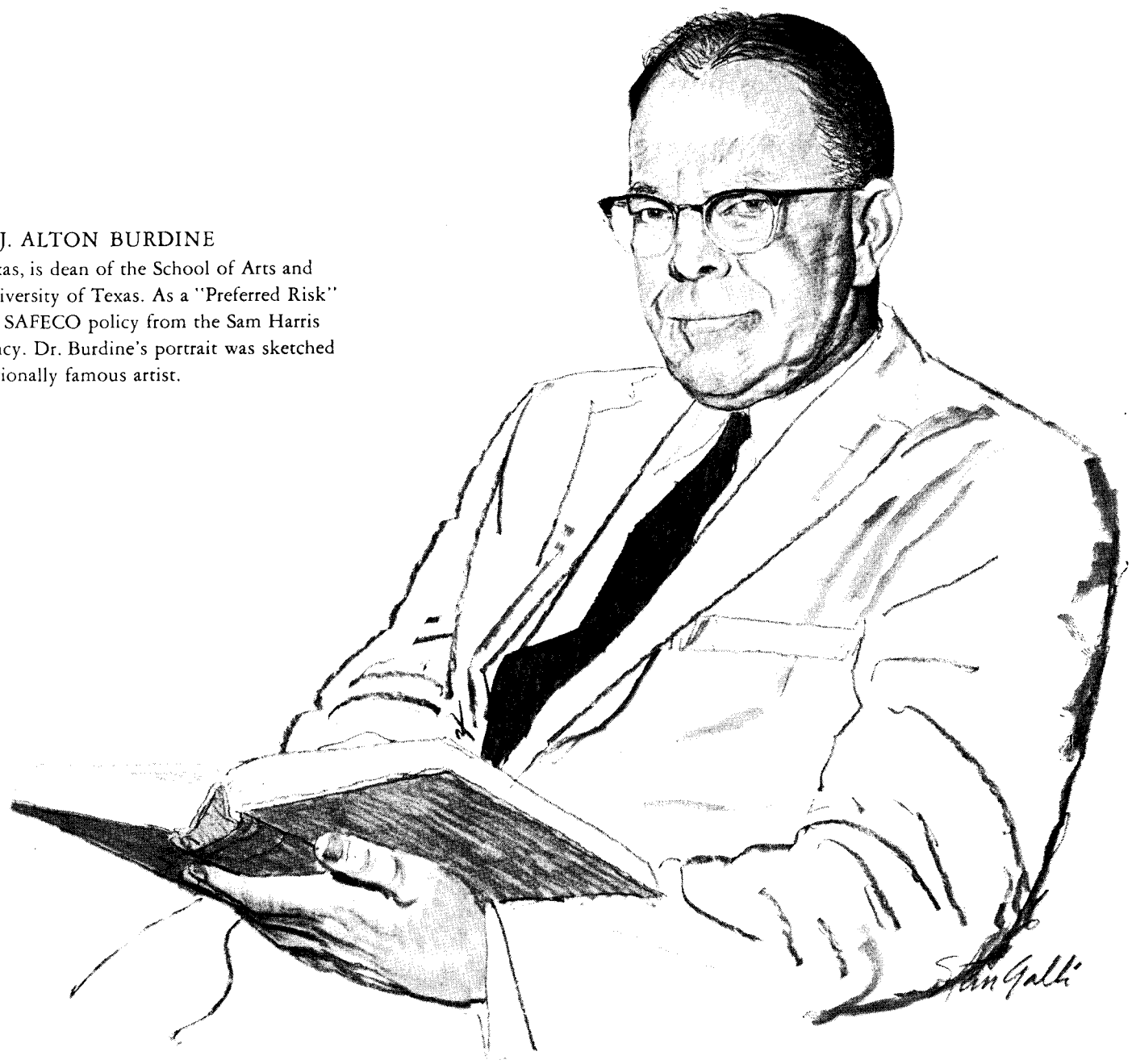

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(*Continued from Page 74*) Joe bragged. "There's even a bush partridge. He's got a drummin' log there."

Doctor Gibson had seemed much more excited about the partridge—he called it a "ruffed grouse"—than about the marsh wren. "I'd like very much to get a tape recording of a ruffed grouse drumming," he told Little Joe. "Would you and Babe show me where the drumming log is?"

"Oh, sure!" Little Joe answered. "We oughta go right now, though. It's about this time of day that he usually starts drummin'."

"Let's go then!" Doctor Gibson exclaimed. "My car's parked down the street."

He and the kids took off at once. And now as Big Joe started piecing things together he recalled that at the same time Pete had hastened off in the opposite direction. Mr. Stockley had seemed upset about Doctor Gibson's leaving.

"Perhaps I should have gone with him," the superintendent said to Joe. "I invited him here to talk to a group of teachers this afternoon at two o'clock. But he's the most absent-minded fellow! Once he starts chasing birds, he's quite likely to forget all about the meeting."

"Don't worry," Joe assured him. "I'll be goin' home soon. I'll remind him about the meetin'."

But that had been before he met Bill Housman. And now he was wishing that he and the family had never set eyes on Doctor Gibson. For it was apparent that when Pete disappeared he was not concerned with the eleven-o'clock opening of the bar but with the bird man's visit to the coulee where Pete's still was hidden.

Pete was always jittery about the still—and with good reason—because the police had often tried to find it. In fact, Pete had it set up on a large stoneboat so that he could hitch a team of horses to it and haul it away at short notice. So, it was quite possible that Pete, taking off in a panic, had gone charging past a stop sign at eleven o'clock, just as Housman claimed. In that case, Housman might have Joe over a barrel.

He carried no insurance on the pickup truck. As the truck's owner, he might have to pay what Housman claimed the calf was worth, which would be as much as Housman could make it. He would also have to pay Pete's fine, because Housman and Connelly would swear that Pete had not paused at the stop sign. However, seeing that there had been no actual collision, there was some doubt in Joe's mind about his liability for the death of the calf.

"I better talk to Lawyer Bennett," he muttered.

He stopped first at a garage on the corner where the stop sign was, in the hope that someone there had witnessed the alleged near collision. You could not believe Bill Housman and his man Connelly on oath if it suited their purpose to lie about what had happened.

"I haven't seen Pete," the garage man said. "But Bill Housman pulled in here a while back for a fill of gas. He didn't say anything about an accident. But he sure was in a bad mood. Steve Connelly was with him. They had a cow in a trailer."

"Cow an' calf," Joe said.

"I didn't notice any calf. It could've been lyin' down, though. All I noticed was how mean Housman acted. I figured it was because he needed a drink and the bar don't open until eleven o'clock."

"You mean, this was *before* eleven o'clock?" Joe asked sharply.

"It was a quarter to eleven," the man answered. "The reason I remember, I figured that Housman still had fifteen minutes to wait before he could get a drink to mellow him up. You know how he is."

"I know how he is," Joe said grimly. Nobody knew Bill Housman better than Joe did after living near him for years. Housman had more land than he could use, but he was still sore about Joe's getting the extra grazing lease. He had more cattle than Joe had dollars, but losing one small calf, purebred though it was, could throw him into a tizzy. And on top of everything else he was a liar from away back.

As Joe walked away he kept pondering on the fact that Housman had been in a bad temper at a quarter to eleven, fifteen minutes before he claimed that Pete had come charging at him through a stop sign and caused the accident to the calf. It could, of course, have been because Housman needed a drink, as the garage man said. On the other hand, it seemed to Joe that the calf might have been already dead in the trailer when the near collision with the pickup had given Housman a double-barreled chance: not only to get paid for the calf but to make Joe pay for it, thus working out his grudge against Joe.

While the cow and calf were being transferred from Fred Colby's truck to the Housman trailer, the frisky little calf might have done a bolt and jumped or fallen out of the truck, landing in such a way as to break its neck. That sort of thing could easily happen if a man did not watch out.

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SIDNEY BRODY

"Wouldn't you know it!" Joe growled. The trouble was, he did not actually know it. He merely suspected.

He started at once to look for Fred Colby and found him eventually in a barbershop. Colby said he had met Housman at the bank, having left his own boy and Joe's kids with the Colby truck at the stockyards. He had waited to deposit Housman's check, telling Housman where the truck was.

"You weren't there yourself, then, when Housman unloaded the cow an' calf," Joe said.

"Nope. He didn't need me. He had a man with him."

"Where's your boy now?" Joe asked.

"I saw him a while back. He said somethin' about ridin' home with a neighbor. Why?"

"I'm just curious about somethin'," Joe answered. "Nothin' your boy did, see? Just somethin' he might've seen happen."

Babe and Little Joe might also have seen it happen. If so, it was strange that they had not mentioned it. But Mr. Stockley and the bird man had come along just then, interrupting the kids' chatter about the cow and calf that Housman had bought.

Joe walked down to the stockyards on the chance of finding somebody there who had witnessed the transfer of the cow and calf. The Colby truck was still there, but not a person was in sight. Joe examined the ground in the rear of the truck, but could not see anything significant. He wished that he were smart like the detectives in radio plays, who were always able to spot evidence that other people missed. He wished that the bird man would bring the kids back to town. Most fervently of all he wished that he and the family had never met the bird man. Then Pete would not have panicked and gone charging off in the pickup.

It was now after one o'clock, so Joe stopped at Ma Thompson's restaurant for something to eat. Ma Thompson was a broad-beamed, loud-voiced woman who served the best meals in town and threw in a great deal of hearty conversation along with the meals. It did not bother Ma a bit that Joe was glum and unresponsive. She kept on talking just the same. Joe was still sitting at the lunch counter when Housman and Connelly found him.

"The cop's away somewhere," Housman said, taking a seat at Joe's side. Joe shrugged with pretended unconcern. Housman ordered hamburgers and coffee for Connelly and himself. "You could save yourself money, Joe, if we settled this thing without waitin' for the police," Housman said presently.

Joe shrugged again. He was convinced that Housman was bent on slipping something over on him. But if he hoped to escape the trap he would have to keep his wits about him. So he tried to throttle his anger because whenever he got sore he tended to get violent, and that would prevent him from thinking clearly.

"Me an' Steve are likely the only ones who saw Pete go through that stop sign," Housman went on. "If we don't tell the police about it, then Pete won't get fined."

"You still think it was Pete you saw?" Joe countered. By this time he was ready to believe that it really had been Pete, but it would be poor strategy to admit it to Housman.

"Of course it was Pete!" Housman snorted. "Now, what I'm gettin' at, Joe: once Pete is convicted of a traffic violation, then you'll be liable for damages as the owner of the truck. That will mean court costs, if I have to sue you. It would be a lot cheaper for you to pay me for the calf right now."

"That's real considerate of you," Joe drawled. "But I won't do a thing until I talk to Pete."

What he really wanted was to talk to Babe and Little Joe. If they and the Colby boy had happened to see the calf fall out of the truck, then Joe would be able to call Housman's bluff.

As if in a belated answer to Joe's prayer, Doctor Gibson's station wagon pulled up in front of the restaurant at that moment. It was a shabby vehicle, and the interior was cluttered with bags and coils of wire and other miscellaneous equipment. From this clutter Doctor Gibson lifted out a large case and carried it with him as he followed Babe and Little Joe into the restaurant.

"Hi, pop!" the kids called out at the sight of Big Joe.

"We're going to have dinner with Doctor Gibson!" Babe announced importantly. She had torn her best dress, Big Joe noticed, but he was not in a mood to worry about that at the time.

"We caught the partridge drummin', pop!" Little Joe cried.

Doctor Gibson lifted the case to the top of the lunch counter. "Would you mind plugging in this tape recorder?" he asked Ma Thompson. "I'm anxious to try out a recording I made. If it isn't satisfactory I'll have to try again tomorrow."

"This is Doctor Gibson, Ma," Big Joe said. "He's a ornery——"

"Ornithologist," Little Joe prompted.

The words "doctor" and "ornithologist" seemed to knock Ma Thompson for a loop. Without a word of comment she plugged the cord into a socket behind the bar while Housman and Connelly also gaped at the doctor in awe. Joe drew the kids to one side.

"Did you an' the Colby boy see Housman unload that cow an' calf?" he demanded in a low but urgent tone.

The kids shook their heads. "Jimmy Colby had a quarter to spend," Little Joe said. "So me an' Babe went with him. What's the matter, pop?"

"Looks like I'm stuck, that's what's the matter," Big Joe muttered. But his words went unheard because Doctor Gibson had turned a switch and the booming sound of the drumming partridge suddenly filled the restaurant.

"Ain't that something!" Little Joe shouted above the din.

Doctor Gibson beamed. But Big Joe was seething with wrath and frustration. He was sure that Housman was about to swindle him. He was certain that the calf had been already dead when Housman almost collided with Pete at the intersection at eleven o'clock. But he was powerless to prove it. He considered trying to call Housman's bluff by trying a bluff of his own, threatening to produce a witness who had seen the calf fall from the truck. But while he was fretting and fuming, the drumming sound stopped abruptly and was succeeded by a crashing noise like that made by a heavy body forcing its way through brush. Then a man's voice came off the tape.

"Giddap!" the voice said. "Let's git the hell outta here before the bird man catches us!" Nobody present, except Doctor Gibson, could have failed to recognize it as Pete's voice. Pete suffered from chronic asthma, and his voice had the harsh and rasping sound of a frosty pump handle.

"Uncle Pete was in the brush somewhere," Little Joe explained regretfully. "He scared the partridge away."

"We got enough on the tape anyway," Doctor Gibson announced with satisfaction. Then his own voice came out of the recorder: "Ruffed grouse drumming—recorded near Sanford at eleven o'clock on May twenty-seventh."

"Eleven o'clock!" Big Joe was so amazed that he almost blurted the words aloud. Doctor Gibson—and Pete, also—had been in town at eleven o'clock. Pete had gone through the stop sign at eleven o'clock. Joe noticed that Bill Housman was looking at him guiltily. Housman got down off his stool. He jerked his head at Steve Connelly, then started for the door.

"Seems like we made a mistake, Joe," Housman said. "It turns out that Pete wasn't even in town at eleven o'clock."

Joe shrugged, as though he had been sure of it all the time. He was overjoyed at the way Doctor Gibson had provided Pete with an alibi, but completely at a loss to account for it. The bird man did not even know that Pete needed an alibi. Dazedly Joe listened while the doctor ordered dinner for himself and the kids.

By and by Joe remembered to say, "Mr. Stockley asked me to remind you about the meetin' at two o'clock, doctor. It's nearly two o'clock already."

Doctor Gibson looked at his wrist watch. "That's funny," he said. "My watch still shows eleven o'clock." He held the watch to his ear. Then he began to grin sheepishly. "It's stopped," he said. "I must have forgotten to wind it last night. Sometimes I think I'm getting absent-minded."

"An' sometimes I get a lucky break!" Big Joe reflected thankfully. Later, after talking to Pete, he was more thankful than ever. Pete admitted that he had charged past the stop sign. But he recalled that Housman's car had been pulling away from the gas pump at the time.

"He wasn't even near enough so he had to slow down," Pete insisted.

But a little thing like a barefaced lie would not have stopped Housman and Connelly. It would have been their word against Pete's, and Joe would never have been able to prove that the calf had broken its neck at the stockyards. So it was lucky for him that the professor was absent-minded. THE END

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The Secret of Doctor Harry

(Continued from Page 35)

He was born at Suez on July 25, 1921, the only son of Greek Cypriot peasants who had come to Egypt to seek their fortune, first in a small grocery, then a small bakery. He worked hard as soon as he was old enough, but his parents were set on making a Greek Orthodox priest of him. There had been priests on both sides of the family.

Harry had not the slightest desire to be a priest, but prudently kept his mouth shut. What fascinated him was medicine. He reveled in all the Greek stories about Asklepios and Hippocrates, and swore—to himself—that he would be a doctor.

When college time came, his parents had no money to give him. Antiforeigner feeling had been growing in Egypt; they were in debt and near failure. But one of Harry's two sisters had married a man who later became a priest, the Rev. Gregory Sava, who now dipped into his own meager savings—not for the last time—to help his young brother-in-law. Off Harry went to the University of Athens where he registered not in the theological school, but in the medical school.

The secret leaked out, and his parents exploded with anger. Especially his father, whose name Petros means "rock," and a rock of a man indeed. Harry recalls how his father could lift three bags of flour at once, each weighing about 118 pounds. His father hated doctors and said the only way to keep healthy was to eat plenty of raw garlic every day. This antimedical bias was confirmed, in his eyes, when a doctor performed what later proved to be an entirely unnecessary operation and left him maimed for life.

Stormy letters raged between Egypt and Greece, with both father and son adamant for a time. But Greeks are wise in compromise. At last Harry's father suggested a deal: While he would never allow his son to become a physician, how about being a dentist? Harry agreed. After all, dentistry was really within the sacred field of medicine. Greek belief held that Asklepios was not only the world's first physician but its first dentist as well.

When the Nazis suddenly invaded Greece, university classes became rare and hurried. Like millions of others, Harry was on a near-starvation ration. Since he had a good voice, he began to earn extra money for food by singing in a church choir—and there met a girl much younger than he. Maria Petta, although Athens-born, had kinsmen on the island of Zante, who managed to sneak in oil, flour and other precious food. Maria passed some along to Harry, and today he is firmly convinced only her help kept him alive. "A thousand reasons—not only the food—made me fall in love with Maria."

Nevertheless, his weight fell to under 100 pounds. When World War II ended, civil war ravaged Greece, and his worried family in Egypt brought him home to fatten him up. Butter, bread and meat gradually restored his health, weight and bustling energy. "I got to be a tough guy again," he says with a grin.

Harry returned to Athens for night-and-day study, determined not only to have his D.D.S. diploma, but also the very highest honor graduates could win. This was the *Ariste* degree, meaning "the best," from a root word whence comes "aristocrat." Graduation day was June 15, 1946, and when he got his diploma his face justified the literal meaning of his name—Shining With Joy. Disregarding expense for once, he cabled his parents in Egypt: ARISTE TODAY.

Harry had always assumed he would practice in Egypt, the only country he really knew. Before he left Athens he became formally engaged to Maria, and to her he made this solemn pledge: "I swear that in eighteen months from now, wherever I am, whether rich or poor, I will send for you and we will be married—if you still wish it."

Egypt was a cruel disappointment. Antiforeigner feeling was higher than ever. Even though he had an Egyptian passport, he was refused permission to practice there—unless he could pay a bribe of about $2000. This was impossible. Dismayed, he wondered where he could practice.

He thought wistfully of the United States. "From the day I was born," he recalls, "I wanted to go to America to live. But it seemed as impossible as eating the moon for dinner." In 1946 immigration quotas were booked for years to come. Besides, his D.D.S. degree was not recognized in America, and it would mean more years of study before he could practice. With Maria waiting, he had no time to lose.

By chance in Cairo one day he met a young Greek who worked for the American-managed Ethiopian Airlines. "Why don't you try Ethiopia?" he suggested. "It's a fine country, wonderful climate, expanding. There ought to be a lot of opportunity for a bright young dentist."

It seemed better than nothing. Harry got a visa allowing him to stay in Ethiopia three months. His faithful brother-in-law, Father Gregory, lent him enough money to pay for a one-way air passage to Addis Ababa, to buy one single presentable suit and a few dental medicines and acids that might be hard to find in Ethiopia.

He set out with high hopes. But the plane was high, too, and he had never heard how altitude will sometimes force liquids from their containers. The dental acids leaked on his single suit, ruining it hopelessly, forever. Thus he landed in Addis Ababa in April, 1947, with no clothes except an old pair of pants and a zipper jacket. Plus seventy dollars and his *Ariste* diploma.

Doctor Harry got a cool reception from Addis Ababa's foreign dentists, who were not eager for competition. His seventy dollars soon melted away, and for a while he worked as a dental technician for an older dentist, in exchange for meals. When his three-month visa expired, he tried to get permission to stay on longer. But there were mysterious delays, and no action.

"But," Harry says, "God never left me. No matter how black things were, He always opened doors for me." One day the door of the dentist's office opened, and in came Ras Kassa, one of Ethiopia's most respected elder statesmen, for treatment. The principal dentist was out, and Doctor Harry did the work. Ras Kassa was pleased with it, and with the pleasant young Greek who already spoke some words of Amharic, Ethiopia's principal language. They began to talk, and Doctor Harry mentioned his trouble in getting a residence permit. Ras Kassa said he would look into it. The permit soon came through.

But a permit was still not money, and Christmas Eve of 1947 was one of the worst times of Doctor Harry's life. As he walked down the street, alone, he could hear children singing carols. All that his pockets held was one Ethiopian coin worth an American dime. With it he bought a loaf of bread and then walked three miles in the darkness to a shabby room where he had a cot. He sat alone and munched the bread. "Tears were

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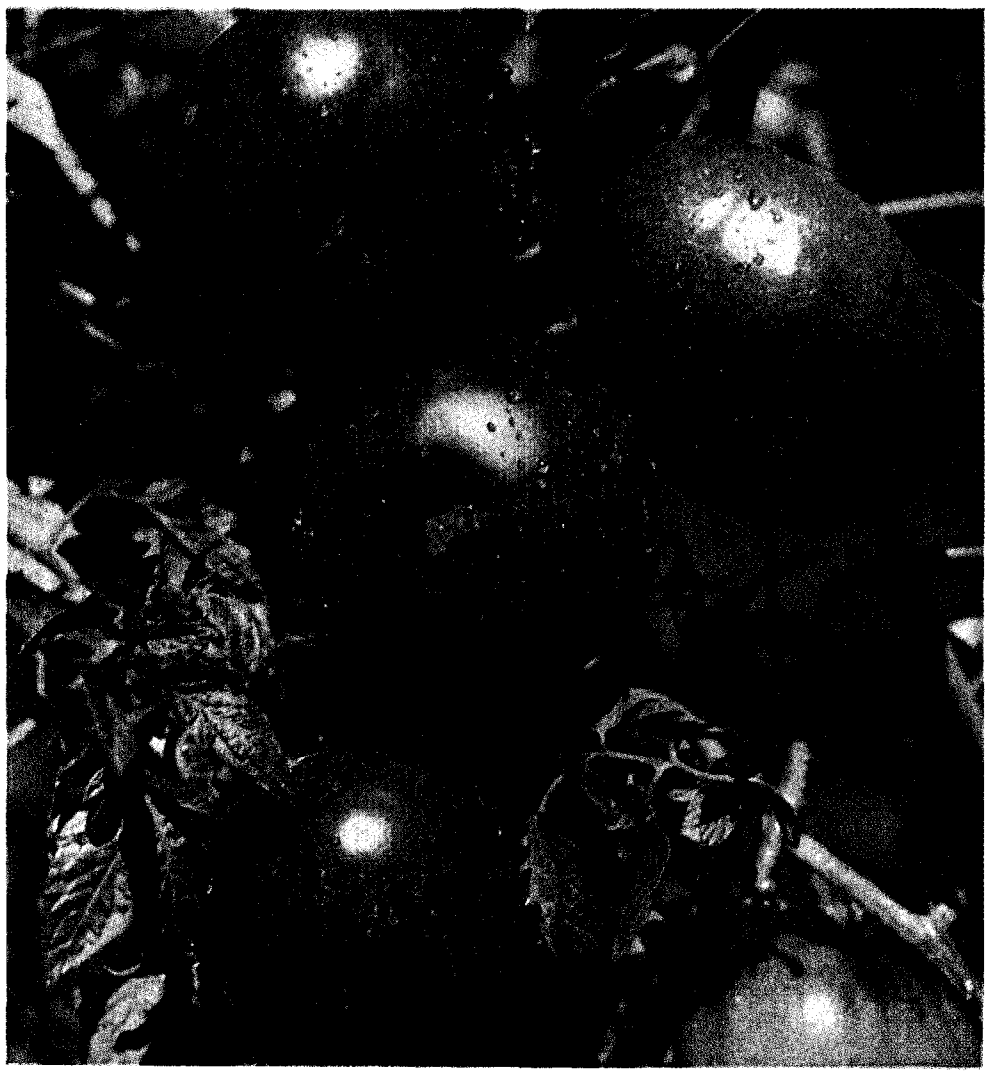

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running down my face," he says in recalling this awful night.

The eighteen-month deadline he had solemnly set with Maria would expire in a few weeks. What could he tell her?

One day early in January, 1948, some young Greek friends of his heard his bleak story, and one of them made a bizarre suggestion: "Why don't you go from house to house and do dental work for people in their homes? There must be a lot like me—they put off going to the dentist—but if you were there, on the spot. . . ."

The friend proved his point by direct action. An acquaintance happened to be passing in the street, and he yelled, "Hey, Manolis, come here a minute." Manolis did, and the friend said, "Your teeth are in awful shape. Let the dentist here take a look at them." A little dazed, Manolis consented and, just as dazed, Doctor Harry looked. He found indeed two teeth that should have come out long ago. Manolis said all right. Doctor Harry took them out then and there, and got the first dental fee he had ever earned on his own, the equivalent of eight dollars. "I still remember the wonderful feeling of those bills," he says.

Now Doctor Harry's friends turned to. In a junk shop they found, by rare luck, an old discarded foot-pedal contraption that could be used to turn a drill. The friend who worked with the airline brought back from the outside world some basic dental instruments and supplies. Bright and early each morning Doctor Harry began walking from house to house, carrying the heavy drill contraption in one hand and in the other a black bag of instruments and supplies. Business was surprisingly good. With the dentist right on the doorstep, smiling, pleasant, ready to go to work, resistance to dental care usually melted away. At the end of that January, true to his word, Doctor Harry wrote Maria in Athens, explaining frankly how things stood.

"I cannot offer you even a bed or a table or a chair yet," he wrote. "All I can offer you is my love and willingness to work. If you will still come and marry me, I promise you will never regret it."

To which Maria replied laconically, "I come."

But first he had to earn enough money to pay her passage to Addis Ababa. The house-to-house idea was going well, but the walking involved took too much time. Again his friends helped. They found a twenty-five-year-old Italian car which had been junked—and nothing is lightly junked in Ethiopia. It cost exactly nothing, and some young mechanic friends miraculously got it running. It had no doors, the driver's seat was a wooden box with a cushion on it, and the motor used over a quart of oil a day. But it ran, and Doctor Harry could now see almost twice as many patients each day.

Addis Ababa's large Greek colony had heard of the waiting bride in Athens. One day, out of the blue, a wealthy Greek merchant offered to lend him the passage money. Harry gratefully accepted. At last Maria arrived, and they were married July 11, 1948.

Doctor Harry decided he must have some kind of real home and some kind of real office. He asked the same Greek merchant for a loan of $800. The merchant sized him up—and made it $1200. Doctor Harry then remembered an excellent, never-used German dental unit in Cairo. He wrote faithful Father Gregory to find out what the owner wanted for it. The answer was terrifying—$2800. But Doctor Harry was sure it would soon pay for itself. Father Gregory floated a loan for a $1200 down payment, and Doctor Harry promised to pay the rest as soon as he could. (It took five years.)

The precious unit arrived in 1949. Also 1949 brought him his first American patient: Mrs. Barbara Bartholomay, whose husband was an attaché at the United States Embassy. Normally Mrs. Bartholomay would have gone to an American Army dentist in the neighboring country of Eritrea. But she had heard good reports of Doctor Harry and decided to try him. She was delighted with his work—and the very reasonable bill. Her husband came next, and after him, more and more Americans.

One was an especially lucky client for Doctor Harry—the American governor of the State Bank of Ethiopia. He was impressed with the energetic young Greek Cypriot and suggested he might like to buy more dental equipment. The State Bank was empowered to grant loans for solid projects, and he could think of nothing more solid than Doctor Harry's growing practice.

During the next few years Doctor Harry borrowed from the bank several times and accumulated better and better equipment, most of it American. He had long realized that America was the world leader in dental work. And—a fateful day for him—he subscribed to the *Journal of the American Dental Association.*

For a long time he couldn't read it, although he was able to puzzle out many technical words of Greek origin. He knew Greek, French, Arabic, fair Italian and some Amharic, and decided it was high time to add English to the list. He bought a book on "basic English," and learned all the 850 words that system uses. Then he got an American Negro, William Howard, a teacher in an imperial Ethiopian school, to give him English lessons for six months. He did very well.

In the February, 1950, issue of the dental journal, he was now able to read an advertisement which literally changed his life. An American dental laboratory in Cleveland, Ohio, advertised a new "duplicating system" for making dentures. Dental matters are highly technical and not especially glamorous, but this involved using wax trial teeth so that the patient could get a perfect fit—without any embarrassing transition period when he had no teeth at all.

To Doctor Harry it sounded wonderful, and he determined to learn it. He still could not write English, but a friend helped him, and laboriously they composed a letter. Doctor Harry frankly explained his circumstances, and asked if the American firm could trust and help him. They copied out the address carefully—Moskey & Geiss Dental Laboratories, P. O. Box 5938, Cleveland 1, Ohio, U.S.A.—and mailed it with high hopes.

In Cleveland, by way of reply, an employee wrote merely that the firm could extend no credit and that no instruction in the method could be given except in person. If Doctor Michailidis should be in America one day, and so on. But a few days later somebody happened to mention to one of the partners, Moskos S. Moskey, the letter from Ethiopia. It intrigued him, at first, because Ethiopia was an exotic place. Secondly, because he learned, reading the letter, that Doctor Harry was a Greek Cypriot. By an almost impossible coincidence, Moskos S. Moskey himself, although an American citizen for many years, had been born on the Greek island of Rhodes. Moskey talked the thing over with his partner, George Geiss. Then he sat down to write Doctor Harry quite a different kind of letter, doubtless smiling to himself, for he wrote in *Greek.*

Few letters have ever caused more excitement in Addis Ababa than that one. Moskey said he was going to try something he and Geiss had never thought of before—teach their method by correspondence. The cost? Nothing; it was only an experiment. He added casually he was sending along "a few materials."

Doctor Harry was bowled over. "What a country America must be!" he said to Maria. Then began a most curious correspondence. Moskey wrote, in longhand and in Greek, lengthy technical letters, sometimes up to thirteen pages each, carefully explaining each step in his system. Timed to arrive with each letter, he airmailed actual models of the work.

"It was so clear!" Doctor Harry recalls. "So clear I didn't even have to practice. The very first time, I tried it on a patient—and it was a wonderful success."

Then arrived the "few materials" Moskey had mentioned. "I expected a small parcel," Doctor Harry says, still excited by the memory. "What came was a box as big as a piano! It was enough to last me four years!" He paused, and added with his flavorful English, "That box was the vitamins of my life."

Overcome, Doctor Harry wrote that he could not accept such an important gift, and insisted on paying for it. Back and forth went letters, with Moskey insisting it was nothing, with Doctor Harry insisting it was too much—and how much? At last Moskey wrote a lot of double talk about rebates, reductions, wholesale prices, and so on, saying that if Doctor Harry really felt he had to pay, the bill was about fifty dollars.

Doctor Harry sent off the fifty dollars. Later he found the real value of the shipment was not less than $1200, and probably as much as $1500. "When I find out that," he said, "I had tears in my eyes. What could I say?"

More boxes began arriving—from other American dental-supply firms. And all of it free. Moskey, it developed, had talked around dental circles about "this little Greek guy in Ethiopia." Intrigued, supply houses wanted into the act.

"It was fantastic!" recalls Doctor Harry. "I say to Maria, 'My God, what kind of wonderful people must live in America, to do such things for somebody they have never seen?'

"Then I think, America helps everybody, but nobody helps America. Is this fair? People should do what they can. Me, I am only a little dentist in Ethiopia, but at least I can do what I can do. What can a dentist do? Dental work! It is simple."

He began showing his gratitude by repayment in the only coin he had—free treatment for Americans. Not, be it understood, for *all* Americans and not for *all* work. That would be impossible, for Addis Ababa's American colony is about 800 strong. But even for them his bills are rock bottom.

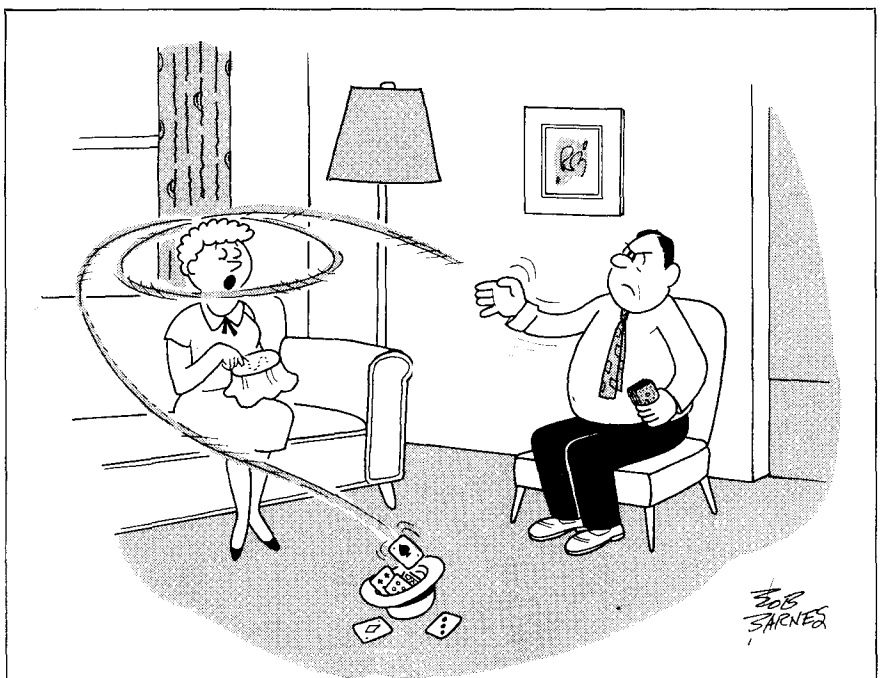
Most of this free work has been for Americans passing through Addis Ababa. There is a surprising number of them—military personnel, Government people, businessmen, tourists. For them Doctor Harry has worked any hour of the day, any day of the week, even on Easter and Christmas. Not unnaturally, they have been astounded when, grateful for quick and good work, they have asked for the bill—and got nothing but a big smile and a shake of Doctor Harry's head. "Always they argue with me," he smiled, "but I can be very iron-headed when I want, and these arguments I win."

Exactly how many Americans have been thus treated free it is impossible to know. Doctor Harry himself waves the subject aside, embarrassed. From a source likely to know comes this estimate: "I'd say at least a hundred in all."

Gradually Doctor Harry began to think once again of the abandoned dream—to migrate to America. Ethiopia had given him a chance to make a living and many friends. But America was still a powerful magnet. And when a doctor told him Addis Ababa's 8000-foot altitude was bad for Maria's health—as it is for many Europeans—he decided at least to try.

The United States Consulate was not encouraging. Although Doctor Harry's parents were Greeks of the British colony of Cyprus, he himself was born in Egypt. Thus, by immigration laws, he was considered an Egyptian and could migrate only under Egypt's quota—the basic 100 per year that all countries have. It was booked up for years to come. Ironically Doctor Harry's children, born in Addis Ababa, were considered Ethiopian—and could have migrated almost immediately, because Ethiopia's quota of 100 visas is almost never used entirely. Discouraging as this was, nevertheless Doctor Harry—on November 30, 1951—put down himself and his family on the list, resigned to wait many years.

He had kept up an affectionate correspondence with Moskey in Cleveland. They exchanged family gossip and photographs. Moskey called him "my son," and he called Moskey "my American godfather." Naturally he mentioned his hopes of coming to America one day, permanently. Moskey wrote back suggesting that, instead of waiting for an immigration visa that might not come for years, he should (*Continued on Page 81*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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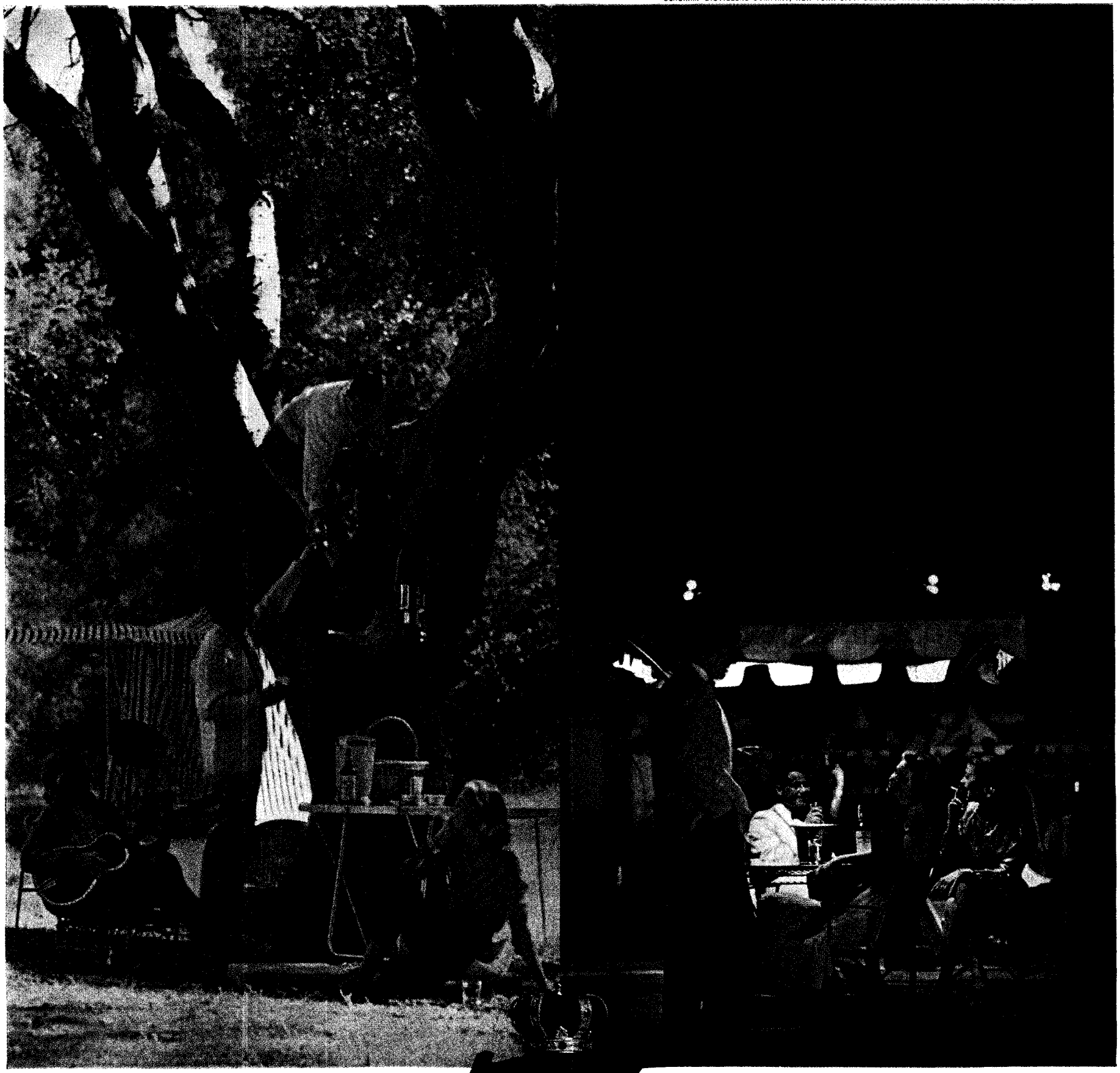

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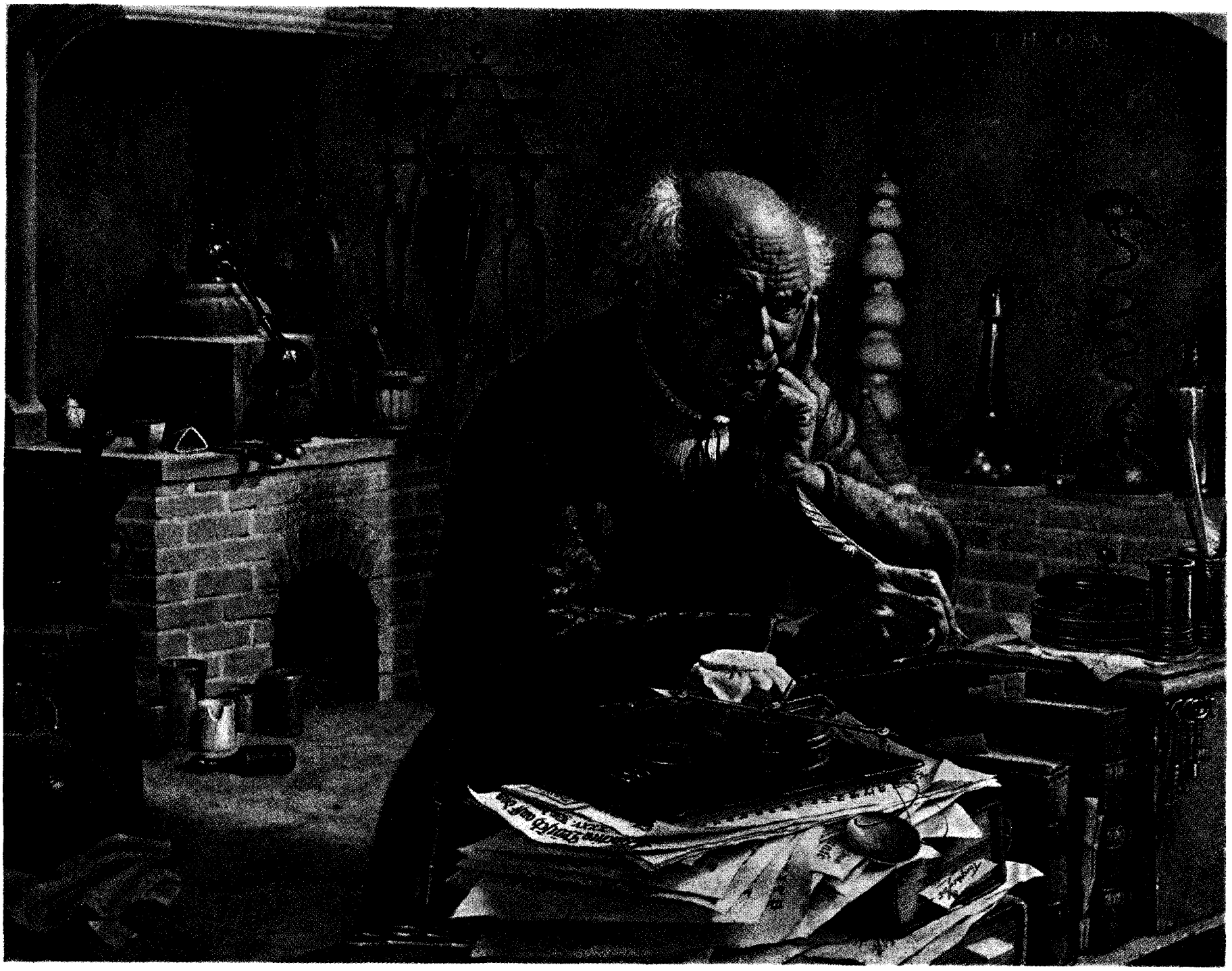

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(*Continued from Page 78*) get a comparatively easy student's visa and come alone to America for a few months of advanced study, then go back to his family in Ethiopia with fresher, newer American dental methods. Moskey offered to foot the whole bill himself. Doctor Harry was touched, but declined. He wrote Moskey, "When I come to America, I want to come with all of us, and to stay."

In 1953 Moskey mentioned in a letter he was going to Greece on such and such a date, for an important family wedding. Doctor Harry had a sudden impulse to fly to Athens unbeknown to Moskey, meet him at the airport and say "thank you" for everything in person. It cost him $600, but he did it. He recognized Moskey at once—from photographs—as he came down from the plane. "He had a face like Christ—not looking like Christ, you understand, but with the same loving-kindness look."

Moskey was astounded to see him. But they broke into a flood of talk, as old friends. Doctor Harry found Moskey was to lecture to Greek dentists on his prosthetic system. So Doctor Harry went to all the lectures.

Moskey told him of wonderful new dental equipment to be found only in America and suggested, "Let me buy it for you. You can pay me back when you can." This Moskey did for several years. The investment ran as high as $2000, and often the repayment took some time, but Moskey was always paid finally.

In Ethiopia Doctor Harry's practice was prospering. He became the accepted dentist for the United States Embassy. Often members of the United States military advisory group in Addis Ababa, rather than wait for a trip to the Army dental clinic in Eritrea, would come to him instead. He became official dentist to the Imperial Ethiopian Army and Air Force. One of his patients was no less than the Crown Prince, who was amazed and pleased to find Doctor Harry could do work just as good as the specialists in far-off Europe. And he had an ever-growing number of plain Ethiopians, a people steadfast and trusting. And trustworthy, for he says, "Only two nationalities have never failed to pay a bill—Ethiopians and Americans."

Vibrant, tireless, with a sunny, pleasing personality that inspires confidence at once, he makes friends easily. Yet he does not smoke, drink or play cards. "My only weakness," he told me one day, laughing, "is my love for Maria. Oh, how much I owe to her!" An uxorious man, he almost never goes away from home, even for an hour or two, and his office is adjoined to his apartment. "What is better than a wonderful family?"

Nor does he swear. Once in his office he overheard an assistant let out an oath when something went wrong. Said Doctor Harry, "I will make a bargain with you. Every time you hear me swear, spit right in my face—and I will do the same to you." No profanity since.

For all his growing prosperity, he did not forget for a minute the dream of migrating to America. One day the United States Information Service rented all the other rooms on the same floor as his apartment and office for use as the American library. Soon the corridors blossomed out with glass showcases and bulletin boards, all showing the best of America. For Doctor Harry it was a strange kind of torture. A dozen times a day he had to walk past the alluring exhibits. "It was like showing a wonderful steak to a starving man," he says. "I was becoming a maniac, wanting so much to go to America."

One day in 1954 Doctor Harry dashed into the office of the United States consul and exclaimed, "I want to offer another son to the United States of America!" After some puzzlement the consul learned this meant Doctor Harry had a second son, whose name he wanted to add to the list of waiting Michailidis.

But years went by, the visas still nowhere in sight. In 1958, as Doctor Harry would put it, "God held out his little finger to me again, although I didn't know it at the time." A new director arrived to take over USIS. His name was Stephen Baldanza, and almost at once he heard the story about this strange dentist who often treated Americans free. It fascinated him. Cautious, he checked various sources, to find that Doctor Harry had the highest reputation everywhere.

Two things occurred to Baldanza. First, Doctor Harry had registered for immigration in 1951, and the laws had been revised the next year, 1952. Second, Baldanza seemed to recall that the amended laws provided a special "first-preference" priority for foreigners with certain technical skills. Ironically, Doctor Harry's skill as a dentist would not qualify him, but his skill as a dental technician just might, Baldanza speculated. Doctor Harry was a thoroughly qualified technician and, unlike most American dentists, did this work himself. And in the United States there was a crying need for dental technicians.

He said nothing to Doctor Harry of his thoughts and speculation, for fear of rousing false hopes. To check, Baldanza went out for a talk with the consul. They looked up the exact wording of the laws. As they read them, there seemed a very good chance that Doctor Harry could qualify for a "first-preference" visa—which meant he could go to America very soon.

Only then did Baldanza suggest casually to Doctor Harry one day, "Let's drive out and see the consul."

"The consul!" Doctor Harry exclaimed. To him, as to so many other hundreds of thousands of foreigners waiting immigration visas, a United States consul sits just below the throne of the Almighty. They do not realize it is Washington, not the consul, who decides if they can come or not. Step by step they went through the complicated laws, in language that Doctor Harry could understand.

"When he finally realized," Baldanza told me, "that he *might* get a visa, that first name of his—Shining With Joy—was certainly justified. You never saw a man with such a happy face."

But there was one thing, the consul explained. Even if Washington did decide in his favor, he must have some sponsor in the United States guarantee him. Did he know anybody like that?

Doctor Harry fairly shouted, "Mr. Moskey of Cleveland, Ohio!"

In Cleveland, Moskey agreed instantly to make any kind of guaranty the Government requested. In Addis Ababa, character references were no problem at all. Baldanza himself wrote one: "He will make an excellent American citizen, and a worthy addition to our country." The United States military mission added its support and praise, recalling how Doctor Harry had helped it with dental surveys and reports—and never charged a penny. Similar letters came from all kinds of other people.

Then Washington spoke. Yes, Charalambos Michailidis was qualified, as a dental technician, to a first-preference visa. Of course, this included his family, too—Maria, the two sons, Peter and George, and brand-new Maria Catherina, who arrived August, 1959.

He is philosophical about the perhaps needless wait of eight years, waves it away as if it never happened, and is almost convinced it was a good thing. "This way I don't arrive in America a pauper, with no money, and have to live on the kindness of other people such as Mr. Moskey. In the past years I have been able to save a little something." Now that the visa is assured, he works harder than ever, literally about twelve hours a day, seeing forty to fifty patients daily. And sometime in the fall of this year he hopes to sell out his Addis Ababa practice, and thus have enough, combined with his salary in the United States, to tide over the lean beginning years.

Doctor Harry is philosophical about working, for a time, as a dental technician instead of a dentist. He cannot practice for some years; in this country his D.D.S. degree from the University of Athens is not recognized. He must go to school again and pass the same examination as any American aspirant. He plans to work as a dental technician—with Moskey in Cleveland, Ohio, of course—and thus help pay his way through dental school.

"My brain is on fire to learn!" he says eagerly. "I will study like ten men! I want to learn everything about dentistry, especially the higher forms of jaw surgery. Where else in the world is so wonderful a place to learn such things as America? I will study two years, and then I will take the examination. Do they have the *Ariste* degree in America? I want one!"

"Relax, it's me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At last my own dental work was finished. I had not, for obvious reasons, breathed a word that I had heard he sometimes treated visiting Americans free. All I asked him about, in these long "interviews" in the dental chair, was about his past life, his life here, his hopes of America. It was from other sources—and, afterward from Doctor Harry—that I got the rest, although getting much of the "gratitude" part from him was far harder than pulling teeth.

Originally I had come for only one badly broken tooth, but when he learned I was staying a few more days in Addis Ababa, he suggested I needed other work too. "Better do it all, now that we're at it," he had said. In all, it had stretched out to six long appointments, and to complicated prosthetic work, including gold. Remembering American dental bills, I guessed that it would be at least $100, perhaps more. I asked him how much it was.

"There is no charge," he said firmly.

Whereupon I joined the long list of Americans who have vainly argued the matter. He spread out both hands and asked, "Can't one man help another without asking money for it—especially a traveler?" Triumphantly he brought in his favorite proverb: "Two mountains may never meet, but two people can."

I tried—and tried hard—to pay him something, but it was no use. The very least I could do, paltry enough, was to ask Doctor Harry and Maria out for the finest dinner Addis Ababa could provide. Even then he fought hard to pay the bill, but I had cannily settled it with the headwaiter beforehand.

A couple of days before I left Addis Ababa I went to say good-by to them. The two sons were dressed up in cowboy suits and wore six-guns. "They heard a real American was coming here," Doctor Harry explained, "and they wanted to show they knew how Americans dressed. Already they feel American."

I had brought some candy for Maria and some toys for the children—deliberately nothing for him, so he couldn't complain. He fussed and shook his head, but after all, the gifts weren't for him, and there wasn't much he could do about them. When I left, I felt better. Petty as the gifts were, at least they were a gesture, and I had managed to give at least something.

My plane left in the dim dawn. As, sleepily, I was checking out of the hotel, the desk clerk said, "By the way, sir, somebody left this for you last night," and handed me a small package.

Doctor Harry—as I learned later—had made them himself, and in a great rush, after my farewell call, to get them ready before I left. Into his dental matrix material he had pressed—not a tooth this time—but the crowned defiant Conquering Lion emblem of the Emperor of Ethiopia. Into this mold he had poured molten 22-carat dental gold. Then he had given the two solid-gold disks to a jeweler, who fashioned them into as rare a pair of cuff links as any man ever wore. He had had the last word after all.

With his gift was a message, written in his painstaking new English: "Thank you for the wonderful dinner, the candy, the toys. May these lions always remind you of Ethiopia." I turned it over, and found it was a visiting card: "DR. CHARALAMBOS MICHAILIDIS, D.D.S." Doctory Harry—Shining With Joy—and soon to be, I hope, my fellow American. THE END

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They Killed Heydrich (Continued from Page 20)

just around the bend, out of sight. The Mercedes was so fast that they would need a signal of its approach, and to help in this way they drew two others into the plot—a man of the underground and another parachutist, Josef Valchik, who operated a secret radio transmitter.

The day chosen for the assassination was May 27, 1942. Jan and Josef left their hide-out early, riding borrowed bicycles through the streets of Prague. Each had pocketed a revolver. Briefcases held a Sten gun and two grenades.

It was still early when they crossed the Troja Bridge over the Vltava River and began pushing their bikes up a long hill to Holesovice, a conglomeration of small villas and shops, linked to Prague by streetcars running on double tracks.

On the sharp bend, where the road curves up and around to the left, Josef went to a corner phone box and rang up Liboslava Fafka, the pretty young daughter of a *Résistance* worker. He told her he loved her, and arranged to see her that evening. When she asked what he was doing he was evasive: "Just some little job."

In his winter of frustration Jan had fallen in love too. His sweetheart was Anna Malinova, widow of a man the Nazis had murdered. She did not expect morning phone calls, and perhaps Jan was too worried to make one.

He worried most about the streetcars. They stopped on the corner, where the downhill tracks curved to within a yard of the curb. If two streetcars arrived at the bend together, they blocked the road. Jan and Josef had often discussed the problem of these cars, but there was nothing they could do about them.

Actually the plan was simple. The *Résistance* worker high up the street would see the Mercedes first and flash a signal by mirror to Valchik, who would flash it on to Josef. They had rehearsed this mirror trick, and it worked. Josef would have at least thirty seconds to walk back around the corner and wait on the curb. Until Heydrich's car rounded the bend, the occupants would not see him.

If luck was on Josef's side, Heydrich and his driver would then see him only briefly, as the business end of his Sten gun spouted bullets, and this should be their last sight on earth. Ten yards lower down the hill Jan would be waiting, his briefcase in his left hand, his right hand in his coat pocket holding a grenade primed with a two-second fuse. He was only a reserve; the actual annihilation was to be Josef's job.

With the shooting over, they expected to spring on their bicycles, Jan to race down the hill, while Josef pedaled along a broad avenue opposite, following another route down to the city.

Miles away, in the château of Panenske Brezany, SS General Heydrich was preparing for a drive to Prague's airport and a flight to Berlin. In his briefcase he had a report for Hitler: The Czechs were thoroughly subdued; he would squeeze from the puppet Czech Government a declaration of war on the Allies.

When he left the château, *Oberscharführer* Klein, his chauffeur and bodyguard, had the Mercedes at the door. Klein was a huge man, six feet seven inches in height, with the shoulders of a dray horse and the broken-nosed face of an ex-boxer. He wore his best uniform and all his medals.

Heydrich seated himself in the front next to the driver, behind a slightly raked windshield. With a blare of acceleration, Klein turned into the lane and changed to top gear. The green car hurtled along a dusty road flanked with blossoming fruit trees, hummed through the next village and sped down the main blacktop. A signpost said PRAGUE, 16 KILOMETRES. They drove through Libeznice, over cobbled streets, and turned left, down a two-mile straight between tall chestnut trees.

It was a pleasant drive. Heydrich, spinning along in his open tourer, enjoyed the sunshine. What can one say of him? Two decades later, now that hatred has given place to cool judgment, can one find any saving grace in this man? It is not easy. Like other Nazi leaders, he lived in a world where orders of mass extermination were the commonplace memorandums of In-trays.

Only two weeks before, he had addressed civilian officials at a conference in Berlin. The records report him as saying, "In great columns, with separation of the sexes, those Jews fit for work are being dispatched to the Eastern Territories, and in the process a considerable reduction of numbers will undoubtedly take place by natural means." He meant that half-starved, terrified people were being packed into railway cars with room only to stand back to back. They were then shunted across vast distances of Europe, for days and nights, with no food or water. That was death by "natural means."

Klein turned the car onto a two-way road. A signpost indicated ten kilometres to Prague. Farther down the hill double streetcar tracks snaked along a wide avenue. The car purred smoothly down toward the point where the road turned in a near-hairpin bend, before descending to the Troja Bridge across the Vltava.

By now Josef had unbuckled his briefcase, snapped the barrel of the Sten gun into the stock and slotted home the magazine. He kept the automatic weapon hidden under a raincoat folded over his arm.

Jan heard a sharp whistle and turned to see Josef hurrying to his position. He glanced up through the trees, where Valchik stood, and saw the bright flash of the mirror. His throat suddenly went dry.

Below him a streetcar was climbing the hill. Above the clatter and clang of the approaching trolley he heard the Mercedes' deep-throated engine, the quick crash of gears as the driver changed down to take the bend. He saw Josef take two quick steps to the edge of the pavement and throw down his raincoat. He watched him bring the Sten gun up to his shoulder. He held his breath. Two more seconds and a hail of bullets would shatter the windshield. Jan's right hand clenched on his grenade. He dropped his briefcase and wrenched the grenade from his pocket.

Shining in the sun, the low green car swept round the corner. Behind the setback windshield Jan saw the two German uniforms, the peaked caps, and he recognized the long, pale face of Heydrich. "Now!" he said under his breath.

"Now!" he yelled as the car sailed up to Josef.

Why didn't Josef fire?

"Josef!" he yelled. "Josef!"

And the car had passed. Like a boy with a piece of wood shaped like a gun, Josef swung round, traversing with the car's passage, his face a mask of agony.

The two Germans were now level with Jan. They looked very surprised and very angry. Heydrich's hands were tugging at his revolver holster. Jan heard the brakes squeal. Klein was slowing the Mercedes—a mistake. The touring car passed Jan. It was now almost level with the approaching streetcar. Instinctively Jan acted. Instinctively his mind said, *A two-second delay, don't throw too hard, lob into the back of the car.*

He ran three strides after the Mercedes, wrenching out the grenade pin. He hurled it—half lob, half throw—after the car. He saw the gray-steel ball fly toward the rear near-side wheel. Then suddenly it was a flame-cored circle of blinding light. There was a loud bang. The flame disintegrated into a great belch of black smoke. Jan felt a blast of air, a sharp pain near his right eye. Something punched him in the chest, sending him staggering back.

The windows down one side of the trolley shattered. A row of astonished white faces stared out. Two green Nazi jackets, which must have been folded on the back seat, flew high into the air. They caught on the overhead trolley wires, swinging there empty and grotesque. Then they fluttered back to earth. The car gave two or three broken-back jumps, one rear tire sagging on the rim, a great hole torn in the body near the rear seat.

For one long second of time everything was isolated, silhouetted, frozen: the white faces in the trolley, the two Nazi coats in the air, the open-mouthed streetcar motorman. Then the scene dissolved into confusion. Heydrich and Klein swung open the car doors, revolvers in their hands. The first bullet whined past Jan. He turned and ran for his bicycle. Ten yards farther away Josef stood, still frozen, the useless Sten gun in his hand. Now, seeing Jan, he also ran for it.

As Jan grabbed his bicycle, he saw a second streetcar grind downhill and around the corner. It halted at the stop. He grabbed his bike and ran with it toward the gap between the two streetcars.

Suddenly there were people from the cars everywhere, furious people moving toward him. He shouted at them, cursed them. "Out of my way, you fools!"

He dragged his revolver from his pocket and flourished it. One man, waving a walking stick, toppled backward in a contortion of fear. Jan swung into the saddle, thrust hard against the pedals and turned down the hill. He could hear revolver shots, but whether they were directed at him he could not tell.

A policeman humped directly into Jan's path, arms outstretched. Jan pressed the trigger. There was a bang; the policeman fell sideways. Then Jan was past, anger burning inside him. He had not dreamed that a Czech policeman would try to stop him.

He hurtled down the hill. A glance back, and he saw that Klein was pursuing him, revolver in hand. Suddenly Jan's right eye was full of blood. It splashed down on his handle bars.

Half blinded, he saw a housewife standing thirty yards ahead with a pail in her hand. She tossed the pail, and it clanged against his front wheel. For a second he thought he was off. His anger mounted. His own people were trying to stop him! A hundred yards farther down the street, a second woman deliberately stood in his path. He dropped his shoulder, braced himself and knocked her into the gutter.

Now the road before him was empty. He stuffed (*Continued on Page 84*)

NEXT WEEK

CALIFORNIA'S
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By Stewart Alsop

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WE LEARNED TO LIVE WITH TRAGEDY
By the Mother of the Victim

BILL RIGNEY OF THE GIANTS:
HE MUST WIN, OR ELSE
By Edward Linn

SHE MAKES HOUSEWIVES CRY:
TV's MADAM SOAP OPERA,
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THEY KILLED HEYDRICH • 2
THE MASSACRE AT LIDICE

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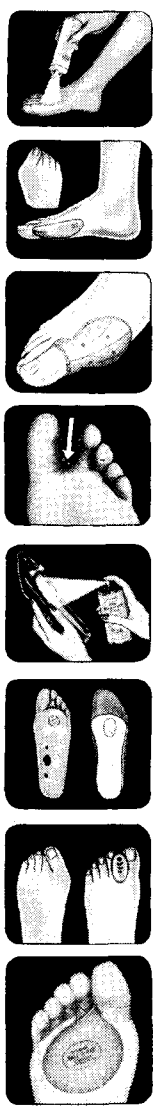

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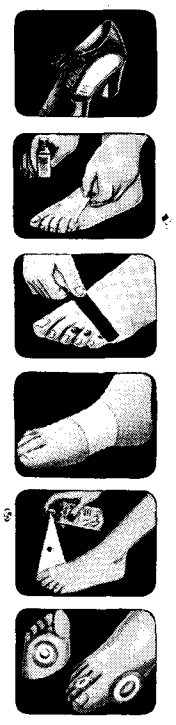

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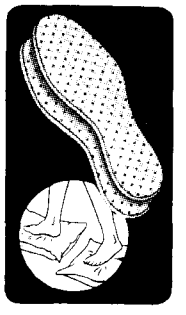

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(*Continued from Page 82*) his revolver into his pocket, pulled out his handkerchief and held it against his throbbing eye. His speed took him smoothly down the hill, and the few pedestrians he passed ignored him. He crossed the bridge and swung right along the main road.

A few hundred yards farther on, in the workers' suburb of Liben, was the house of a family called Novotna; it was the nearest place he could hope to find help. Mr. Novotna and his wife were good *Résistance* workers, well known to Jan and Josef. Jan knew it was dangerous to arrive in his condition, but he could not ride into Prague with blood all over his face and clothes and the bicycle.

There were shops now, pedestrians in the distance. He stopped outside a Bata shoe store, propped his bicycle against the curb and slipped down a side street. Mrs. Novotna was just outside her door. She pushed him inside.

"What's happened to you? Oh, your poor face!"

Jan walked into the room and sat down. He felt sick with pain and the knowledge of failure. He had seen both Nazis leap athletically from the Mercedes. Their wounds, if any, must be slight. All he had succeeded in doing was to get himself a faceful of grenade fragments. After all the risks, after all their training and planning and waiting, they had bungled the job. He could have wept.

"I'll boil the kettle," said Mrs. Novotna, "and bathe your wounds."

"We tried to get Heydrich," said Jan dully. "Josef was supposed to kill him with the Sten gun, but he didn't fire. I threw a grenade, but I was too late. We failed."

Mrs. Novotna did not seem to be listening. "Take your coat off," she said. "And your shirt. Look, your chest's hurt. You're covered in blood. We must burn all these clothes."

"He was so close to us we could have spat on him," went on Jan bitterly. "And we didn't even mark him."

"Your hand, too," said Mrs. Novotna. "It's pouring with blood. At least you're alive to fight another day."

"There won't be another day," said Jan. He told about all the people who had tried to intercept him. "They were Czechs. Would you believe it? Our own countrymen!"

"They didn't know what you were trying to do," she said quietly. But he was not comforted. She laid out clothes belonging to her husband.

"The bicycle!" said Jan, suddenly remembering. "I've left the bicycle outside the Bata shop. I'll have to get it—hide it."

"You can't go like that," she said. "You must get out of those clothes."

It was at this moment that Jindriska, her fourteen-year-old daughter, returned from Mass. Jindriska was a pretty child, slight and dark, with wide, serious eyes. She was at first a little frightened by the blood, but her mother reassured her.

"I'll fetch the bicycle," she said. "No one will notice me."

"No," Jan said. "You're too young to get mixed up in this."

"All right, Jindriska," said her mother. "It's outside the Bata shop. Wheel it away quietly and don't speak to anyone. Put it in the shed in the back yard."

"Yes, mamma," said Jindriska.

Jindriska found the bicycle standing by the curb. She could see the blood on handle bars and frame. She wheeled it down the main road, away from their street. Several passers-by saw her with the blood-spattered machine. One asked, "Has there been an accident, little girl?"

Jindriska did not answer. She left the main road for a side street and came by a back way to the house. She put the bicycle in a shed, covered it with sacks and went back into the kitchen. Her mother said, "Good girl. Now you'd better get on with your homework."

Jan said in a very gruff voice, "Thank you, Jindriska."

He knew now that their real ordeal was about to start. And he wondered what had become of Josef.

It was a bitter moment for Josef when the Mercedes slid across his gun sights, unharmed. His finger had almost cracked under the pressure he applied to the trigger. In a fury of disappointment he threw the gun to the ground.

He heard Jan shout at him, and stood hypnotized as Jan threw the grenade. The sight of Heydrich and Klein swinging open their car doors jerked him back from stupefied immobility. A bullet zipped past, and he saw that it was Heydrich who had fired. Klein was pounding down the hill after Jan. Heydrich was after Josef.

Josef turned to get his bicycle, but people flooding from the streetcars had cut him off. He would have to run for it. Brandishing his revolver, he raced through the growing crowd. Another bullet ricocheted off the roadway, and he jumped behind a telegraph pole. Heydrich advanced from the wrecked Mercedes and began firing across the road. A shot from Josef sent him back to the shelter of the streetcars. He was so active that Josef assumed the grenade had done no harm.

He was quite wrong. Heydrich was a dying man. It would take him nine days to die, but die he would, as painfully and slowly as many of his victims. The bursting grenade had sprayed his back with fine splinters of steel, horsehair and material from the seat covers. Blood poisoning would set in; nothing could save him.

Josef, trapped behind the telegraph pole, had no time to speculate at length on Heydrich's condition. The Nazi general, aiming and firing at thirty yards' range, seemed extraordinarily hearty. All Josef could do was to shoot back and keep Heydrich ducking behind the streetcar.

People were lying in the roadway covering their heads, peering incredulously from the broken streetcar windows, cowering behind the car's siding. Josef, peering around the pole, saw Heydrich's revolver pointing toward him, saw his hand jerk uselessly and realized that Heydrich's revolver was empty. At that moment the enormous Klein, panting and red-faced after his vain pursuit of Jan, rejoined his chief. Seizing this moment of diversion, Josef ran up the hill.

Heydrich threw down his empty gun and hobbled a few steps to lean on iron railings enclosing a public garden. "Go after him, man!" he shouted at Klein.

Klein raced after Josef, who had now almost two telegraph posts' start on him. Josef jerked to a stop behind another post. The giant chauffeur steamed up the hill, his medals clanking on his breast. Josef sighted carefully and squeezed the trigger twice. The second bullet passed close enough to *Oberscharführer* Klein's head to insert into it doubts of his immortality. He also jumped behind a telegraph pole, trying to withdraw his manly belly. The duel reopened.

As Josef fired each single shot to keep Klein behind the pole, he drew another round from his coat pocket and reloaded. He knew that he would eventually run out of ammunition, and out of time. It was essential to keep moving.

He peered around the pole, fired two quick shots to keep Klein under cover, and ran. He had a twenty-five-yard lead before the chauffeur realized he had gone.

The road curved round to the right and, seeing that the bend would give him cover, Josef ran for it. A little farther up he turned into a side road. He could hear Klein shouting, "After him! Stop the swine!"

Racing along the side street, Josef observed that each house was fronted by a small garden. Forty yards along stood a butcher's shop. This garden area had been paved, and there sat an old woman in a rocking chair. Her eyes widened with fright as he ran up. She must have heard the shooting.

A few yards behind her stood the butcher, a fat-jowled man wearing a striped apron.

"Don't tell them I'm here. Please help me," panted Josef.

He slipped past the butcher and entered his shop, hoping there was a back way out. He leaned against the counter, his heart pumping furiously.

He heard Klein's voice, yelling at the old woman, demanding information. He saw the butcher walk into the road. The old woman's face turned toward him, contorted with shame and fear. He knew then that the butcher was talking to Klein, betraying him.

Josef could see no back door; he was trapped between narrow walls. He jumped for the shelter of the front doorframe and saw Klein, peering around the hedge of the next garden, no more than twenty feet away.

Klein fired first, a snap shot. His bullet left a neat, round hole in the butcher's shop window. Josef aimed and fired deliberately. At twenty paces this was target practice. The bullet smacked into the German's thigh, and he yelled in pain and slid to the ground.

Josef leaped from the doorway, scooted across the paving and fired another shot at Klein as he ran past. This time the range was less than ten feet. He heard Klein scream a second time. Then he sprinted down the side street.

At the next intersection a streetcar was just leaving a stop. The conductor saw the running figure and obligingly left the door open. Josef leaped aboard, his revolver tucked in his pocket, and slumped into an empty seat. Looking back, he saw no sign of pursuit.

He was overwhelmed with a sense of unreality. Had he really attempted to shoot Heydrich with that Sten gun? Yes, but why hadn't the gun fired? Now, sitting peacefully in the streetcar, he knew the reason: The safety catch had stuck. Under the cover of his raincoat he had thumbed it off several minutes before the Mercedes swept round the corner. Obviously he had not pushed the catch down far enough.

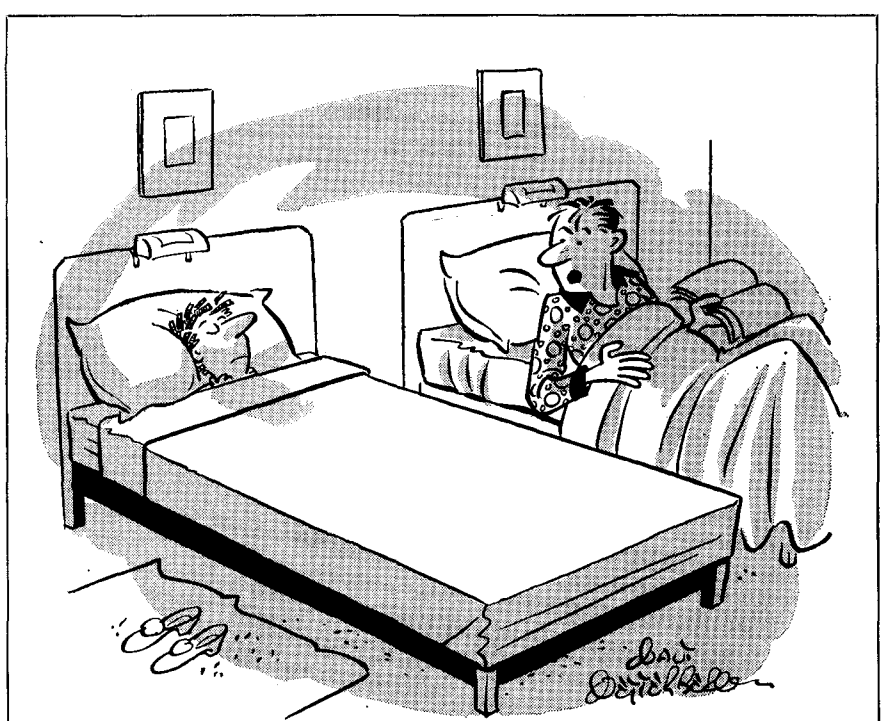
He left the streetcar at Wenceslaus Square, and caught a second streetcar out toward the Fafka household. Liboslava, his sweetheart, would be home at lunchtime, and he wanted to tell her what had happened. He did not have to. By the time he reached the house, Prague radio was breaking into its programs at regular intervals for a news flash.

"Listen to this official announcement. This morning on the twenty-seventh of May at ten-thirty o'clock an attempt on the life of Acting Reichsprotector Heydrich was made in Prague. A reward of ten million crowns is offered for the capture of the culprits. Whoever hides the criminals or gives them any help, or has any knowledge of their identity or description of their appearance, and does not inform the authorities will be shot with his whole family. This is by order of the *Oberlandrat* in Prague. Other announcements will be made in due course."

As the announcer spoke, Josef saw the anxiety grow in Liboslava's eyes. Before, the underground had been a rather exciting game. Now it was a matter of deadly seriousness. He looked around at her father, Peter Fafka, and her mother. Their eyes showed no fear, but they all knew this was only a beginning. And where was Jan?

Jan had left the Novotna house at lunchtime, when the streets were crowded with workers. With Mr. Novotna's hat pulled down over his wounded eye, he walked two miles to the house of a railway worker who he knew would help. The door was opened by a short, square man with a cropped head and a broken nose. He stared at Jan's wounded face and gestured for him to come in.

The railwayman said Jan needed a doctor. He went out, returning after an hour with a young doctor wearing a streetcar conductor's uniform as a disguise. He dressed Jan's injuries. After the doctor left, the railwayman went out to meet the leader of his group and report that Jan was safe with him. He returned at dusk with instructions: Jan was to report at 1837 Bishop Street tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock. (*Continued on Page 86*)



"That diet of yours, Elsie, is ruining your figure!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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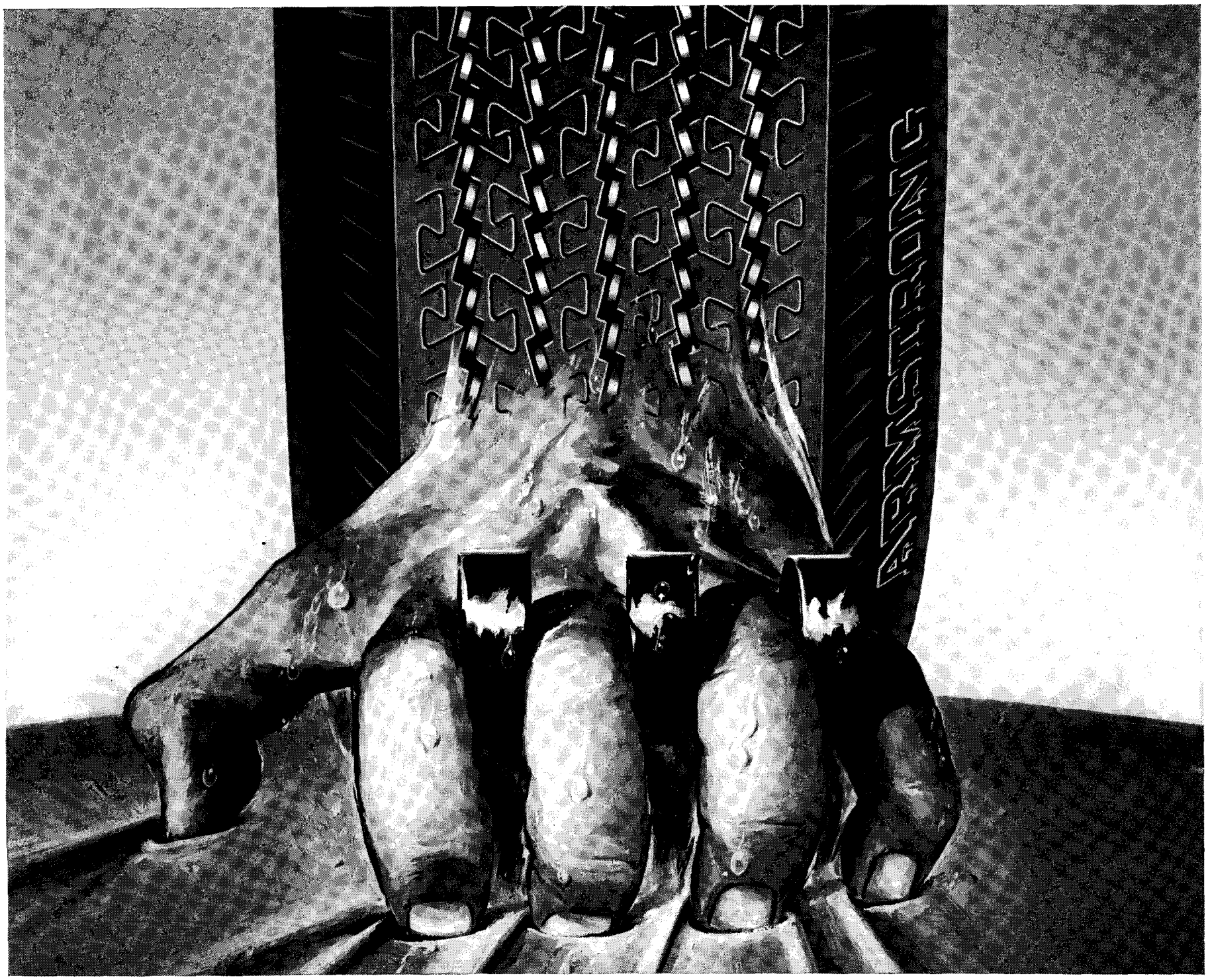

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Quick Double-Strength Way: Make hot coffee double strength by using half the amount of water to the usual amount of coffee. Pour hot over ice cubes in tall glasses. The extra-strong coffee allows for dilution caused by ice.

Pre-Cooled Way: Make regular-strength coffee and cool in covered non-metallic container in refrigerator, no more than three hours. Pour over ice in tall glasses.

Coffee Ice-Cube Way: Brew extra breakfast coffee and freeze into coffee ice cubes. Then make iced coffee any time by pouring regular-strength hot coffee over the cubes.

Iced Instant Coffee: Mix twice the usual amount of instant coffee with a little water (hot or cold according to brand) in each glass. Add ice cubes, cold water and stir thoroughly.

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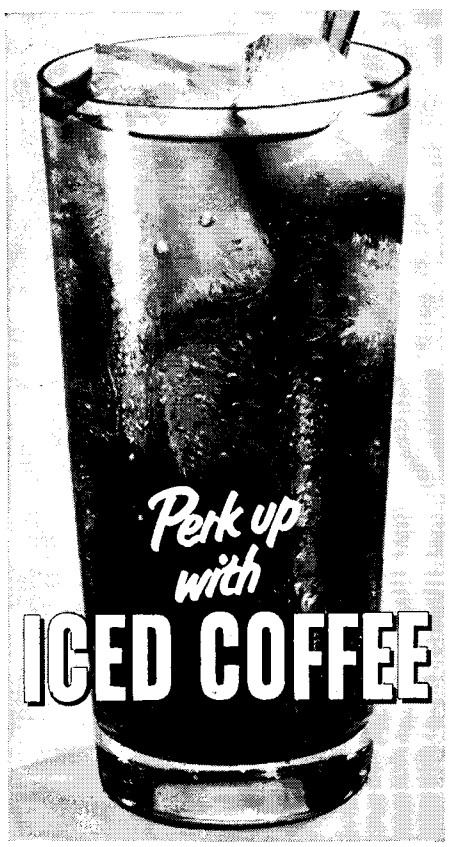

(*Continued from Page 84*) "But what about tonight?"Jan asked dully. "Didn't they say anything about tonight?"

The man shook his head. Wearily Jan tried to think. He could go to his last hide-out with the family of Prof. Josef Ogoun, but they, poor people, had only known him a few weeks; it was hardly fair to load them with such a responsibility.

The railwayman must have read his thoughts. "You will stay here," he said. He had heard the radio announcements. He knew that if any rumor of what he was doing reached the Nazis, he was doomed, and so were his wife and children. Yet he said quite simply, "You will spend the night here."

Jan was grateful, but he said that the railwayman had done enough. This district was too close to the scene of attempted assassination. Soon the Germans would cordon it off and make a search. It was dark enough now for Jan to walk through the streets, mingling with homeward-bound working people. The railwayman lent him a set of baggy blue overalls, of the type worn by every driver and fireman on the railway, and a large-peaked cap, ideal for pulling down over a bandaged eye.

Jan left Mr. Novotna's suit to be returned to its owner, put on the overalls and stepped out into the dark street. He had decided to go to Auntie Marie's.

Maria Moravec—"Auntie Marie" to some twenty parachutists then hiding in the Prague area—was a gay, confident woman in her fifties, stout of heart and ample of body. A leader in the *Résistance*, she shared a flat in Prague with her husband, a railway inspector, and her son Ata, a youth of twenty-one who thought underground work was romantic. Her place was often used as a hide-out. Jan knew he could find shelter there.

As he hurried through the streets he saw people using flashlights to read large notices pasted on many walls. Newspapers were selling rapidly at street corners. "Curfew at ten o'clock! All persons found out-of-doors after that will be shot!"

It was absolutely essential to find shelter before steel-helmeted troops began to fill the streets. They would certainly cordon off many areas and search houses, but they could not search the whole of Prague in one night. If his face were unmarked, he could take his chance anywhere. Now he was the most conspicuous man in the capital, and the most wanted.

At the Moravecs' apartment house he ignored the elevator, walked up to the second floor and pressed the bell, using a special series of rings. Auntie Marie opened the door.

"Oh, you poor boy!" she said. She drew him inside the flat. He began to tell her what had happened. To him it was a confession of failure. To Auntie Marie, who had heard on the radio that both assailants had escaped after inflicting some sort of injury upon Heydrich, it was part of a glorious crusade.

There was no question of his leaving the flat, she said. By tomorrow some of the swelling would have gone from his face, and then they could decide what to do.

Half an hour later they heard Ata Moravec's key in the latch. Auntie Marie got up to welcome her tall, handsome son. He saw Jan, stopped and said accusingly, "You're here! Here!"

Gone was all the romantic ardor which had glossed his voice in speaking of the *Résistance*. Now his tone was angry.

"Ata!" said Auntie Marie reproachfully. "What do you mean?"

"The newspaper," he said thickly. "It's all about your bicycle." He looked at Jan. "My mother's bicycle which you borrowed."

Mrs. Moravec took the newspaper from him. There on the front page was a photograph of a woman's bicycle. Jan recognized it as the one Josef had used, and realized that they had borrowed the machine from Auntie Marie.

The headline ran: ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE REICHSPROTECTOR. TEN MILLION CROWNS REWARD WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF PERPETRATORS. Translated into any currency it was a very large reward; in American money it equaled about $340,000.

The newspaper numbered the items the attackers had left behind at that corner in Holesovice: the bicycle, trademark, Moto-Velo J. Kremar Teplice, registration number, 40.363; two briefcases; one dirty camel-haired cap bearing the blue and yellow trade-mark name, White Swan; a light-beige raincoat with pale buttons—Josef had carried this across his arm to conceal the Sten gun.

With a shock of apprehension, Jan realized that he had taken the camel-haired cap from the hall stand at Professor Ogoun's that morning. It belonged to one of their sons, and it might be traceable.

The newspaper article concluded with a warning in heavy-black type. Anyone discovered withholding information or anyone with information who did not proceed immediately to the police would be shot together with his entire family. But all information given—if so desired by the informer—would be treated as highly secret. It was also the duty of all householders and owners of flats or hotels, under penalty of death, to inform the police if any unregistered person was staying with them. All persons not registered would be shot.

> The Lord probably created man before woman so that He could explain a few things without being interrupted.
>
> PEP MEALIFFE

Jan avoided Ata's accusing eyes. Not only had they botched the operation but they also had now incriminated dozens of people.

Let us go back, now, to the scene of assassination. Valchik, having flashed the signal of Heydrich's approach, pocketed his hand mirror, took a side street and caught a streetcar back to his lodgings. Until an ambulance arrived, Klein lay sprawled outside the butcher's shop. But what of Heydrich?

After throwing down his revolver, Heydrich had limped back to his damaged car through knots of curious spectators. He leaned against the Mercedes' hood, bending over, his face a pale shade of green. The people from the streetcars were frightened of the Nazi uniform.

"It's Heydrich, the Reichsprotector!"

"No, it can't be!"

"He's hurt; he's got it in the back!"

But no one offered to help him. The wise ones hurried off. Only the stupidly inquisitive remained, and, of course, the pro-Nazis.

The policeman at whom Jan had fired was unhurt; he had dived sideways in time. Now he took charge. At that moment a small baker's van came down the hill, and he raised his hand importantly. The van stopped, and a bewildered little man poked his head out of the driver's window.

"You will take the Reichsprotector to Bulov Hospital at once," said the policeman sternly, the scent of promotion keen in his nostrils. "Don't argue!"

Heydrich had one hand pressed against his side. There were two or three small cuts in the back of his jacket, but they looked of no consequence. The policeman assisted him into the baker's van next to the driver. Heydrich groaned, and with tight lips called for his briefcase from the car.

The driver got back in his cab, but before he could get into gear Heydrich was shouting hysterically. The little driver turned off the ignition and jumped out.

"I can't understand what he says," he bleated. "Doesn't the general realize I can't speak German?"

"Shut up," said the policeman, and he went round to talk to Heydrich. The Reichsprotector could not bear the pain sitting up. He wanted to lie in the back of the van.

"But it's floury," wailed the baker. "Dirty old cases and crates. I didn't expect ——"

"Get a move on," groaned Heydrich. "Quickly!"

"At once, Herr General," said the policeman. He waved the crowd back and assisted Heydrich round to the back of the open van. Heydrich crawled in and lay back. The van started off, with the Acting Reichsprotector of Bohemia and Moravia, the hammer of the Czechs, the butcher of the Jews, the murderer, the torturer, the sadist, flinching at every bump in the road.

At the hospital the policeman rang up Hradcany Castle and asked to speak to some officer of rank. When he finally got through to a senior officer and told him the story, the earpiece of the phone almost exploded in the policeman's hand. An attempt on the Reichsprotector? Nonsense! No one would dare!

The policeman, made slightly apprehensive by this rage, tried again. "I assure you, sir," he said, "he is at this moment lying in a bed at the Bulov Hospital. He has a wound in his back, I think. He is also holding what appears to be an important briefcase."

At this news the Nazi officer appeared to go quite mad. He insulted the policeman, he swore at him, he called him a fool. The policeman waited for him to run down, then repeated his story word for word.

Within half an hour the Bulov Hospital was surrounded by SS troops. Beds containing Czech patients were thrust impatiently into other wards. Telegrams went flashing between Prague and Berlin. The *Führer* himself was outraged. Himmler prepared to fly to Prague. The best German doctors and surgeons prepared to fly to Prague. Prague radio was monitored by other services everywhere, and throughout the world the story struck the headlines in a black banner.

The Nazi beehive buzzed as if it had been struck by a sledge hammer. At midnight steel-helmeted German troops piled into trucks. All passes must be scrutinized, all houses in suspected areas sealed off and searched. Any sign of resistance was to be met with instant execution; any suspicious person was to be arrested and brought in for interrogation.

Find the men who attacked Heydrich!

The engines roared, the hooded trucks rumbled through the streets, and the people of Prague, hearing them, turned uneasily in their beds. The man hunt was on.

Alan Burgess' story of the assassination of Heydrich is taken from his book, *Seven Men at Daybreak*, which will be published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc. early in October. In next week's *Post* the author tells how a traitor led the Nazis to the Czech patriots.

—THE EDITORS

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Journey Into Danger (Continued from Page 43)

wound with vinegar and water and tying up his shattered wrist in splints.

"You," she said. "You can touch that man! The man who dishonored you! Take the hand that tore the clothes from your body and dress it," she screamed, her hand raised as if to strike the girl.

"He can do no more harm, *ouma*, and surely it is written that it is right to turn the other cheek and succor the distressed?"

Tante Maria turned away, quivering with fury. That girl! There was no knowing what she would do, not ever. Not even God could know.

Francina did not know herself. It was not as she had said. She was not being a good Christian girl, not turning the other cheek. In her heart she was ashamed, for she was in some way drawn to this man. Also she hated him; also she regretted the death of Barend and was sorry she had not been more kind to him. But she was glad to be quit of his attentions. Now no one stood between her and Harry. There was only his aversion for her to overcome. And somehow she knew that he would come to Carter, knew that he must come to this man who had once been his comrade and was now his murderer, or would have been but for a trick of fate—the exchange of hats in a game such as might have been played by children. And she was right, for hardly had she bandaged Carter's wrist and shoulder before Harry Bates walked up to her.

"That is a most Christian act, Francina," he said.

"No," she said, unable to lie. "No, it is not. I would not lie about such a thing to you. I hate him, but someone had to dress his wounds. He could not be left alone to bleed to death."

"Why not?"

"He must live to speak, *meneer*, so that we shall learn something about the band he leads and why he killed Barend." She knew he had thought it was Harry, but she wanted to make him tell her in his own words.

"It was not Barend he sought to kill, but me," Harry said. "Barend wore my hat."

"But why you? What had you done?"

"Have you forgotten?"

"That you saved me from him? Oh, Harry, how could you think that would be cause enough?" She put her hand on his forearm, holding him so that he would not back away.

Carter, who had been lying as if he were really dead, now opened his eyes, bared his yellow fangs and, like a snarling dog, said, "No idea, hey? Ye've no idea, 'Arry? Well, I'll tell you. I wanted the girl and I'd 'ave 'ad 'er but for you."

Francina stood beside Harry, her arms about him, frozen with horror.

"But a laugh it is, too, because you'll be dead soon. Aye," he went on, his voice rising to a kind of chant, "the 'ole bleeding lot of you will be dead—dead as bloody doornails. All but Miss Dainty 'ere, an' I've no doubt she'll wish she was when Don Bloody Sousa Miguel Kiss the Monkey's Tail gets 'old of 'er. . . . Aye," he said to Francina, "it might 'ave been better with me, seein' as I'm white. A slaver's moll, our proud lady. A half-caste slaver's moll." He fell back in a faint.

"What does he mean?" Francina said. "Oh, Harry, what can he mean?"

"It means that we were right to halt and set up camp. He has persuaded the slavers to attack us. He was going to lead them."

"But why? What could they get?"

"You. He wanted you and the loot of the wagons."

"And he'd fight? People would be killed so that he should have me?" Francina was shocked. That two men should fight with their fists for a girl's love, *ja*, that was reasonable enough, even with knives among the colored people. But that white men with guns should start a war. . . . "A war," she said, "they would make a war for a woman?"

"It's been done before," Harry said. "There was Helen of Troy—the face that launched a thousand ships."

"Helen? Who was she? Why did they launch ships?"

"To sail the sea, to fight in a foreign land."

"Had they no girls of their own, and how could she be married to a thousand men? *Meneer*, King Solomon had a thousand wives, it is said, but with men it is different."

"Yes," he said, "it is different. And it was not only you. There is the gold that is carried in the wagons, and the guns, the powder and the ball, all the loot of such a caravan as ours."

"What shall we do?"

"Prepare and wait for them. What else is there to do?"

Near them *Oom* Willem sat with the Bible open in front of him. Now there was another grave to be dug—two graves, in fact, for Carter could not live long. There might even be more if the Kaffirs attacked. But that Barend should die before he, old Prinsloo, did was almost incomprehensible to him. Barend—he had pinned his faith to him. He was to have been his successor—his heir too, in that he was to marry Cina. That he should die first was still, though it had happened, unthinkable. Who had he to rely on now? Flip? Flip was too young, too reckless. There was only the English soldier—Harry Bates. How strange that it should be he—a rooinek, a dragoon.

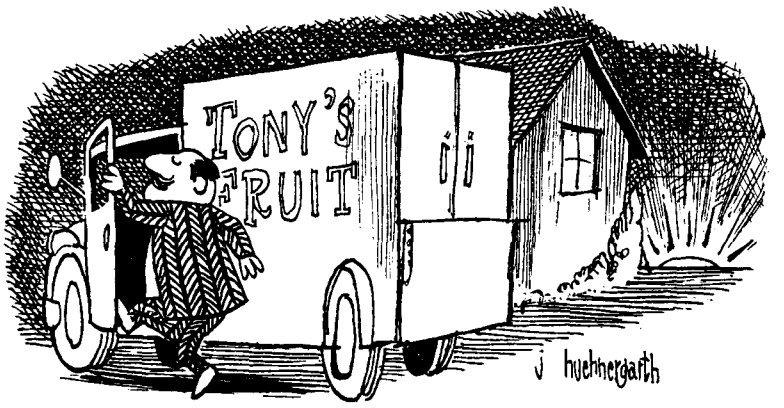
About him the life of the camp went on. The children played at games of war, the boys rescuing maidens from imaginary Kaffirs, the maids helping the boys to repel attacks and nursing the wounded with tender care.

"Little fools," *Tante* Maria said, "you are brave now. Just see that you remain brave later and get you to work like real Boer children preparing for battle instead of playing such infants' games."

She gave the boys long narrow bars of lead to be cut into small chunks, and set the girls to rolling the lead squares that they cut on a stone to round them off. Others, the bigger ones, with Miemie at their head, sewed little, soft, tanned-leather bags to contain the slugs. Then she went from wagon to wagon to see that the women had the spare guns loaded, that they had ball and powder suitably dispersed, ready for immediate use, and strips of old linen rolled for bandages.

Now that the news of Carter's capture had come in, Tomaso was for abandoning the attack, leading his handful of slavers back and dispersing the knob-nose and naked Kaffirs he had collected. But they would not go. They stood about him shouting, gesticulating, waving their guns and spears.

One, a subchief wearing the tail feathers of a widow bird in his hair, said, "It is simple. You will lead us to battle. If you run away, we will kill you. If you refuse to lead us, we will kill you. For now our



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Regularly every evening, hard-working Tony parked his fruit truck in the driveway of his home until early the next day. The neighbors protested that their high-class zoning ordinance prohibited overnight parking of trucks. When Tony rejected their protests, they sued to stop him.

"The law defines 'nighttime' as the period from sunset to sunrise," Tony argued. "As I leave before sunrise, I park only part of the night and that is not prohibited by a law against overnight parking."

"A nice argument," counsel for the neighbors replied, "but it means nothing. Parking a truck in a residential zone for part of a night ruins the neighborhood just as much as overnight or all-night parking would do."

If you were the judge, would you make Tony park elsewhere?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Yes. The court said: "The term 'overnight' here is not a technical one subject to absolute delineation by hours, minutes or seconds, but one which must be read in the light of the purpose for which the ordinance was passed."

Based upon a 1957 New York decision.

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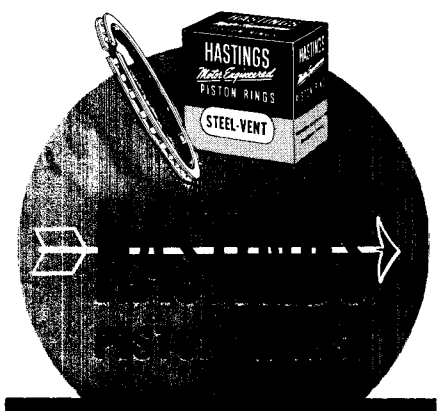
GENTLE *on cylinder walls*
TOUGH *on oil pumping*



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spears must be washed in the blood of the white man. That is what we have promised the warriors."

"I will lead you," Tomaso said, but his knees trembled. This was not an unsuspecting Kaffir village to be surprised in the dawn. This was an alerted camp. The Boers were fine shots. It was said they could kill a man at four hundred paces. Some of his own men, the trained slave catchers, might be killed. This would be a severe loss. It took time to train a slave catcher. Slaves had to be handled like livestock, like cattle. It was important to know how to feed, water and rest them. The routes they followed had to be learned. A slaver's life was not an easy one. But at least it had been straightforward till this English heretic had come to tempt them. That was it. He saw it clearly now. This man had been sent by the devil to destroy them, so that they should catch no more slaves and save no further pagan souls.

His train of thought was ended by the subchief, who poked him with his spear. "Lead on, inkos," he said, "lead on, for you are the leader and must go before us who follow so humbly behind. Start," he hissed, "or my spear will go into your ribs."

It was Francina who, having climbed to the top of the wagon, saw the Kaffirs first. "They come," she cried, "they come!"

The Boers stood to their guns and waited for the attack. With his spyglass *Oom* Willem could see Tomaso directing operations, waving his hands this way and that. He could even hear him shouting orders in the Kaffir tongue.

Harry, at *Oom* Willem's shoulder, said, "He has been told what to do by Carter, or he has done it before." This was when he saw Tomaso dispose his sharpshooters behind rocks and bushes and send the Kaffirs under their own chiefs to either flank.

The Kaffirs had now forgotten Tomaso. Let him and his handful shoot at the camp if that was their method of fighting, but they, the real warriors, would storm the white man's kraal and carry it by the spear. They waited, grouped, nervous and excited as hounds on the leash for their leaders to give the word. The leaders waited for the slavers to open fire, and with the first ragged volley they charged, leaping into the attack. They had expected to hear the Boers' answering fire, but it did not come. On Harry's advice they had ignored the shots of the slavers. "They'll never move," he said. "They haven't heart, least of all Tomaso," whom he saw directing his part of the battle from behind a giant ant heap.

At fifteen paces a savage fire met the Kaffirs, killing and wounding many, tearing their ranks apart, but they plunged on with the wild courage of their kind, the fury of their hearts blinding them to danger. Here was loot, glory, blood. This was war, their favorite sport. Some reached the wagons and were blown apart as they shook the spokes of the wheels. None breached the wall of wagons; and then, like a wave of the sea that has dashed all its wild majesty of tossing spume against the rocks and falls back into itself and withdraws, so did the Kaffirs. The Boers had been ready for them and were too strong. But their herds remained. So, picking up their wounded and leaving the dead scattered upon the veld, the Kaffirs withdrew, and the swiftest of them ran toward the herds whose spoor showed so clearly in the trodden grass.

"To horse," Harry cried; and jumping onto their saddled horses, a group of boys and men swept out of the camp, galloping to outflank the running Kaffirs and save the stock. Only when the big gray thundered past him did Harry realize that Francina was with them—leading them, in fact. Francina was somewhat surprised herself. She had gone with the others because whatever happened she had no desire to be left behind. But that she should lead was Blaubooi's fault. He was a horse that could not bear to see a flying tail in front of him.

Behind them the noise of the attack began again. They heard more firing, but could not turn back now. The Boers now dropped their reins on their horses' necks and fired from the saddle at the Kaffirs who were running from them, killing several. They had turned them away from the cattle and, reloading, Harry's party cut still farther into the Kaffirs' line of advance, driving them back whence they had come, so that they could not escape into the hills and come at the cattle by another route. This running battle had taken them into some low rolling hills. The camp was hidden from them, but from it came the sounds of renewed and much hotter fire.

Harry turned on Francina, who now rode at his side. "You little fool," he said, "you could have been killed—and may be yet."

"*Ja, Meneer* Harry," she said, "that is true for all of us."

"You are a girl," he said.

"That is also true, and there are times that I do not regret it."

"Well, you should behave like one then," he said. He was furious with this child.

"On Sundays, in my dress and *kappie* I am a girl," Francina said. "On weekdays I am free."

"And act like a silly boy," Harry said.

"I am never like a boy, Harry. I am just free. Is a bird in the air, when you see it fly, a cock or a hen? No," she said, "it is just a bird. It is free. Thus am I free on my horse like a bird."

Harry held up his hand and stopped. The others closed in on him. "Now," he said, "we will attack the Kaffirs from the rear." His words were checked by wild cries and another burst of firing.

"Come," he said. They advanced at a slow canter.

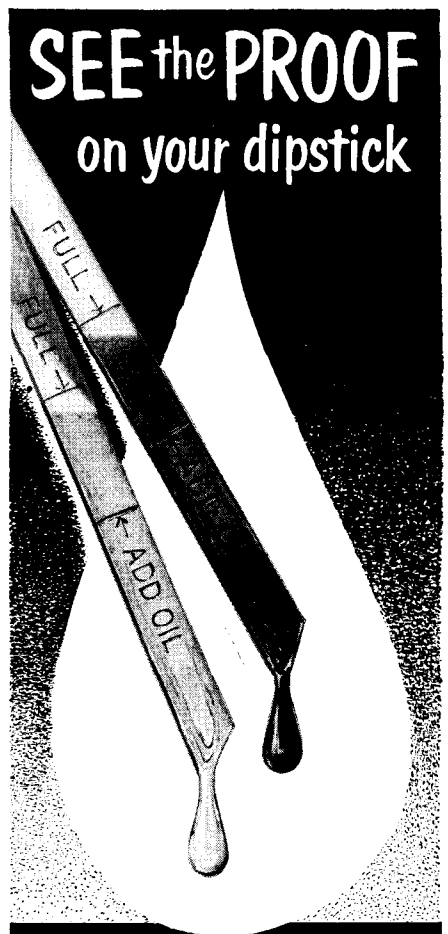
As soon as the remaining Kaffirs saw the Boers ride out after the cattle thieves, they attacked the weakened garrison again. Success seemed certain. In the camp all were fighting desperately. Women and children were doing more than load now. Some were firing guns they could scarcely lift. Miemie, her face black with powder, loaded her gun with the slugs she had been sewing into bags an hour before and, resting the barrel on the spokes of a wheel, fired as fast as her small brother could hand her a fresh gun.

Oom Willem had lost his hat. His white hair and beard awry, he shot his biggest elephant gun, firing a four-to-the-pound ball, into the thick of the charging Kaffirs. If only the riders would come back. If only Harry got back in time. But he had been right to go. The stock had to be saved. To be left without beasts here would be to die immobilized and helpless.

Tante Maria was fighting beside him. "*Ja*," she said, "that girl. Before God, *Oom* Willem, that girl has ridden out with the men. She is like one possessed. *Ja*, like a Gadarene swine she flings herself over the cliff into that black sea of Kaffirs to revenge the death of her lover. It is a fine thing, to demand justice, to demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but she goes too far." She fired her gun. "But that a girl should ride out to war on her horse like ——"

"As long as she gets back," *Oom* Willem shouted. "As long as they get back in time!" He peered through the battle smoke. "Pull out the gate. They come!" he shouted.

(*Continued on Page 91*)



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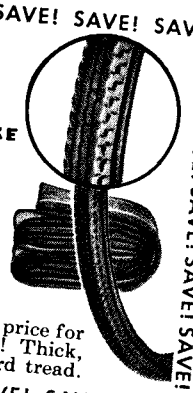

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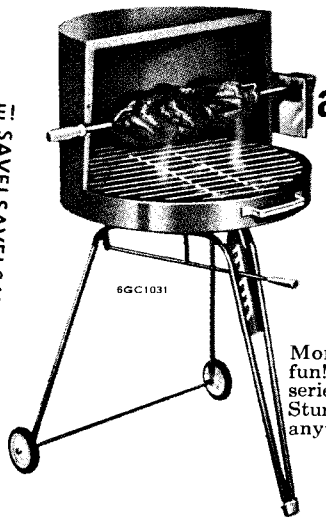

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(*Continued from Page 89*) "They come!" *Tante* Maria shouted as Harry, Francina and the others galloped in, the cloud of red dust thrown up by the horses' hoofs mixing with the smoke of the black powder.

Francina jumped from her horse, leaving him to run loose, and seized a gun.

"Thank God, you're back," *Oom* Willem said. "And the cattle?"

"They are safe," Francina said, "safe for an hour or so at least. We killed three and turned the others back."

The Kaffirs came on again. More men seemed to have joined them. Another contingent must have come from somewhere, hearing the sound of battle and smelling loot. This time they reached the wagons and, leaping upon their own dead, grasped the tent hoops. Two jumped down and were killed by the spears of the tame Kaffirs before they could do damage. Spears came raining into the camp. There were wild cries, the scream of someone wounded and the panic-stricken lowing of some nearby cattle.

Then from the Kaffirs came the sound of a horn and more shots. There was a volley, and the Kaffirs began to fall back. As the smoke cleared, *Oom* Willem let out a shout. "White men," he cried. "A rescue! The Lord God has seen fit to save us once again!"

"It was near," *Tante* Maria said. "*Magtig!* The Lord always saves us. But sometimes He leaves it very late!"

Their rescuers, seven, swept down upon the Kaffirs, taking them in the flank.

"Mount!" Harry shouted. "Mount and charge!"

A moment later every man was on his horse and out of the camp, Francina on Blaubooi among them. They swept up to the retreating Kaffirs, firing from the saddle, halting to reload and riding on. Francina rode at Harry's heels, holding Blaubooi back. She had no gun, but held a pistol in her hand. Many Kaffirs fell. The rest were in full flight. The reserve under Tomaso fired a volley at the Boers—which hit no one—and fled, too, with Tomaso in the van.

Now, with the Kaffirs dispersed, the two groups of Boers came together. Who were these strangers? Boer men and boys, evidently part of another trek which had followed in their spoor in time to save them. One rode forward. Francina knew him at once. His black hair and beard were longer, his face burned browner, but his bright, black, button eyes remained the same—the smous. The smous was back among them. Francina spurred toward him.

"*Meneer*," she cried. "It is *Meneer* Rosenberg, our smous!"

He took off his hat and bowed from the saddle. "The same," he said, "but older and somewhat worn with travel"—he looked down at himself—"and also stained."

"Oh," she said, "this is good. Good."

"*Ja*, it is good to see so lovely a maiden again."

"Who leads your trek? Who are these people?" Harry asked.

"Swellendamers," the smous said. "I lead them. I told them I knew the way."

"You never told us you knew the north."

"My little flower, I did not know it then, but it is not hard to pick up and follow the spoor of a trek like yours."

"Thank God you came," she said.

"Thank God," he said. Then he laughed. "When we heard the gunfire we came on fast."

A big fair man had come up to them. "And you, *meneer?*" Francina said.

"I am Fourie, Jappie Fourie of Swellendam."

"I am Francina Prinsloo." She held out her hand.

"A girl! I thought you were a boy!"

"Do I look like a boy?" Francina stared at him with big eyes, her bosom heaving with a mixture of exhaustion, excitement and anger. What a big stupid fool! Harry rode up. "This is *Meneer* Bates," she said, "our leader under my *oupa*."

"An Englishman?" Fourie said. "Man, but this is a funny trek—led by an Englishman, and girl-boys armed and mounted on blood horses. Man," he said, "what a horse! What a horse!"

"He's mine," Francina said, leaning over to pat Blaubooi's neck.

Fourie said, "We will bring our wagons up and join you if we may."

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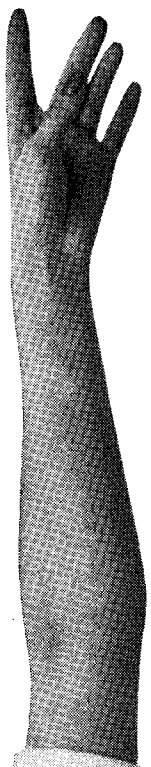

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"The more the better," Harry said. "If you agree to follow our leader, *Oom* Willem."

"He sounds good enough for us," Fourie said. "We wish to hunt and trade and then return to the Colony."

"Then you have no women with you?" Francina said.

"No women. Only a minister."

"A predikant? Where is he?"

"In charge of the wagons. He is a good man, one of the best of his kind. Though I must say I do not care for his kind. Man," he said, clapping Francina on the shoulder as they were riding side by side, "all predikants and other ministers depress me. They are so good and they make me afraid with their talk of hell-fire. Man," he said, "I do not like the idea of a man frizzling like a sausage at a picnic."

Francina laughed. "You are a funny man," she said.

"*Ja*, I am funny. I love to laugh. That is why I do not like to be made sad."

Oom Willem came to welcome them. "You saved us," he said. "God sent you to save us."

"God!" Fourie said. "It was the Jew. *Ja*," he said, "that smous made us hurry all the way, as if he knew ——"

"I knew," Rosenberg said. "I knew that more men would be needed. And they are good men."

That night, as they all sat round the fires, the smous told more of his party's trek, of how they had found the graves along the road and stopped to pray at each, the predikant reading the funeral service.

"So it was read after all," *Oom* Willem said.

"*Ja*, it was read, and hymns were sung at the place you call the Christmas camp." They had first become aware of the earlier battle that had taken place when the iron tires of their wheels had crunched over the bones of the dead Zulus that were hidden in the grass. Then they had halted to search the veld and had found the graves.

Oom Willem said, "We have more dead here, more to be buried. A good man is gone, and a man more evil than any I have previously encountered or even dreamed of has just died."

"In birth and in death all men are equal," the predikant said. "This is my belief, even of the murderer and the suicide, for they know not what they did."

"Then you think we should bury them together? The murderer and his victim? That they should lie side by side and have a single service for the two?" *Oom* Willem asked.

"Why not, *meneer?* Are they not joined in death? The good and the bad, the black and the white. Can there be white without black, *meneer*, or the light of day without the darkness of night? The living we can judge; the dead we must leave to God."

At dawn next day the graves were dug beside the trek pad—two deep graves, three yards apart. And the bodies, wrapped in blankets, were lowered into them on a sling. Dressed for Sunday, the crowd stood with bowed heads listening to the funeral service. And then, as the graves were being filled, they changed back into their habitual clothes, inspanned their oxen and, with loud cries and whipcracks, continued their advance. A man of theirs was dead, but more had come. They saw men now as guns, as stalwart arms, to work and fight. While Barend had lived they had loved him; he was their brother. To defend him they would have died. But dead, none really mourned him but his brothers and his father's second wife. Francina was sad, but able to forget her sadness in watching Harry talk to the smous and in riding first with one of the new arrivals and then another. No one spoke of Carter save to say that, had they shot him sooner, Barend would still be alive.

The mountains were before them. They had begun as hills, and the way through them through pass after pass and valley after valley seemed clear. *Oom* Willem spoke daily with confidence—which some thought to be assumed—about how near they were to the promised land. But all knew there was no turning back now, for the Kaffirs were behind them. That they did not attack here in this broken ground could be due only to protection of the Lord, the new guns that had reinforced the trek and the fact that these hills frightened them, for they were not mountain Kaffirs. Indeed, there was none here, for the mountains were too bleak and the flats below too rich for the tribes who lived there to leave them. So, though the Kaffirs left the mountains alone—an abode for spirits and devils—they still followed the Boers at a distance, ready to take advantage of any mistake that they might make.

Since there was no turning back, and the land he sought must lie in front of them, *Oom* Willem made the best of things and put on this bold front of confidence, the expression on his face more calm than the questions in his heart. Their direction was right, of that he was sure, but what of the obstacles? He had gone wrong somewhere. There had been big mountains; he remembered them well, but he had not crossed them. It was the half-caste who had confused him with his soft words and promises.

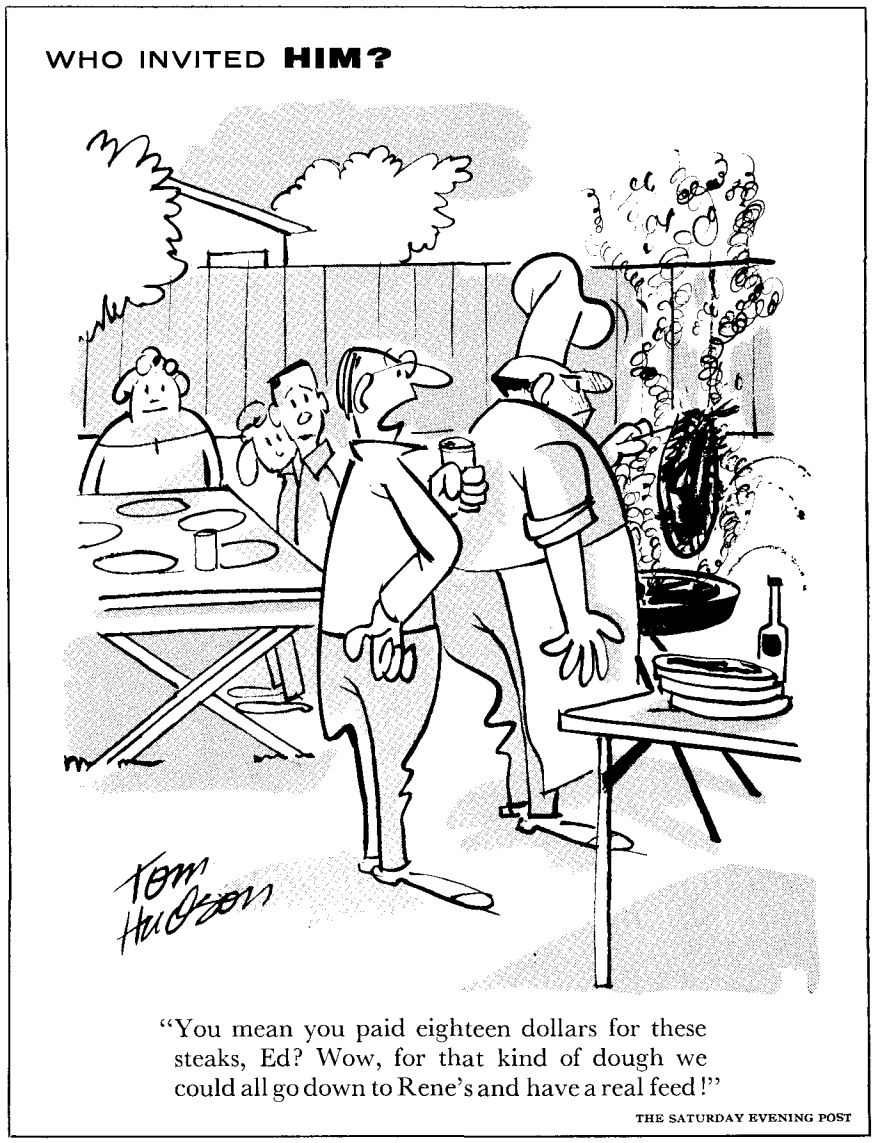
But, at the time, he had indeed seemed God-sent. How else had he been able to describe the lands that he sought so well? Who at that time could have imagined that Carter, who had heard him tell the story of this hunters' paradise by a hundred fires, would have instructed him in every detail? Carter, whom all had assumed dead, and who was dead now and buried beside his victim—the fine young man, his almost-son, whom Carter had struck down. How should he have suspected this man Tomaso? How should he? Yet Barend had, and he had brushed Barend aside. But Barend had been right, as all now knew to their cost. But how great the total cost none yet knew—not the full price they might have to pay for error.

Each day the wagons and loose stock climbed. There was never a place large or flat enough for a camp. At night the wagons lay alone like anchored ships, held only by the stones behind their wheels. There was water, plenty of it, in rushing mountain torrents; and grass too, on the slopes between rock faces that towered up into bare, sharp gray peaks.

Loudly, as if to dispute his own thoughts, *Oom* Willem cracked his great whip with echoing shots across the backs of his oxen, sending the hawks that rested in the kranses screaming into the air.

Now everywhere the scene was the same as the ox spans faced the mountains. *Oom* Willem had been the first, but now every whip clapped. The drivers screamed their oxen's names, Wittman, Rooiland, Bles, Bloem, Witpens, Zwartkie, Stompie, Bluikman, Bosveld, Geelbek, Donker, Ireland, Scotland, Engelsman, Klinkie. The names and the whip claps came echoing back from the empty cliffs. For this was an empty world, bare of bush and trees.

Double spans of oxen, thirty or more to a wagon, belabored with sjamboks, flung themselves into their yokes, their frightened eyes almost bursting from their sockets. Men and women, even children, threw themselves upon the great rear wheels of the wagons and, seizing the spokes in their hands, forced them to turn. No one rode; even the sick and the pregnant walked. The small children staggered, clinging to their mothers' skirts, or



"You mean you paid eighteen dollars for these steaks, Ed? Wow, for that kind of dough we could all go down to Rene's and have a real feed!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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were carried in their arms. This was the assault on a mountain, a climb that attacked these heights as if they were enemies—which indeed they were, for to fail might mean death, something even the children seemed to understand.

Harry Bates was walking beside Francina. About them the long whips cracked over the backs of the straining oxen. The sjamboks lashed the wheelers as they leaned against the pole, sometimes almost on their knees, so great was their endeavor. Finding this new range in front of them without a break, they had been forced to attack it frontally, like an enemy that could not be outflanked.

They could not turn back now, though the fears and dangers of yesterday seemed like security when compared to those they faced today. Below them, on their right, was the void of a deep cliff.

Looking down, Francina said, "An eagle, Harry. Have you ever seen one from above and looked down upon its back?"

"Yes, Cina, and I have seen something else before also, in the mountains of the Cape." He pointed to some wisps of mist drifting like feathers below them.

"Mist," Francina said.

"Yes, mist; and I do not like it—not in the high hills. Not here."

And slowly, as they watched, it increased. The light, ephemeral drifting feathers that had been almost ghostly and transparent thickened and grew. The feathers became sheep, the sheep closed into solid flocks—into white blankets that hid the dark emptiness of the gorge, drew apart for a moment like curtains and then closed again. But this was not all. The mist came down from above also. At first, it too was a light, a whirling drift that did no more than blur the outline of the surrounding hills. Then it thickened, and Harry sprang into action.

"Stop!" he shouted. "We must stop while there is still time."

"Stop? Why must we stop?"

"The fog is coming down. Soon we shall not be able to see more than a yard. Stop now, while we can still see to find stones to put behind wheels and outspan the beasts."

Flip, who was beside *Oom* Willem, did not wait for his order, but ran back, shouting, "Stop! Get stones beneath the wheels while we can still see. Span out and tie the beasts."

The drivers began to whistle to stop their oxen. The *voorloopers* threw small stones into the beasts' faces, and the oxen halted on the steep incline, leaning into their yokes to hold the load.

It was done just in time. Before the last ox was tied to the *trektow* the fog was over them—a thick white blanket that enveloped each man and each beast, so that everything was alone, isolated, trapped, unable to see even the ground upon which it stood, or a man his own hand if he raised it to his face. And so night fell, none daring to move, all remaining still in the mist, as if they were dead men with weighted feet, standing erect under water; and all, even the boldest of men, afraid, for this was beyond their experience, as was the loneliness of it, men being separated from their wives, and children from their mothers. And then, seeing there was no end to it, that the mist grew ever thicker, weaving heavy new blankets about them, wisp by wisp, all lay down, sinking to the ground where they stood, both men and beasts.

At last the night passed. As the sun rose, the mist became paler, whiter, though no less opaque. Then it began to dissipate from above in the same manner in which it had risen from below the previous evening, getting more wispy and less dense. Soon the people could see one another and the wagons, though not their wheels or their own feet on the ground. They looked as if they were wading through a sea of wool; and, afraid to move since they still could not see where they were going, they merely shouted greetings to one another. The oxen had all stood up, arching and stretching their backs like dogs. Everything was beaded with moisture. Francina's hair and eyelashes were hung with diamond drops. The men's clothes were soaked. The wagon tents dripped as if it had been raining. First, the highest peaks about them emerged. Then others. And at last they could see where they stood. They were upon an island, one of many, in a white, woolly sea.

The mist was going slowly, but the valley below them was still hidden. It lay like a white lake at their feet. Then a sudden wind sprang up, striking them with an icy hand and sweeping the remnants of the mist away like dust before a broom.

Oom Willem gave a shout of "Canaan! The Promised Land!" They were there! Like Moses he had led his people through the wilderness. There it lay, a thousand feet below them in its rich, green, fertile glory; but between them was the mountainside that was almost a cliff. Baboons, goats and perhaps the boldest of men could descend into this promised land, but neither stock nor wagons.

A gasp went up from the Boers. *Oom* Willem threw his hat upon the ground and knelt. "Pray, let us pray. The Lord has led us here and will show us a way down."

Many followed his example, falling on their knees at once. Harry turned on those who still stood whispering. "Pray, you fools," he shouted, his cavalry past taking charge of his tongue. "Pray," he said, "for without God's help we'll never reach the bottom!"

TO BE CONCLUDED

The Too-Late Prodigal

By Edna O'Brien

I knew in fact the old home
house was gone.
No longer did good oak and
stone make sky
Seem bluer blue against its
brown and gray,
No longer were the tall rooms
stacked two high;
Even the chimney bricks were
hauled away ——
Yet coming through the pasture
firs just now,
My heart filled up with all
that used to be.
For one rare moment time
reversed the years,
And home was there in all
simplicity,
So living real it choked my
throat with tears.
It's there, I thought, *awaiting
my return;*
*Any moment I will see the door
Swing wide!* Just then my seeing
heart went blind,
And eyes saw lonely space, and
nothing more.
Lot's wife and I should not
have looked behind.

There will never be a day when we say "This Is Good Enough"

Standing still might seem like an easy way to run the telephone business. But nothing ever stands still. If a business doesn't go ahead it goes back.

Telephone service has never been so fast, convenient and dependable as right now. Yet the Bell System cannot for a minute be complacent—and we are not.

Telephone service is far too valuable to millions of people and the country for us to let up on anything. There is still much to do to expand present service. The needs of tomorrow call for a tremendous increase in telephone facilities.

A vital necessity is the money to keep going ahead. For without adequate profits there is no possible way to do the whole job, and the best job, for everyone.

Actually the telephone user is one of the biggest gainers when the telephone company makes an adequate profit.

By assuring the money for research, and promoting the efficiencies and economies of long-range planning, it enables us to give you better service at a lower price than would be possible in any other way.

THREE NEW ADDITIONS

to Bell System service are shown here. Many thousands of Call Directors are already in service. The Princess has proved a great success wherever it has been introduced and will be available nationally later this year. The Home Interphone will also introduce new convenience and distinction later this year.

The Princess . . . the newest Bell telephone. It's little. It's lovely. It lights.

The Call Director . . . for fast, easy handling of outside and interoffice calls.

Home Interphone connects house. Also has speake

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Can You Survive Your Vacation?

(Continued from Page 33)

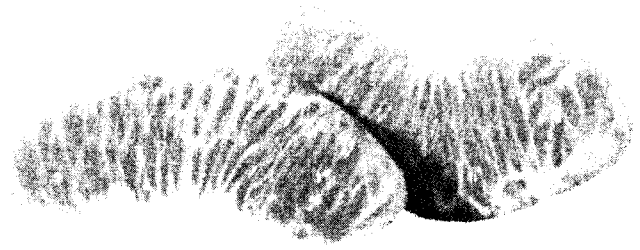
miscarriage—you wouldn't think a pregnant woman would go on a vacation pack trip, would you? Probably did it to please her husband. Women usually have more sense than men when it comes to avoiding accidents, but sometimes they let men talk them into pretty dangerous outdoor situations—no double meaning intended. I once flew in to attend a lady vacationist who climbed down into a canyon to get a drink of water from an innocent-looking stream. She slipped on a slick rock, fell and broke her leg in two places. Her tenderfoot husband didn't know the country, but he made his way to a telephone alone and called help—did a good job. Then he tried to go back to her, still alone, made a wrong turn and got lost—we had more trouble finding him and treating his exposure and hysteria than we did getting a splint on the lady's leg and her to the hospital.

"We have one curious vacation malady—the heart attack induced by fear. This is usually a chronic cardiac patient who thinks he can get away with doing something strenuous or going to very high altitude, then suddenly decides he's made an awful mistake and gets all tensed up with panic. One guy rode a horse to a nine-thousand-foot altitude last summer, found himself short of breath and became convinced he was about to die. A companion rode out thirty-five miles in nine hours to call help. We got a helicopter to the man, set him down in front of Cody Hospital and, after one night in bed, he was as good as new. So we discharged him—actually nothing wrong with him but fright."

Three or four genuine coronary cases are brought in to Cody Hospital every year after heart attacks suffered just sitting in cars on the way into Yellowstone Park. Sylvan Pass, an hour and a half west of Cody, is at 8559 feet, high enough to be rough on any individual with a cardiac history or cardiac susceptibilities.

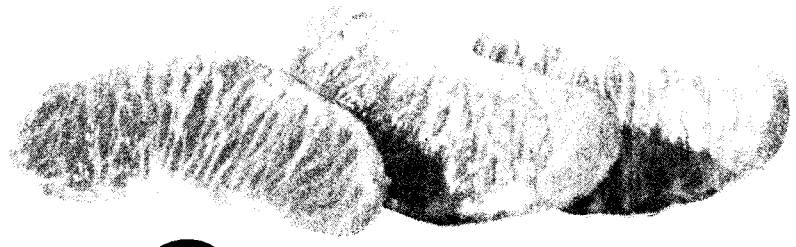
Altitude isn't the only menace in this part of the vacation world. There's also the horse, a creature with terrific appeal to young TV viewers who never see live horses until they get into holiday land.

Anyone who can mount a merry-go-round horse can get on a real one, nor are horses very hard to ride. But since flesh-



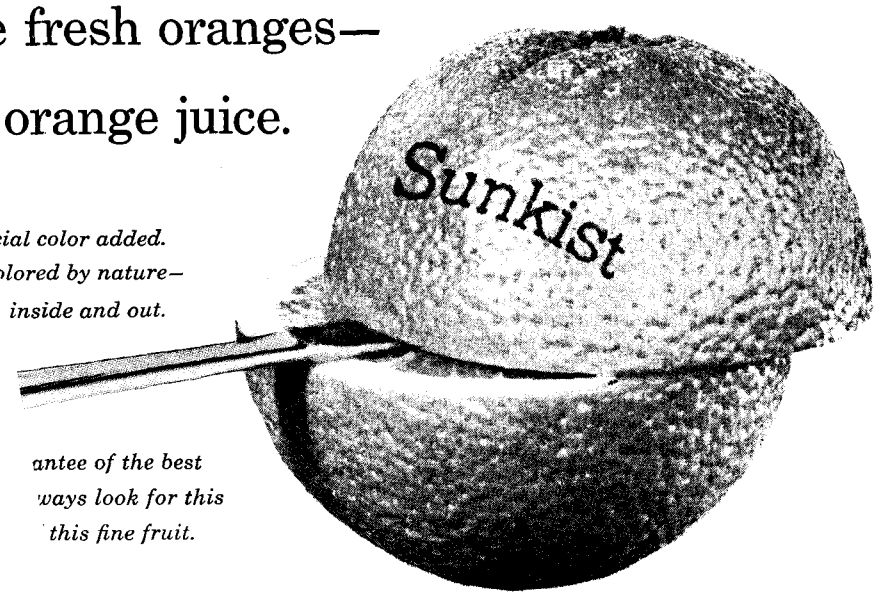
Only the fresh orange gives you all the natural vitamin C plus 50 other health builders* in the fruit. The "meat" of an orange is the main source of many of its health values.

In fact, fresh



Sunkist Oranges give your family 3 times more of the important protopectins and bio-flavonoids than frozen orange juice.

So eat whole fresh oranges—drink whole fresh orange juice.



No ... cial color added.
...lored by nature—
inside and out.

...antee of the best
...ways look for this
this fine fruit.

all phones in
... at front door.

...nin C, protopectins and bio-flavonoids, fresh Sunkist Oranges give your family calcium, ..., iron, biotin and 42 other known health builders.

Blind Seer

By John D. Engle Jr.

I yield the floor to Mr. B.,
A seer who can seldom see.
Though his eyes glow, no
effort needed,
His mental gardens go
unweeded.
His words are quick, but
his decision
Is based on sight instead of
vision.
His proud eye-camera
photographs
All things from insects to
giraffes,
But due to certain mental
strictures,
He never quite develops his
pictures.
However, he will give free
lectures
On all of his confirmed
conjectures.

... ...

and-blood horses do have minds of their own, they sometimes take the notion to get rid of riders who do things they don't like.

I watched a newly arrived woman put the wrong foot in the stirrup of a dude-ranch horse and heave herself into the saddle facing the horse's tail. This lady was flustered and knew better than to do that, but once up there, she couldn't figure out how to get down. The horse was about to show her how when bystanders pulled her off.

I once saw a boy take off a white shirt while riding and try to pass it to his father who was riding next to him. His father's horse shied; his father lost his seat and broke his right arm when he hit the dust.

When it comes to vacation folly, let's not forget that classic, insidious, simple, easy-to-get malady—sunburn. My wife and I once invited a lovely girl to come to Wyoming on a vacation visit. This chickload of charm arrived from California, where they are supposed to know a lot about sun and the aftereffects of sunning. She brought along a coat of tan beautiful to behold—it covered her evenly right up to her skimpy bathing suit, where, according to her own report, it stopped.

When this girl learned that Wyoming has only three persons to the square mile, she took a steamer rug and went off by

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herself to seek seclusion and lie in the sun. She did not take the bathing suit.

I wasn't included among the select few permitted to view the result, but I am reliably informed that what the sun did to that girl's southern exposure shouldn't happen to a tomato. Yet she was a good sport about it, though she did seem rather distracted during the balance of her stay in our state.

You can get badly sunburned in a boat. The worst cases of folly in boats, however, are more serious than sunburn. Something about the ownership—or even the rental—of a boat, especially a first boat, seems to develop an overconfident rashness in amateur mariners that is terrifying to those with experience of what water and weather can do.

You can get into serious peril in a boat of any size, shape or value. One of the simplest, cheapest boats made is the fabric-covered kayak canoe, a seaworthy affair in the hands of the hardy Eskimos who use kayaks for seal hunting in Alaskan waters. But I doubt that the Eskimo lives who would load his wife and two children, none of them able to swim, into a small, folding kayak, throw in a lot of lunch, beer and fishing tackle—but no life jackets—and venture out into the middle of a lake two miles wide and twenty miles long, if he had never been in a kayak before. Eskimos are not that dumb.

I have a dumb friend, however, who insists there's nothing risky about this because his instruction book says his kayak won't sink. He forgets that the book adds "if properly handled." He paddled out to the middle of Bear Lake recently because he says the fishing is better there. He didn't realize that a lake which is flat as a mirror at eleven A.M. can develop savagely choppy waves when a thundersquall blows up in midafternoon.

Fortunately this entire family did not make the statistics column, but give them time. We have around 6500 drownings annually in the United States, most of them in the name of pleasure and many of them from boats. In fact, drowning is the form of death chosen by nearly one in ten of our nonautomotive accident victims.

I have another friend who loves to work with tools and who built himself a houseboat last summer, a simple affair kept afloat by several fifty-five-gallon oil drums decked over to support a cozy fishing shack. This curious ark would be ideal as a swimming or fishing raft moored close to shore. But before the season was out, my friend boasted to me that he had hitched an outboard motor to the clumsy thing and taken it right across the lake with four people aboard—and not a decent swimmer in the lot!

Then there was my friend Jack, who burned up a beautiful cabin cruiser when a rag caught fire while he was lighting the galley range—he naturally tossed the burning rag away from him, and it fell into the bilge through a hatch which he had opened to ventilate gasoline fumes. They say Jack dived through the cockpit awning, but I think the explosion blew him through. Anyway, he came up swimming and reached the beach a quarter of a mile away. The boat was a total loss.

Real experts at boating folly are the landlubbers who succumb to catalogue lure and send away for something like a "fifteen-foot, fully equipped sport runabout . . . a beautiful performer . . . double bottom and air tanks for safety . . . regatta red deck, white hull, plastic wraparound windshield . . . complete with bow and stern lights." On the back of this thing they mount two large, high-horsepower outboard motors. They haul the craft north, south, east or west to a body of water which they have never seen before—the larger, the better—and whose underwater menaces they are completely unaware of and wouldn't dream of inquiring about.

Today we're all used to speed, and no one hesitates to open the throttle of a boat like that runabout. It's a lovely feeling when she surges forward, sending up a big bow wave and churning a terrific wake behind. The motor's whine, of course, makes life horrible for everybody else on the lake, and those bow waves are pretty rough on all other boaters, fishermen, swimmers and the kids playing on the beach, but what difference does that make?

It isn't fun, though, when such a boat runs into a submerged log that rips the guts out of it. That's what happened recently to one holiday family near here. It wouldn't be so bad if people were good swimmers, or if they always wore life jackets, or if they didn't have babies along, or if they didn't panic and pull one another underwater in their desperation. Drowning, seen at first hand, is pretty horrible.

Water-skiers can usually swim quite well. This sport is heavenly—you skim over the water so effortlessly, you can steer right or left with a twist of the ankles, you skip over fair-sized waves and still keep your balance. Up ahead, the boat purrs along, churning up white water.

Most states require at least one extra person in the boat to keep an eye on the water-skier at all times, so that you can get back to him promptly if he spills. It's an awful feeling to lose your balance and pitch into the water and come to the surface only to see the boat rushing farther and farther away from you—and realize that the steersman doesn't know you're gone and won't know where to look for you when he does discover he's left you behind. In some cases, such a spill becomes tragic—a youth hit a log last year and stunned himself and drowned before he was found.

After an accident like that, everybody's mighty careful for the rest of the summer. But shucks, when another summer comes along, they go right on doing the same crazy things. What's vacation for, if not to be crazy?

People indulge in many other forms of holiday self-mayhem. "Gosh," says my doctor friend, "there's no end to what they do. They climb to places they can't get down from—that's standard. I suppose it's no different from the impulse that makes mountain climbers risk their lives to get to Himalayan peaks in the name of sport. Anyway, if there's a high cliff called Lover's Leap or a pinnacle named Devil's Tower, some idiot always braves crumbly rock or precarious weather to try to climb up it. He may get away with it. He may not. Last year we had two boys in the hospital recovering from exposure after three nights and two days on a ledge. In the next room was a kid with poison ivy over so much of his body that for a time he looked as if he might die.

"We get broken arms, broken legs, broken necks, sprains, pulled tendons, dislocated joints, cuts, burns, kids with arrows shot into them, men with gunshot wounds, women with fishhooks hooked into them in the darnedest places and men with the same.

"We get twisted ankles so swollen that you have to cut away the shoe. Campers gash themselves with those big sheath knives that seem to be a part of camping. They hack into feet and legs with axes, cut off toes and fingers.

"Since so many motels have swimming pools, we get more and more pool accidents. Youngsters gallop around wet slippery sides of pools, skid and go down, bump their noggins on the cement. Swimmers dive off springboards without looking to see where they're going, land on top of other swimmers. You can't blame people for such things as these. It's only natural to blow off steam after you've been shut up for hours.

"When a whole nation blows off steam at the same time, somebody's going to get hurt. Name anything people can do to hurt themselves—we had it last summer and we'll have it again this summer. Any doctor who practices in a resort area will tell you the same thing—we really dread vacation. Not that we don't feel sorry for the poor hurt tourists whose holiday has been messed up, but because so much of it is just the unnecessary result of sheer thoughtlessness and exuberance."

The doctor's face sobered. "I know you're not discussing car accidents," he told me. "And I suppose people hear so much about automobile injuries that they get resistant to any hint that highways are dangerous. But if *Saturday Evening Post* readers are joining my rounds while I visit my holiday wounded, I wish they could also see what some of my car-accident patients look like. I can't forget one batch of cases that filled several hospital rooms last summer. They were all such nice people. Half of them were from one Michigan family; they had pulled off U.S. 14 into the shade of a big tree on the left side, where they got out of the car and enjoyed a nice picnic lunch.

"As they started west again they had to cross the road to get into the proper lane. At that moment, another nice family from New Mexico came along in another car heading east. Traffic was light. Dad was looking about at the Wyoming scenery as he drove, perfectly relaxed, enjoying life. He didn't even see the Michigan car pulling out from under the tree until he was right on top of it. Police said absence of tire marks indicated he never even got his foot to the brake. The cars met head on in one of the most ghastly crashes I have ever seen. When I got to the spot, there were four dead bodies by the side of the road. All the other people spent weeks in our hospital. They were all wonderful folks."

It doesn't take genius to avoid most vacation tragedy—nor do you have to go about in dread of accidents. All you have to do, really, is remember that while you're away from home in unaccustomed surroundings, you're sure to meet quite a few unaccustomed stresses and strains, both to your body and to your nervous system. If you meet them in a sensible way, the chances are they won't do you much harm.

Overcivilized, overurbanized Americans are physically softer than their grandparents and they like to compensate for this by indulging in strenuous vacations. You can make your vacation both safer and happier if you do some exercise in the weeks before you leave home—any kind of exercise—instead of waiting till you get to "the place" before you put the body to work. Why should you expect to be able to go from an office existence or a housewifely routine to an eight- or ten-hour vacation day as strenuous as hard labor and not risk damage to your precious anatomy? Ride a bicycle, go for walks, play catch with the kids—whatever you do, toughen up before you start.

". . . and here's a copy of the company song—which may be hummed, but not whistled, during working hours."

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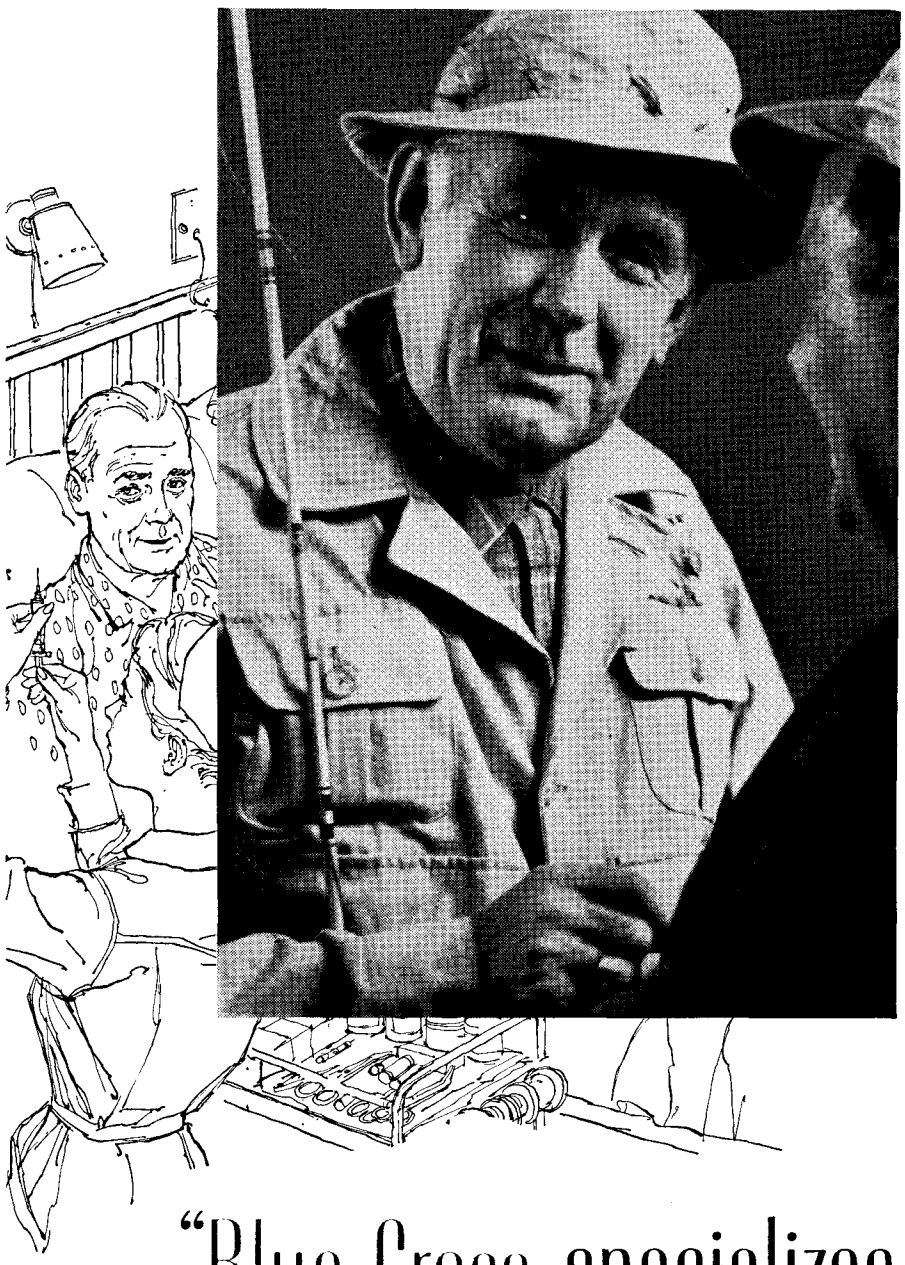

"Blue Cross specializes in one thing—helping people pay hospital bills!"

Over 30 years ago, Blue Cross was created to do one special job: help people pay hospital bills. Naturally, in all this time, a lot of specialized "know-how" has been gained by Blue Cross. You'll notice the difference. Blue Cross benefits are *realistic,* based on care you actually need in the hospital, rather than on a predetermined daily dollar allowance that could be inadequate. Yet the cost of belonging to Blue Cross is reasonable. One reason: every cent received, except for low administrative expenses, goes to help pay members' hospital bills. Check with your employer about joining, or contact your local Blue Cross Plan.

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If you are overweight and soft, whatever your age, have yourself checked and talk things over with your doctor before carrying out ambitious activities. This is especially advisable if you intend to go to high altitudes, even if you don't plan to do anything more active than get into and out of a car. Your doctor can check your heart and blood pressure. He can also measure your lung capacity, and determine if there's any chance you'll be short on oxygen in the thin cool air of our mountains. It'll be a lot better to determine what condition you're in before you start than to discover it the hard way when you're far from home in a strange spot.

Hard work should never hurt anybody—on vacation or at home—provided a person keeps within his capacity. It's overwork that's dangerous—that and taking chances. Even the man or woman with a cardiac history can do a tremendous amount of work under proper medical advice—if the pace of the work is kept within bounds.

Nature gives us warning signs—like pain—to keep us from doing more than is good for us. If your muscles are soft, they'll ache if you use them too much; use them a lot, and they'll stiffen and cripple you. A week later the same muscles will be able to do much harder work. If your skin isn't used to sun and air, exposure will turn it red and make it hurt like sin. Expose it gradually, a little more every day, and a week will change its pigmentation to protective brown.

There's another warning sign you might well watch, and that is the fluttery shaky sensation that comes from real fatigue. I've stepped from my car at the end of a long day so groggy I was all aquiver—so tired that when my wife came back from inspecting the motel and told me it was a nice place and I could unpack the bags, tears of relief and gratitude started to my eyes. That isn't good.

When a fellow feels that way, it's time to stop and rest. It is most emphatically not time to take stimulants and force your tired self to go further with the lift of pills or drink.

This forcing of the tired self to overexertion is what makes you ripe for perilous folly. Your judgment is then gone, your reflexes are no good, and you're flirting with accident and death.

Don't try to crowd a month's activity into a fortnight. Don't try to see the whole country in a day. Don't be a fool. We need you back from your vacation whole and refreshed, ready to face another year of life intact and happy.

Revenge in the Canyon

(Continued from Page 25)

"We will be," said the other man flatly, "if we don't give these horses a rest and time to graze awhile."

"I can't stand the thought of stopping," John Carpenter said impatiently. "I'd kill every horse in Texas just to kill one Comanche. I would!"

"You're not telling me anything I don't know," said the man with the thin, freckled face, losing his patience too. "But it's kind of stupid to kill your chances of catchin' this bunch by killin' the horses!"

He started to get angry, John Carpenter did, his desire rising up in resistance to what he knew was common sense. But then he seemed to shake himself; actually seemed to shudder. "All right," he said with a heavy breath. "Next water."

The younger man nodded and started to drop back to pass the word. Carpenter half lifted a square, heavy hand. "Frank!"

"Yes?" said the thin man curiously, wondering at the queerness of the tone Carpenter used in calling to him. He waited.

John Carpenter rubbed his hand slowly back and forth over the horn of his saddle, words as difficult as ever for him. "Frank," he said, "I don't mean to be hard and short with you boys. I'm surprised you stay with me at all, the way I act sometimes. I just get carried away, is all. It's just that—that every time I line my sights on one of those Comanche heathens I get a feelin' of pleasure that nothin' else in this world can touch. I can't sleep at night for hatin' them, Frank!"

Frank Kessler did not know what to say. He took out his pipe and tamped it full of tobacco, tamping it carefully to give his mind time to pick and choose the right words. "John," he said, "I guess you have plenty of cause to hate the Comanches and the Kiowas and just about all the Indians in the world. You've got cause if ever a man did. But your hate is gettin' out of hand, John. It's too big and it's makin' you sick—maybe more—and I don't like to see it.

"Us people out here got to fight to survive and to keep what's ours. But you're carryin' on a crusade, John, and it's breakin' you down on the inside. If you killed Comanches until you was blue in the face it wouldn't bring your family back. You've got to realize that, John, and realize, too, that a man has to go on living."

Kessler looked at the older, bearded man and frowned. "You haven't heard a word I said."

"I heard you, all right," John Carpenter said somberly. "I was just listenin' to the screams, too, is all."

"Screams?" said Kessler. "What screams?"

"Bess's and the girls'," said Carpenter, his eyes going bleak. "They must have screamed and screamed and screamed. And I wasn't there to look after them. That's what hurts! They were killed almost a year ago, and their screams get louder and louder in my ears."

"John," Kessler said gently, making one last try, "a man who has to make a living can't stay right at the house all the time. Look at me. I'm away from home right now and I'll worry about my family until I get back. But I had to leave."

"I wish we had some fresh horses," said John Carpenter, staring broodingly at the trail ahead of them again.

"We're just lucky the devils didn't steal these, too, while they was at it," Kessler said shortly, knowing that Carpenter's mood had changed again. Abruptly then he dropped back in line with the other two riders, motioning for them to drop back still more.

"John's agreed to stop at the next water." He looked first to the boy, Willie Jennings, then to Obidiah Brown. He frowned. "We're goin' to have to watch John pretty close this trip, boys. He's in a rare strange mood."

They nodded. Just nodded. Worried and uneasy.

Next water was a muddy, swollen creek, making noisy work of carrying its load of trash and silt over a wandering, erratic course to the Brazos. Nearby, its naked limbs extended heavenward like the arms of a beseeching beggar, was a lightning-blasted cottonwood offering dry kindling from within the rotting husk of its trunk.

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They worked with swift, practiced efficiency beneath a morose sky, using the double precaution of hobbles and picket ropes on the horses before scattering into the growing darkness in search of wood for the fire that Obidiah Brown was breathing into life. They warmed chilled, numbed hands over the tiny blaze; then spread their saddle blankets over nearby bushes to dry as best they could—these blankets serving, too, both as a windbreak against the damp north wind and as a screen for the fire.

They impaled strips of dried beef on slender sticks and held them over the flames in a futile attempt to make them more palatable. They brewed a pot of coffee that was more chicory than coffee and passed this pot from hand to hand, holding the vessel in callused palms that scarcely noticed the heat, drinking directly from the pot.

They smoked in silence then and stared into the flames as man is ever impelled to do. The boy, Willie Jennings, got up after a bit and disappeared into the darkness only to reappear moments later as a black and silent shadow. "The horses are all right," he said, once he was settled again on his blankets. "They're just eatin' their heads off."

"Well, the Lord knows they need it," Frank Kessler said fervently. "We've sure run 'em ragged the last couple of days."

"It looks like they'll get some more of the same, come morning," said Obidiah Brown, a skinny, leathery-looking old man whose gray, unkempt beard turned silvery in the glancing firelight. "You think we'll catch up with 'em tomorrow, John?"

"Yes," Carpenter said, staring intently into the fire, "we'll catch 'em tomorrow."

"How many do you figure there is, Obie?" Frank Kessler asked, rolling over on his belly. "Six? Seven?"

"Seven, I figger," replied the old man, knocking the dottle from his pipe.

"They sure carried off a hell of a bunch of horses, didn't they?" commented Willie Jennings, a yawn emphasizing his sleepiness. "It confounds me how such a few redskins can do so damned much mischief!"

"You hush such talk!" snapped Obie Brown. "I may be your grandpa, but I ain't so old but what I can tan your britches. Your ma would skin me alive if she ever heard you talkin' in such a fashion."

The boy opened his mouth angrily, then subsided wordlessly. Frank Kessler covered his grin with a fictitious yawn. It was a never-ending source of amusement to him to watch the old man trying to maintain the illusion that Willie was still a boy. Willie Jennings was a man in everything but years, knowing nothing but frontier privations.

"Well," said Kessler, changing the subject back to the original, "judging from the way they looted our range and from the tracks out there, I'd say those Comanches are pushing close to a hundred head of horses. They're having trouble with them, too, it appears to me."

"They're slowing down, though," the old man said. "They're feelin' pretty safe along about now, because they generally ain't ever chased this far. They're up ahead there somewhere, laughin' and braggin' and sittin' around a fire same as us. They're complimentin' one another, them devils are."

"They better laugh pretty big then," John Carpenter said suddenly, looking up at the three of them with his glittering eyes, "because they're goin' to be laughin' in hell this time tomorrow night!"

He startled them all with the explosiveness of his unexpected contribution. Frank Kessler cleared his throat. "I hope so," he said. "I'm goin' to be hurt bad if I don't get my horses back."

"You'll get 'em," Carpenter said with certainty. "They're headin' straight toward

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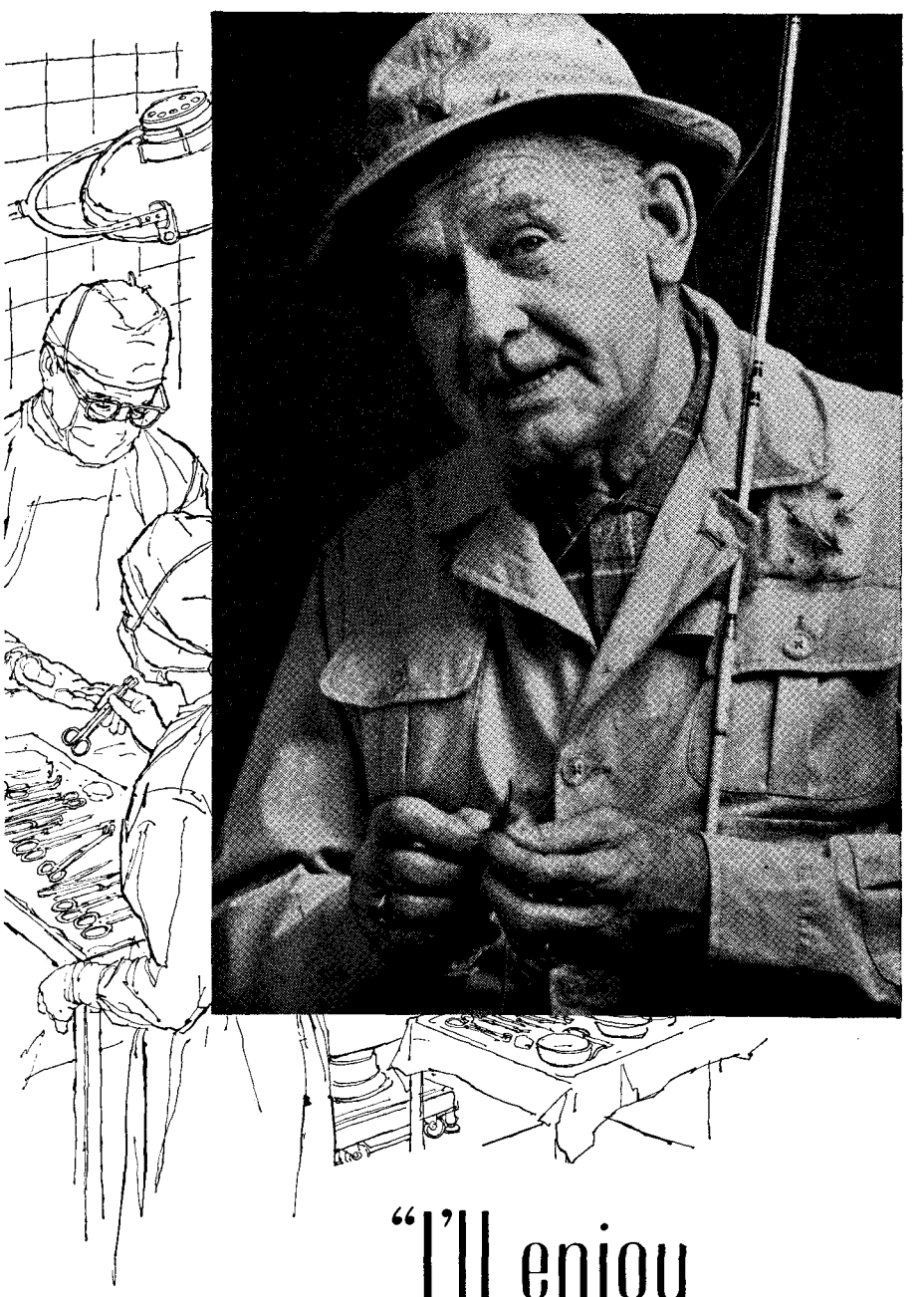

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There was a moment's silence that was rudely interrupted by Willie Jennings' irreverent snoring. Moving with elaborate carelessness to cover what might be construed as womanish affection, Obie Brown reached out with an old, gnarled hand and pulled the blanket farther up on the boy's shoulders. "Let him sleep," said the old man. "I'll stand his watch."

"No," said John Carpenter, rising up in all his bulkiness. "Both of you go to sleep too. I'll take the watches. I couldn't sleep a wink," he said, "knowing those Comanches are out there just waiting for me."

John Carpenter prowled the darkness restlessly, moving about from horse to horse, softly so as not to disturb them; then went up on a ridge, a quarter of a mile at least from the camp, and let the full, wet strength of the norther hit him in the face. He stared to the northwest, always to the northwest, where the Double Mountains rose up like giant antheaps from the broken lands of the Brazos River watershed. He couldn't see a hundred yards down the many miles to the mountains, but he looked anyhow—just looked and stared and brooded.

He thought of Bess, his wife, and he thought of their two little girls; two little girls not old enough to be ravaged but ravaged just the same—and worse—by beasts like those out there in the night with all their stolen loot. He thought of Bess and the two girls and the death they must have cried out for, begged for.

John Carpenter cried then. Not really. Not with tears and not with moans, but the tears and the moans were there inside as they'd been there for almost a year, choking him, hurting him because they couldn't come out. The wind was cold and was like an abrasive, putting an edge on his anger and his frustration, as a whetstone puts an edge on good steel.

He couldn't see the moon, not even a glow, and the overcast was a lightless curtain against the east; but John Carpenter knew when dawn was near. He knew very well. He went back to camp, moving swiftly, moving eagerly, and built up the fire and put the coffeepot once more against the flames.

"Get up," he said, not loudly. "It's dawn."

They were there, sure enough. The Comanches were there against the river that was broad and high and formidable-looking. They had run the loose stock down into a ravine that broadened into a deep, steep-walled canyon that broke off abruptly against the river's edge. There was plenty of grass in the canyon, and the horses were content to graze; they were prevented from leaving the natural enclosure—had they desired to do so—by the makeshift camp the Indians had thrown up at the ravine's mouth.

They were sitting ducks, those Comanches. Relaxed, mostly asleep, completely unsuspecting. They were practically home. So they thought.

John Carpenter lay on the canyon's edge, his breath coming in quick, shallow waves. He was trembling. He raised his rifle and looked down its length, the trembling stopping as he did so. He put the gun down reluctantly and when he did the shaking sensation started again. He cursed almost inaudibly and backed away carefully. He did not rise up until he was a good ten yards from the cliff.

He began to trot, then, moving surefootedly over the rocky ground and through the deep erosions that scarred the sloping ground. He was still breathing evenly when he rounded the shoulder of a low, catclaw-covered hill.

"They're there, just like we figured," he said to the three solemn-faced men before him. "All we have to do is ride in and take them."

Willie Jennings looked at his gun with all the disgust a seventeen-year-old could summon. "I wish," he said wistfully, "that I had something besides this old gun."

"Listen, Willie," John Carpenter said earnestly, tempted to make the boy stay behind, but just giving him a hard look, "you just fire one good shot and then clear out. We'll take care of the rest of them."

"Yeh," said Obie Brown with worried ferocity, "you just don't try none of that hero stuff, Willie. Understand!"

"What'd you bring me for then?" the boy said angrily, looking at all of them defiantly. "Just for the ride or to hold your horses?"

"You just do what you're told," John Carpenter said sternly, meaning business. "You've paid your way if you just take one of them out."

"It's your show, John," Frank Kessler said quietly. "How do you want to handle it?"

"Well," Carpenter said, pulling at his beard, "they're in a canyon with near on a hundred horses, and the river running big and loud in their ears. They're mostly asleep and I don't believe they'll hear us until we're right on top of them if we just ride right down the ravine. I'm ready if you all are."

They mounted then and rode off at a walk with their rifles in the crooks of their arms. Frank Kessler fell in beside Carpenter; looked back and nodded encouragement to the old man and the boy. The old man looked worried. The boy just looked excited. Kessler felt nerves kicking up in his own belly.

The last few yards to the ravine were over open ground. Feeling greatly exposed, they brought their rifles off their left arms and into tense ready positions. John Carpenter held up his hand and said in a hoarse whisper as the others piled up around him, "This ravine is thirty, maybe forty yards long. They're down at the mouth of it—scattered more or less to both sides. When I holler, sink the spurs to your horses and get down there quick and pin those lice against the walls."

He looked from one to another and found nothing but understanding in their faces. "All right," he said, taking a deep breath. "Let's go!"

Spurs biting, mud balls flying from beneath digging hoofs, horses sliding on slick, clayey surfaces, they rushed down the defile; there was a warrior up on his feet and stretching—a sudden, incredulous, terror-struck expression distorting his face. He had time to yell, just once and only once, and then he was jerking under the impact of a bullet. But he'd done his work; he'd done it well with that whoop of his.

It was a time of confusion and a time of utter clarity. John Carpenter fired at movements and he fired at bodies, and he heard the sound of other guns in a continuous crashing sound; but he could only feel the recoil of his rifle as he fired and worked the lever for another shot.

They threw their blankets aside, those Comanches did, and fought. They were thunderstruck almost, but they rallied the best they could and climbed—and tried to climb—into the rocks along the canyon walls. They fired their guns, such as they were, and there were arrows coming from somewhere. They made a break for the horse herd then—the milling, rearing, racing horses.

But the horses were yonder, the Indians were there and the white men were in between; and the Comanches did not make it. They tried, but they didn't make it, and then the shooting was over. There were only the shouts of the ranchers and the turmoil of the screaming, frightened horses.

But the wildness was still on John Carpenter as he went among the bodies, checking for life. He went into this pile of boulders and into that clump of bushes and once in a nest of rocks close along the canyon wall he fired. He fired quickly and came back out to see Frank Kessler waving his arms and shouting at him. He could not hear what Frank was saying. His ears were stopped up. Pale of face,

What's Going On Here?

With a critical presidential election approaching, the party in power takes drastic steps to retain control. It drops the incumbent vice president, who hails from a far corner of the country, in favor of a prominent Southerner. The Southerner is duly nominated. The party also changes its name to one that is more expressive of its political stand. Who was the vice-presidential nominee, and what came of the move?

Fred W. Hendee

(See Page 100 for Answer)

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Frank met him halfway across the floor of the grassy amphitheater.

"Are you hurt, Frank?" Carpenter said, unnaturally loud.

"Not me," Kessler said agitatedly. "It's Willie!"

They went to where the old man was bending over his grandson, cursing monotonously, but the curses not sounding like curses but more like prayers. The old man looked up, crying unashamedly. "He wouldn't fall back. He just wouldn't fall back!"

"Get up, Obie," John Carpenter commanded, taking the old man by the shoulders. "You can't do anything for the boy the shape you're in."

They worked over the lank, dark-haired youth so very pale of face, and John Carpenter and Frank Kessler looked across at each other often with shadows of gloom passing between them. They worked feverishly over the still, quiet figure, and their hands were red with escaping blood that would not be dammed.

Obidiah knelt at the boy's head, reaching out to place quivering hands on each of the boy's cheeks as though he could infuse more strength and blood into him. "John ——"

"I don't know, Obie," John Carpenter said, snatching up another handful of grass to form a compress. "He's hit low in the edge of his side. I think maybe he'll have a chance if we can just get this damned bleeding stopped."

"Obie," Frank Kessler said, "can you pray?"

"I don't know, Frank," the old man said hesitantly. "I ain't never prayed as I recollect. Do you reckon it would do any good—me bein' like that?" His voice was pathetically hopeful.

Frank Kessler straightened up. He just straightened up and looked at Obidiah Brown. "I don't know why it wouldn't, Obie," he said seriously. "After all, you ain't prayin' for yourself exactly."

John Carpenter was never quite sure about those prayers. He thought about it a lot, but he was never quite sure. He often wondered if the blood hadn't been coagulating a little all along and they just hadn't noticed the diminishing flow in the worry and the excitement of it all. But miracle or not, the bleeding slowed to a mere trickle a little while after Obidiah Brown started praying. John Carpenter was sure of *that*.

They tore up a spare shirt Frank Kessler had in his saddlebags and they bandaged Willie Jennings' side with all the firm gentleness a man's hands can command. They pooled their blankets and made a pallet for him and they eased him on this bed, fearful, very fearful, of breaking the wound open again.

"We'll let him rest till mornin'," John Carpenter sighed. "But we need to get him on the way to a doctor."

"The ride would kill him in a mile, John!" Kessler said in a quick undertone, shaking his head.

Carpenter pulled at his beard. "We'll build a stretcher," he muttered. "It's a thing I saw done one time when a man was gored by a steer. We'll make a litter out of some long poles and our blankets. We'll take two of the horses we've been riding—they're tired and gentle—put one in front of the other, maybe eight feet apart, and tie the poles to the stirrup leathers. It won't be as easy as a feather bed, maybe, but it's the best I can think up offhand. We can ride alongside and make sure the horses don't cut up any."

"It might work," Kessler said. "One of us can go on ahead and start back with a wagon and a doctor. Me and you can come after the horses when we get the boy fixed up."

"Obie," John Carpenter said, very near smiling, "you can stop now. You've been goin' at it for I don't know how long."

Obidiah Brown opened his eyes for just an instant. "It wouldn't hurt you none to do some of the same, John. It might help work some of that hate out of your system."

John Carpenter considered it, shrugged and got to his feet. He was in the act of turning when he saw the figure scrambling up the canyon wall. He leaped for his rifle and his shot was the first warning the other men had that something was wrong.

Frank Kessler jumped up. "What is it, John?"

"A Comanche—trying to climb the wall!" Carpenter shouted. He fired again through the afternoon gloom, the clear high whine of a ricochet coming shrilly to them above the echo of the shot.

"Hold it, John!" Kessler exclaimed, putting a restraining hand on Carpenter's arm. "It's a woman. A squaw!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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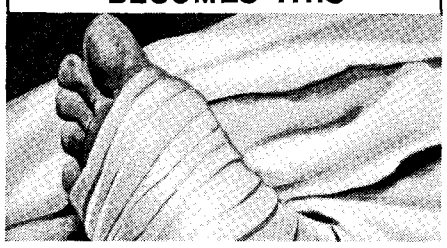

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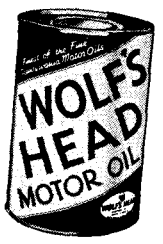

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The squaw dropped back to the canyon floor, grotesque-looking with her skirt lifted high, very high, in the only manner she had of betraying her sex at a distance. She was shouting, her words indistinct and unintelligible.

The squaw held her skirt up until she was quite sure they were positive of her sex, then lowered it and stood glaring at them as they walked carefully up to her. She tried to maintain her attitude of defiance, but as they came closer she cowered away, her expression betraying the treatment she expected. Tentatively, hopefully, she lifted her skirt again.

"Put it down," John Carpenter ordered, his voice thick with repugnance. She did not understand him obviously, and he reached out in quick anger and knocked the material of the cheap cotton skirt from her grasp with the barrel of his rifle. She was confused again and shrank away from them.

"I should have shot again," he said disgustedly, eying the woman. "These squaws are as bad as the braves. They're brought along to do the camp chores, but they're generally right in on the kill too. Well," he said to Kessler, "you've got her. Now what are you goin' to do with her? Let her go?"

Kessler shrugged. "What else?" he said finally. "She could get back to the tribe, I reckon."

It was in that very instant that a startled exclamation burst from John Carpenter's lips. Like a wild man—like a maniac—he leaped upon the frightened, yelling woman and, when she resisted him, trying to break away, he hit her with all the force of his great, brawny body and knocked her to the ground. Carpenter turned her over, ignoring her moans, and ripped the remnants of a stained and filthy apron from about her waist.

Eyes closed, he held the rag of cloth with its almost indistinguishable pattern, and slowly his big square hands crushed the material into a ball and kept crushing, as his face transformed into something that was not quite John Carpenter's face. Blindly, almost staggering, he backed to a nearby boulder, and by the time he had dropped down upon it he was crying.

Not the clean and easy tears of a woman; this was a terrible thing to see. Kessler shifted uneasily, looking wonderingly from the prostrate woman to the man he suddenly did not recognize. Wanting to console but not knowing what to say, wanting to help but not knowing what to do, he stood in awe, miserable and bewildered, and looked from the man to the woman.

The sobs, deep and rasping and hurtful, dwindled away bit by bit. Breathing deeply, John Carpenter looked up with lips bloody from the sharpness of his teeth and said very quietly and with practically no emotion, "Go on back to camp, Frank. I'll be up in a minute."

Not understanding, Kessler said, "I'll wait for you."

"I don't think you'll want to, Frank," he said calmly. "I'm goin' to shoot that—that *thing* there."

Kessler looked at him in horror, comprehension coming slowly. "You're talkin' murder, man. You couldn't shoot this woman down in cold blood any more than I could."

"Yes," Carpenter said thoughtfully, "I can."

"But, why, John? Why?"

"That was Bess's apron she had on," Carpenter said, his voice dangerously quiet. "I watched her make it, and she had it on the day she was killed. She didn't have it on when I found her. Frank," he said, grim satisfaction ripe in his words, "we've wiped out the bunch that raided my house last year. All but this one."

"I ain't goin' to let you do it," Kessler said stubbornly. "Fighting's one thing and murder's another and you won't sleep nights if I let you do it. Later on you'll thank me."

"The way I feel right now," Carpenter said, his eyes cold and hard and full of death, "I'd kill you and walk over you to get to her. Be smart and stay out of the way!"

"I don't doubt it," Kessler said, his face twisting at the ugliness of the thing he saw in his friend's eyes. "Until now there was never a day I didn't respect you and never a day I was afraid of you either. I ain't goin' to fight a friend over a damned Indian—not even under circumstances like these. But you just remember one thing, John. If you pull that trigger, our friendship is just as dead as the woman!"

John Carpenter sat there on the rock and watched Frank Kessler stride angrily away. He sat there for a long time staring into the dark and bottomless depths of the Indian woman's eyes. But he didn't see the squaw and he didn't see her eyes. He was seeing another woman instead and hearing the laughter of little girls. It was strange hearing that laughter. He listened intently for the screams. He couldn't hear the screams. Then for no reason at all he remembered the way the blood had stopped running from Willie Jennings' side.

He worked the lever on the rifle; worked it slowly. He saw the squaw's expression change; saw her for the first time as a frightened, abject woman. He sighed and lowered the hammer of the rifle. He got up and turned his back on the Indian woman and walked back to where Willie Jennings lay, still unconscious, on his pallet. A curious lightness seemed to replace the aching burden he'd carried too long.

Obie Brown looked at him questioningly, but Frank Kessler just nodded his head. Just nodded and went on smoking his pipe. Willie Jennings' breathing seemed even enough.

"Well," said John Carpenter, "we'd better look around for some firewood and litter poles before it gets too dark."

THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 98)

Andrew Johnson, United States senator from Tennessee but an ardent Unionist, was named as Abraham Lincoln's running mate in a desperate move to re-elect Lincoln in 1864. The incumbent vice president, Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, was dropped in favor of Johnson, a Democrat. The Republicans also rechristened their party the Union Party, a label which stuck for four years. The moves were made to attract Northern Democratic votes. Lincoln won handily over his Democratic opponent, Gen. George B. McClellan. Johnson became President upon Lincoln's assassination in 1865.

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I Want That Grand Slam

(Continued from Page 24)

today, anywhere from thirty to forty men are capable of winning. Jones always has acknowledged that in his time it was possible to win a tournament with three good rounds and one bad round, whereas now it generally takes four good rounds to come out ahead. I think one major victory today is worth two in the Jones era.

The next major test for me is the National Open at the Cherry Hills Country Club this week in Denver. From there I go directly to Dublin, Ireland, to team with Sam Snead in the Canada Cup matches at Portmarnock Golf Club next week. These matches should help me get adjusted to the new playing conditions I'll face in the hundredth anniversary British Open at St. Andrews in Scotland beginning July fourth. After that comes the P.G.A. championship, which opens at Akron, Ohio, on July twenty-first.

Frankly, I am very excited about the British Open, whether or not I still have any chance for my grand slam by the time I get there. The United States has had only two British Open winners in the last twenty-six years—Sam Snead in 1946 and Ben Hogan in 1953. Our top golfers seldom compete in this championship; they don't like to leave the rich American tour for an event which offers a first prize of only about $3500. I'll miss tournaments worth about $100,000, but I don't care. I got into this business primarily to win championships. Money is important to me, certainly, but mainly as a means to an end. The money helps make it possible for me to go after the big titles, and I won't be happy until I win them all.

If I miss out on a slam this year, I intend to keep trying. I am thirty years old—five years younger than Hogan was when he won the first of his four National Opens—and fortunately I am healthy and strong. I believe I have at least ten more good years of tournament golf ahead of me. Pap—my father, Milfred Palmer, who taught me almost everything I know about golf—insists I'll be playing competitively until I'm fifty.

"The main thing is to take care of yourself, boy," he keeps telling me. "A man's body is like a tractor. Keep it in shape, and it will be serviceable for years."

I seem to play my best in the big tournaments. For one thing, my game is better adapted to the tougher courses. For another, I can get myself more keyed up when an important title is at stake. I like competition—the more rugged the better. When I get on a hard, exacting course, I feel as if I'm wrestling a bear.

Such a course is the Augusta National, where the Masters is played every year. It's a course that will snap back at you—even swallow you—when you least expect it. I won there in 1958, then kicked away the 1959 tournament on the final round by taking a six on the par-three twelfth hole and missing putts on the seventeenth and eighteenth. Art Wall Jr., who birdied five of the last six holes, beat me out by two strokes.

Because of that 1959 disappointment, I went to the Masters this year more determined than for any other tournament I can remember. I passed up the Azalea Open at Wilmington, North Carolina, in order to arrive at Augusta a week in advance. I think I startled Mrs. Helen Harris at the registration desk when I checked in.

"Well, this is my thirteenth tournament of the year," I told her. "Why don't you enroll me as number thirteen?"

Mrs. Harris did—a bit reluctantly. So, my Negro caddie, Nathaniel Avery, better known as Iron Man, had to wear a big "13" on his back all week. He didn't like it, but he stuck it out; he has been my caddie there for six years.

I found myself installed as the six-to-one betting favorite for the tournament. Masters tradition has it that the advance favorite seldom wins. Newspapermen kept asking me how it felt to be put on the spot as the man to beat.

"It doesn't bother me," I told them. "What the bookies and sports writers say doesn't affect the way the ball bounces. I never think of such things."

It looked for a while as if my defiance of superstition might backfire. On the Sunday before the tournament I caught a flu bug and was miserable. I didn't practice at all on Monday. I got a shot in my hip and stayed in bed the entire day. On Tuesday I played fourteen holes. On Wednesday, the day before the opening round, I played only four.

However, when I went to the first tee on Thursday, I felt fresh and eager. I shot a five-under-par sixty-seven, with an eighteen-foot putt on the final hole, and led by two strokes. I putted poorly the next day for a seventy-three, but stayed ahead by a stroke. In the third round I shot a seventy-two. That sent me into the last round with a one-stroke edge over five tough professionals—Ben Hogan, Ken Venturi, Dow Finsterwald, Bill Casper and Julius Boros. I now had a chance to equal the 1941 feat of Craig Wood—the only man in the previous twenty-three Masters tournaments to lead every round.

The final round quickly developed into a three-way battle among Venturi, Finsterwald and myself. Venturi and Finsterwald, playing four holes ahead, both had two strokes on me at one stage. I was on the fourteenth hole when Venturi finished with a fine seventy for a score of 283. Finsterwald missed a tricky eight-foot putt and wound up at 284.

In our business they say it's best to be in the clubhouse with a good score—as Venturi was—and make the guys on the course come and get you. I needed to play those last four holes in one under par to tie, and two under par to win.

The best I could do at the long fifteenth hole and the short sixteenth was to stay even with par. As I moved on to No. 17, Winnie, my wife, came out and put her arm around my shoulders. "You're doing fine, honey," she said consolingly. Pap, who had come down Saturday from our home in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, gave me a wink and a sign as if to say, "Go get 'em, son." Iron Man, my caddie, was almost in a state of shock. He fumbled nervously with the clubs; and every time he tried to say something, the words clogged up in his throat.

As for me, I wasn't nervous. I was keyed up, of course, but the juices in my system were flowing normally. I read later that Venturi said he played the final round without once looking at the scoreboard or checking on what I was doing. With me it was just the opposite. I got reports at every hole. I knew exactly what I had to do. I was confident I could get at least one birdie on the final two holes to tie him—somehow, I always feel I can get a birdie when I need it.

The seventeenth is a par-four hole of 400 yards. I hit a good drive, but my eight-iron approach sat down too quickly and left me well below the cup—about thirty feet away from it, I would say. I remembered that the year before, on this same hole in the final round, I had missed an easy three-foot putt because I failed to read a slight break to the left. This putt, although much longer, was on virtually the same line. So I struck it boldly, intending that if the ball stayed up, it should break a little left at the hole. It did. It plopped into the cup for a birdie, and half my job was done.

There was high tension and wild excitement all around me at the eighteenth tee. The only sensation I felt was that my mouth was awfully dry. I would have given ten bucks for a sip of water. But my main interest was in getting my drive on the fairway so I could be reasonably sure of my par. Par on the eighteenth is four. The hole is 420 yards and uphill, and we were playing into the wind.

My drive was a good one, a bit to the right. Then I punched a six-iron to the green about six feet to the left of the pin. Again I remembered the last day in 1959. I had had a ball in almost this exact spot. I had become disconcerted by the whirring of newsreel cameras and missed. This time I intended to take no chances. I studied the putt very carefully. I asked the newsreel men to stop their cameras.

... ...

Storm—
No Warning

We work, we scrimp, we lay
away—
Are fixed for any rainy day.
And then it happens—all
together
Our relatives strike stormy
weather.

Richard F. Armknecht

... ...

I gave the ball a solid whack. It dropped. That was the tournament.

"How did you do it?" one friend asked me later. "I would have swallowed my Adam's apple." Another said, "With that putt on the eighteenth, I don't think I could have brought my putter's blade back."

Well, I don't think I have any stronger nerves than the next man. I suspect it's just the patience I got from my mother and the ornery bullheadedness I inherited from Pap. My mother and father are of stolid German-Irish stock. Both their families settled in the hilly section east of Pittsburgh in the early 1800's and have been there ever since. Originally they were farmers and landowners. Later some of them, such as my dad, drifted into the steel mills and other lines of work.

Pap never had it easy. When he was just a tyke, shortly after he had learned to walk, he came down with polio and was in bed for months. Then he had to be taught to walk again. Today his left leg is about one-fourth as big around as his right, and he walks with a distinct limp. But he developed into a par golfer. He can chin himself with either arm, and thirty times with both. He swims like a fish.

Pap has served at the Latrobe Country Club in various capacities for thirty-nine years. He first worked there as an ordinary laborer when this nine-hole course was carved out of a mountainside. He helped put the roof on the clubhouse. Later he became greenskeeper and took some courses at Penn State to learn more about grass. Then in 1933, in the midst of the depression, he was made combination greenskeeper and pro at the club at a very modest salary. To keep his growing family in groceries, he had to work in the steel mills during the winter.

Latrobe is an industrial community of about 15,000. It is about thirty miles east of Pittsburgh, off U.S. Highway 30. Three independent steel mills provide most of the employment. There also are some thriving construction businesses. The golf course is now in the process of expanding from nine holes to eighteen.

My family has always lived within a brassie shot of the course. I am the oldest child, born September 10, 1929. I have a married sister, Mrs. Ronald Tilley, twenty-eight, living in Washington, D.C.; a brother, Milfred Jr., better known as "Jerry," fifteen, and a kid sister, Sandy, twelve. None of them is very interested in golf.

I couldn't have been more than three when I got my first golf club. It was an old iron with a sawed off shaft. The first thing Pap showed me was the proper grip—the Vardon overlapping grip. I vividly remember swinging the club hours at a time as Pap and his men worked nearby. I'd be swinging at some remote spot on the course, and my dad would walk by and tell me what I was doing wrong. I would correct myself and start swinging some more.

Pap says that's the reason I have such big hands. "They're the hands of a blacksmith or a timber cutter," he says. "You can only get hands like that by swinging an ax or a golf club."

My father always impressed on me the importance of keeping a firm hold on the club and not letting my swing get too loose. Even as a kid I kept my swing compact. I tried to hit the ball so hard I often would lose my balance.

"Deke is ruining that boy," some of the club members would say. "He should make the kid swing easy." Pap, who doesn't know where he got his nickname of "Deacon," or "Deke," never let this criticism bother him. "It'll work out all right as you get older," he told me. He was correct.

Although my dad was the club pro, I didn't have free run of the course. On the contrary, the club maintained the old British aloofness toward professionals and other employees. I wasn't permitted on the course except on Mondays, when it was closed to members.

I recall I used to draw mother's wash water on Monday mornings and then rush off to the course to play golf with the caddies. I also played some with my mother, who was quite good for a woman and a real stickler for keeping a correct scorecard. Other times I had to sneak in my practice when nobody was looking.

At eight years, I could shoot fifty-five for nine holes. Then I got down to fifty. One day when I was nine I shot even fives for a forty-five. I couldn't wait to run home and tell mother.

"Did you count them all?" she asked skeptically. She and Pap never let me get the big head.

As I grew older I took on more responsibility around the course. I worked the tractors and mowers. I helped in the golf shop. But always I was anxious to get out and hit practice balls. Sometimes I would go out to cut a fairway and, with the job half done, I would park the tractor and start hitting balls. Pap would find me and chew me out.

I guess I was even worse around the shop. "Arnie is the worst caddie master I ever had," Pap always said.

One day when I was left in charge of the caddie shop, things got a little dull, and I sneaked down to the eighth hole to try out a new club. One of the club officers, an executive at one of the steel mills, picked this time to go by the shop for his clubs. He was hopping mad when he found the door locked.

Although he saw me hitting balls, he didn't come down and say anything to me about it. Instead he hunted up Pap.

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He told Pap he would like to get his clubs.

"The caddie master will get them for you," Pap said.

"Your caddie master is out there hitting balls," the steel executive told my father coldly.

Pap tried to apologize, but it was little use. The other man said, "Let me have that boy in the steel mill for a while, and I will take some of that starch out of him."

"I'd rather send him up on the ridges to chop trees," Pap replied. Although my dad gave me a good dressing down when we were alone, he didn't like the idea of anyone else pushing me around.

I was a headstrong kid, but Pap kept a good bridle on me. He would hammer away at the things I was doing wrong in golf. I would get furious. We would wind up wrangling like a pair of alley cats.

Sometimes I would tell him he was old-fashioned and didn't know what he was talking about. Pap would get peeved and give me the "freeze treatment." I would ask him to help me correct some flaw, and he would pout, "I'm an old fogy—I don't know anything. Besides I'm busy." Then I would apologize. Pap would give in and work with me. I've found out one thing—he's almost always right.

I played No. 1 on the golf team at Latrobe High School for four years. I lost only one match, to a Greensburg senior when I was a freshman. I won the Western Pennsylvania Junior three times and the Western Pennsylvania Amateur five times.

At the Hearst national junior tournament in Los Angeles around the time I finished high school, Bud Worsham, brother of former National Open champion Lew Worsham, suggested that he could help me get a golf scholarship at Wake Forest College in North Carolina. I leaped at the idea. Pap, with a houseful of hungry mouths to feed, had a tough-enough time trying to keep me in golf balls, much less financing a college education for me.

With golf mainly on my mind, but majoring in business administration, I entered Wake Forest in September, 1947, and became Bud Worsham's roommate. Soon I found myself playing against fellows I later was to face on the pro tour. Art Wall and Mike Souchak were at Duke. Harvie Ward was at North Carolina. I won the conference title two times and the Southern Intercollegiate once. I was twice medalist in the National Intercollegiate, although I didn't win it.

After I had been in college about three and a half years, I lost my roommate when Bud Worsham was killed in an automobile accident. I became restless and quit school to join the Coast Guard. I served three years—a few months in New Jersey and Connecticut, the rest in Cleveland. I had an opportunity to play a lot of golf.

In January, 1954, I re-entered Wake Forest, but stayed only a semester. I was still short some credits and I never got my degree. All this time I was the captive of my strong obsession with golf and my conviction that I could become a better amateur player than Bob Jones was.

I returned to Cleveland and got a job with W. C. Wehnes and Company, manufacturers' agents. On this job I could work in the morning and play golf in the afternoon. But there was no way I could get off for extensive periods to play in tournaments.

Then came what looked like my big break. A friend of Bill Wehnes offered me a job marketing a revolutionary trailer with a hydraulic lift. He guaranteed me $50,000 a year for two years and promised that I would make enough money thereafter in renewals to enable me to devote myself almost completely to golf. I was in the man's office to sign a contract when word came that he had been killed in an automobile accident in Florida.

At this time I still wanted to play as an amateur, although I felt a growing urge to get into big-time golf. My restlessness continued when I won the 1954 U.S. Amateur title at the Country Club of Detroit in August, beating Robert Sweeny one-up in the final match.

Three weeks later I was playing in Fred Waring's tournament at Shawnee on Delaware, Pennsylvania. On the first day of the tournament—a Tuesday—I noticed a pretty, dark-haired girl in my gallery. After I finished I learned she was Winnie Walzer of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, a friend of Fred Waring's daughter Dixie. We were introduced. By Friday night I had proposed. We became engaged and talked about taking a honeymoon the next spring when I went to England with the United States Walker Cup team.

However, now that I wanted to get married, it began to seem impractical to me to remain an amateur all that while. I turned professional on November 19, 1954, signing a contract with Wilson Sporting Goods Company. I talked it over with Pap first, and he didn't mind. He had wanted to play on the tour himself, but never felt he was good enough or had enough money.

Shortly before Christmas I picked up Winnie at her home, and we drove to Washington to visit my sister. Winnie and I decided to get married right away. I called my folks at Latrobe. They gave their approval and decided to come to the wedding. Winnie's parents weren't keen on the idea, but that didn't stop us.

We went to the courthouse to get our license, and the clerk asked Winnie how old she was.

"Twenty," she said.

I kicked her on the shin.

"I mean, twenty-one," she said.

"Are you sure?" the clerk asked.

"Yes, sir," Winnie said bravely. Actually she was just short of twenty-one. We were married in Falls Church, Virginia, on December twentieth and then began the tournament circuit as a honeymoon.

We started our new life on a shoestring in 1955. Under P.G.A. rules I was ineligible to accept prize money from P.G.A.-sponsored tournaments until I had served six months' probation. But I picked up $750 in a special pro-amateur competition at Miami, then went to Panama and tied Roberto de Vicenzo for second in another non-P.G.A event, collecting $1300.

This was our stake. Winnie and I picked up the winter tour on the Pacific Coast and bought a trailer to be hauled around by my secondhand 1952 car.

We pulled that trailer all the way across the United States on the tour. In St. Petersburg, Florida, we bought a bigger trailer and headed for home. Near the end of the journey I decided to take a short cut over a mountain. On the steepest slope, we got near the top and couldn't make it. I had to back the big trailer down and start again. Winnie got scared and walked to the top. When we finally got over, the very steep downgrade was almost too much for us. With brakes of both the car and trailer screeching and smoking, we somehow reached the bottom of the mountain safely. After we had made it the rest of the way to our back yard in Latrobe, I told mother, "Sell that thing. I never want to see it again."

I won enough money in nonsanctioned tournaments to keep our heads above water until my six-month probation was up. Since then the tour has been good to me. My money winnings have ranged from about $10,000 that first part year to $42,607 in 1958, when I was the national leader. Last year I didn't putt well and fell back to fifth with $32,462. This year, with almost $50,000 already won by late May, I have a good chance of reaching $100,000, which would be more than any man ever won in P.G.A. tournaments. Ted Kroll holds the record—$72,835 in 1956.

Three years ago Winnie and I built a white ranch house overlooking the Latrobe Country Club. There is more than an acre of romping room for our two little girls—Peggy, four, and Amy, almost two. I'm strictly a home man and I generally play my best golf when the family is with me. When they can't be, I take breaks from the tour and go back to Latrobe. Usually I play six or seven tournaments and then skip two. I find these little breathing spells good for my game.

I have two main hobbies—bridge and flying. The Latrobe Airport is only about a mile from my home, and I have close to 100 hours of solo flying to my credit. I'm looking forward to the day I buy my own plane and can sky-hop between tournaments.

On the golf course, I'll admit, I am a bold player, but the tour has taken away much of my early brashness. As a freshman pro, I felt I could beat anybody. I played like a pirate, going for the pin every time regardless of the consequences. I still do that most of the time—particularly when I feel I have at least a fifty-fifty chance of making the shot—but I don't gamble when a miss can be very costly.

All in all, I think the biggest improvements in my game during the first months of this year were steadier putting and better concentration.

Now that I've won my second Masters, I notice that some people are comparing me with Ben Hogan and Sam Snead. I'm not like either of them. I figure I am a power hitter like Snead, with a swing that has needed little or no overhauling. But Sam has the greatest natural talent I ever saw. His ability is such that he can win tournaments without concentration or extra effort. All he has to do is swing away.

Hogan, on the other hand, is self-made—the product of his own relentless determination. He is the coldest, sharpest calculator I have ever seen on a golf course. I get intent at times myself, but often I shrug it off and say, "What the heck—it's just a game."

Although Hogan and Snead are nearing fifty, both are still threats in a tournament such as the National Open this week. However, I believe the main competition at Cherry Hills will come from younger men who have been active on the 1960 tour.

Bill Casper, the defending champion, is more than just a great putter—the label some people have hung on him. He is a fine all-around player. Dow Finsterwald, one of my closest friends, is always a threat. This is a cold business with him, and he approaches it like a machine. Ken Venturi is a classic player, capable of reaching brilliant heights. Mike Souchak is the strongest man in golf and is hard to beat when he is rolling, but he is inclined to be streaky. Gene Littler is solid as an oak, with wonderful natural talent, but has seemed to lack inspiration. Art Wall and Bob Rosburg have proved they can be top players despite their unorthodox baseball grips.

In my opinion, this is the select little group I'll have to overcome if I'm to keep my grand-slam attempt alive by winning the U.S. Open. I have one wish for this tournament. I just hope things will work out so that I can come down to the final two holes needing one birdie to tie and two to win. THE END

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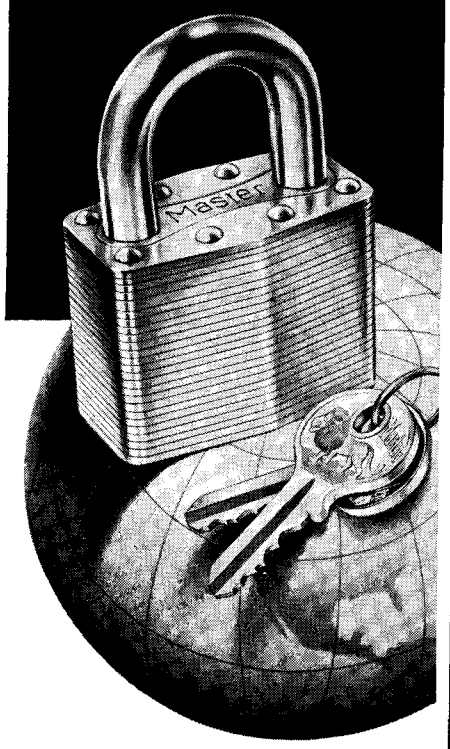

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Keeping Posted

The Emperor's Biscuits

Free-lance foreign correspondent **Gordon Gaskill** stumbled upon THE SECRET OF DOCTOR HARRY (page 35) during his third writing assignment in Ethiopia. He has a special fondness for that remote land and has been more than welcome there since 1942, the year he won the undying affection of His Imperial Majesty ("You're corrected if you merely say 'His Majesty'") Haile Selassie. The emperor's chef was in a royal stew at the time because the war had cut off his supply of baking powder, but had in no way diminished the emperor's passion for American-style baking-powder biscuits. Gaskill offered his sympathy but didn't give much more thought to the Ethiopian baking-powder crisis until later that year, when he mentioned it in a lecture he was giving in the Midwest. After the lecture, up popped the hand of a baking-powder executive, who volunteered to rush 100 pounds of his company's product to His Imperial Majesty as a good-will gesture. Gaskill has been *persona grata* at Haile Selassie's palace ever since. And if the grim portrait at right is a fair reflection of the emperor's feelings, he still considers toast a poor substitute for biscuits.

Emperor Haile Selassie.

Reporter Gaskill's newswriting career has taken him to seventy-five countries. He was born in Mays Landing, New Jersey, in 1913, and was graduated from the University of Tennessee. He and his Hungarian-born wife, Anne, now make their home in Rome. Their favorite luxury is an auxiliary cutter, *Huntress II*, which transports them in style among the islands off the Italian and French coasts.

We Are Honored

The Sigma Delta Chi award for public service in magazine journalism during 1959 was presented to *The Post* last month for THE UNTOLD STORY OF LITTLE ROCK (May 23–June 27), written by former Little Rock school superintendent Virgil T. Blossom. The series was cited as "a story of the man of conviction and purpose who acts in the face of personal penalty to do what he feels he must," and *The Post*'s decision to print Blossom's controversial articles was commended as "an instance of journalism's responsibility to provide information upon which Americans can decide how they must make their great decisions."

Speaking of awards, we would like to proffer our Nice Try award to **Harley P. Cook.** A retired *Post* editor, Cook contributes our WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? map quizzes, the latest of which appears on page 64. We are citing mapman Cook this week because he drove all the way from Saranac Lake, New York, to Philadelphia recently without benefit of map—and only once did he take a wrong turn and ask himself, "Where do you think you are?"

Tales of the Authors

Palmer and Grimsley at Augusta, before Palmer's Masters victory sent him into orbit.

Collaborating with **Arnold Palmer** during the week after his photo-finish victory in the Masters golf tournament was like chasing a berserk rocket, says Associated Press sportswriter **Will Grimsley,** who worked with Palmer on I WANT THAT GRAND SLAM (page 24). But Grimsley did talk the champ into an evening at the bridge table. "On one hand he scored a grand slam," reports Grimsley, still trembling from the experience. "He plays bridge as boldly as he golfs."

We asked **Paul Schubert** (CAN YOU SURVIVE YOUR VACATION? page 32) what he does on *his* vacations and were informed that he pries himself out of his writing chair and goes to work—as a licensed Wyoming guide. A Naval Academy graduate and a self-exiled New York radio commentator, Schubert bought thirteen acres' worth of Wyoming ten years ago and commenced specializing in outdoors articles with a Rocky Mountains backdrop. Ever since his *Post* article on Don and Ray Siggins (BIG GAME IN THE HIGH ROCKIES, Nov. 17, 1956), he has been spending at least a month each year at the Siggins brothers' hunting camp in the Thoroughfare country. The camp is a two-day pack trip into a snow-lashed wilderness, but Schubert has learned his way around so well that the brothers finally insisted he take out a Wyoming guide license and earn his keep.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

California's Governor and the Chessman Ordeal

By STEWART ALSOP

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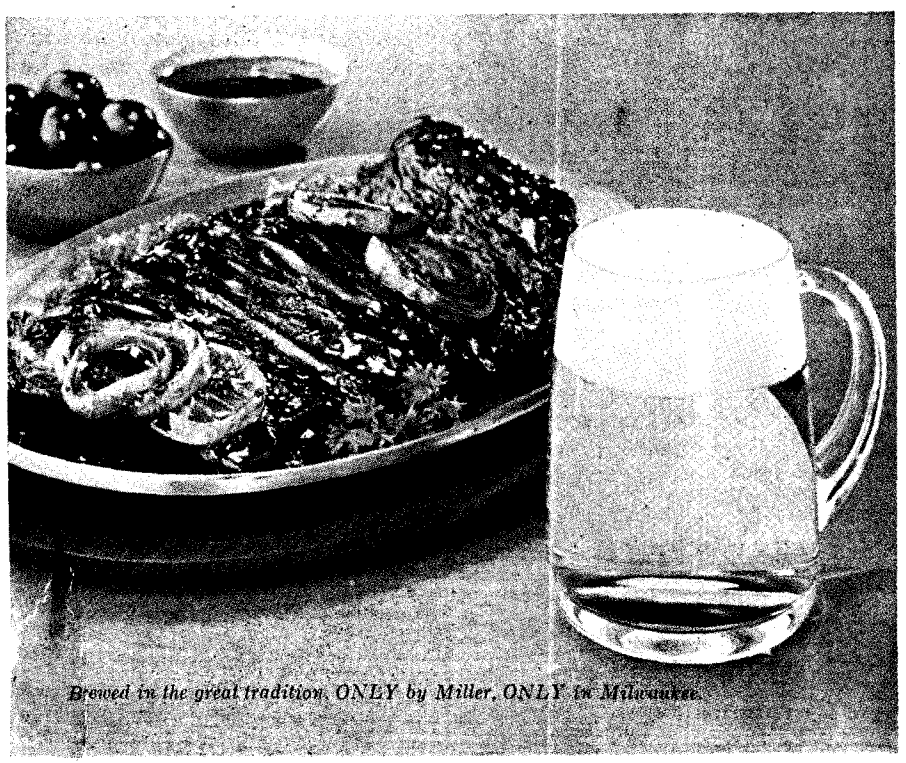

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